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THE POETICAL WORKS OF ROBERT HERRICK

EDITED BY

GEORGE SAINTSBURY

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II

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CONTENTS.

NO.		PAGE
619	A Nuptiall Verse to Mistresse Elizabeth Lee, now Lady Tracie	3
620	The Night-piece, to Julia	4
621	To Sir Clipseby Crew	4
622	Good Luck not lasting	5
623	A Kisse	5
624	Glorie	5
625	Poets	5
626	No despight to the dead	5
627	To his Verses	6
628	His Charge to Julia at his Death	6
629	Upon Love	6
630	The Coblers Catch	7
631	Upon Bran. Epig.	7
632	Upon Snare, an Usurer	8
633	Upon Grudgings	8
634	Connubii Flores, or the well-wishes at Weddings	8
635	To his lovely Mistresses	11
636	Upon Love	11
637	Upon Gander. Epig.	12
638	Upon Lungs. Epig.	12
639	The Beggar to Mab, the Fairie Queen	12
640	An end decreed	13
641	Upon a child	13
642	Painting sometimes permitted	13
643	Farewell Frost, or welcome the Spring	14
644	The Hag	15
645	Upon an old man a Residenciarie	15
646	Upon Teares	16
647	Physitians	16
648	The Primitiæ to Parents	16
649	Upon Cob. Epig.	16
650	Upon Lucie. Epig.	17

NO.		PAGE
651	Upon Skoles. Epig.	17
652	To Silvia	17
653	To his Closet-Gods	17
654	A Bacchanalian Verse	18
655	Long lookt for comes at last	18
656	To Youth	18
657	Never too late to dye	19
658	A Hymne to the Muses	19
659	On himselfe	19
660	Upon Jone and Jane	20
661	To Momus	20
662	Ambition	20
663	The Country life, to the honoured M. End. Porter, Groome of the Bed-Chamber to his Maj.	20
664	To Electra	23
665	To his worthy friend, M. Arthur Bartly	23
666	What kind of Mistresse he would have	23
667	Upon Zelot	24
668	The Rosemarie branch	24
669	Upon Madam Ursly. Epig.	24
670	Upon Crab. Epig.	25
671	A Paranæticall, or Advisive Verse, to his friend, M. John Wicks	25
672	Once seen, and no more	26
673	Love	26
674	To M. Denham, on his Prospective Poem	26
675	A Hymne, to the Lares	27
676	Deniall in women no di-heartning to men	28
677	Adversity	28
678	To Fortune	28
679	To Anthea	28
680	Cruelties	29
681	Perseverance	29
682	Upon his Verses	29
683	Distance betters Dignities	29
684	Health	29
685	To Dianeme. A Ceremonie in Glocester	30
686	To the King	30
687	The Funerall Rites of the Rose	30
688	The Rainbow: or, curious Covenant	31
689	The last stroke strike sure	31
690	Fortune	32
691	Stool-ball	32
692	To Sappho	32

NO.		PAGE
693	On Poet Prat. Epig.	33
694	Upon Tuck. Epig.	33
695	Biting of Beggars	33
696	The May-pole	33
697	Men mind no state in sicknesse	34
698	Adversity	34
699	Want	34
700	Griefe	34
701	Love palpable	34
702	No Action hard to affection	35
703	Meane things overcome mighty	35
704	Upon Trigg. Epig.	35
705	Upon Smeaton	35
706	The Bracelet of Pearle: to Silvia	35
707	How Roses came red	36
708	Kings	36
709	First work, and then wages	36
710	Teares, and Laughter	36
711	Glory	36
712	Possessions	37
713	Laxare fibulam	37
714	His returne to London	37
715	Not every day fit for Verse	38
716	Poverty the greatest pack	38
717	A Beucolick, or discourse of Neatherds	38
718	True safety	40
719	A Prognostick	40
720	Upon Julia's sweat	40
721	Proof to no purpose	41
722	Fame	41
723	By use comes easinesse	41
724	To the Genius of his house	42
725	His Grange, or private wealth	42
726	Good precepts, or counsell	43
727	Money makes the mirth	44
728	Up tailes all	44
729	Upon Franck	44
730	Upon Lucia dabled in the deaw	44
731	Charon and Phylomel, a Dialogue sung	45
732	Upon Paul. Epigr.	46
733	Upon Sibb. Epigr.	46
734	A Ternarie of littles, upon a pipkin of Jellie sent to a Lady	47
735	Upon the Roses in Julia's bosome	47
736	Maids nay's are nothing	48

NO.		PAGE
737	The smell of the Sacrifice	48
738	Lovers how they come and part	48
739	To Women, to hide their Teeth, if they be rotten or rusty	48
740	In praise of women	49
741	The Apron of Flowers	49
742	The Candor of Julias teeth	49
743	Upon her weeping	49
744	Another upon her weeping	50
745	Delay	50
746	To Sir John Berkley, Governour of Exeter	50
747	To Electra. Love looks for Love	51
748	Regression spoiles Resolution	51
749	Contention	51
750	Consultation	51
751	Love dislikes nothing	52
752	Our own sinnes unseen	52
753	No Paines, no Gaines	52
754	Upon Slouch	52
755	Vertue best united	53
756	The eye	53
757	To Prince Charles upon his coming to Exeter	53
758	A Song	54
759	Princes and Favourites	54
760	Examples, or like Prince, like People	54
761	Potentates	55
762	The Wake	55
763	The Peter-penny	55
764	To Doctor Alablaster	56
765	Upon his Kinswoman Mrs. M. S.	57
766	Felicitie knowes no Fence	57
767	Death ends all woe	58
768	A Conjuration, to Electra	58
769	Courage cool'd	58
770	The Spell	59
771	His wish to privacie	59
772	A good Husband	59
773	A Hymne to Bacchus	60
774	Upon Pusse and her Prentice. Epig.	60
775	Blame the reward of Princes	61
776	Clemency in Kings	61
777	Anger	61
778	A Psalme or Hymne to the Graces	61
779	An Hymne to the Muses	62

NO.		PAGE
780	Upon Julia's Clothes	62
781	Moderation	62
782	To Anthea	62
783	Upon Prew his Maid	63
784	The Invitation	63
785	Ceremonies for Christmasse	64
786	Christmasse-Eve, another Ceremonie	65
787	Another to the Maids	65
788	Another	65
789	Power and Peace	65
790	To his deare Valentine, Mistresse Margaret Falconbrige	66
791	To Oenone	66
792	Verses	66
793	Happinesse	66
794	Things of choice, long a comming	66
795	Poetry perpetuates the Poet	67
796	Upon Bice	67
797	Upon Trencherman	67
798	Kisses	67
799	Orpheus	67
800	Upon Comely a good speaker but an ill Singer. Epig.	68
801	Any Way for wealth	68
802	Upon an old Woman	68
803	Upon Pearch. Epig.	69
804	To Sapho	69
805	To his faithfull friend, Master John Crofts, Cup-bearer to the King	69
806	The Bride-Cake	70
807	To be merry	70
808	Buriall	70
809	Lenitie	70
810	Penitence	70
811	Griefe	71
812	The Maiden-blush	71
813	The Meane	71
814	Haste hurtfull	71
815	Purgatory	72
816	The Cloud	72
817	Upon Loach	72
818	The Amber Bead	72
819	To my dearest Sister M. Mercie Herrick	73
820	The Transfiguration	73
821	Suffer that thou canst not shift	73

NO.		PAGE
822	To the Passenger	74
823	Upon Nodes	74
824	To the King, Upon his taking of Leicester	74
825	To Julia, in her Dawn, or Day-breake	75
826	Counsell	75
827	Bad Princes pill their People	75
828	Most Words, lesse Workes	76
829	To Dianeme	76
830	Upon Tap	77
831	His Losse	77
832	Draw, and Drinke	77
833	Upon Punchin. Epig.	77
834	To Oenone	77
835	Upon Blinks. Epig.	78
836	Upon Adam Peapes. Epig.	78
837	To Electra	78
838	To Mistresse Amie Potter	79
839	Upon a Maide	79
840	Upon Love	79
841	Beauty	80
842	Upon Love	80
843	Upon Hanch a Schoolmaster	80
844	Upon Peason. Epig.	80
845	To his Booke	80
846	Readinesse	81
847	Writing	81
848	Society	81
849	Upon a Maid	81
850	Satisfaction for sufferings	81
851	The delaying Bride	82
852	To M. Henry Lawes, the excellent Composer of Lyricks	82
853	Age unfit for Love	82
854	The Bedman, or Grave-maker	83
855	To Anthea	83
856	Need	83
857	To Julia	83
858	On Julias lips	84
859	Twilight	84
860	To his Friend, Master J. Jincks	84
861	On himselfe	84
862	Kings and Tyrants	85
863	Crosses	85
864	Upon Love	85
865	No difference i' th' dark	86

NO.		PAGE
866	The Body	86
867	To Sapho	86
868	Out of Time, out of Tune	86
869	To his Booke	86
870	To his Honour'd Friend, Sir Thomas Heale	87
871	The Sacrifice, by way of Discourse betwixt himselfe and Julia	87
872	To Apollo	88
873	On Love	88
874	Another	88
875	An Hymne to Cupid	88
876	To Electra	89
877	How his soule came ensnared	89
878	Factions	89
879	Kisses Loathsome	90
880	Upon Reape	90
881	Upon Teage	90
882	Upon Julia's Haire, bundled up in a golden net	90
883	Upon Truggin	91
884	The showre of Blossomes	91
885	Upon Spenke	92
886	A Defence for Women	92
887	Upon Lulls	92
888	Slavery	92
889	Charmes	92
890	Another	93
891	Another to bring in the Witch	93
892	Another Charme for Stables	93
893	Ceremonies for Candlemasse Eve	93
894	The Ceremonies for Candlemasse day	94
895	Upon Candlemasse day	95
896	Surfeits	95
897	Upon Nis	95
898	To Biancha, to blesse him	95
899	Julia's Churching, or Purification	95
900	To his Book	96
901	Teares	96
902	To his friend to avoid contention of words	97
903	Truth	97
904	Upon Prickles. Epig.	97
905	The Eyes before the Eares	97
906	Want	97
907	To a Friend	98
908	Upon M. William Lawes, the rare Musitian	98

NO.		PAGE
909	A Song upon Silvia	98
910	The Hony-combe	99
911	Vpon Ben. Johnson	99
912	An Ode for him	99
913	Upon a Virgin	100
914	Blame	100
915	A request to the Graces	100
916	Upon himselfe	101
917	Multitude	101
918	Feare	101
919	To M. Kellam	101
920	Happinesse to hospitalitie, or a hearty to good house-keeping	102
921	Cunctation in correction	102
922	Present Government grievous	103
923	Rest Refreshes	103
924	Revenge	103
925	The first marrs or makes	103
926	Beginning, difficult	103
927	Faith four-square	103
928	The present time best pleaseth	104
929	Cloathes, are conspirators	104
930	Cruelty	104
931	Faire after foule	104
932	Hunger	104
933	Bad wages for good service	104
934	The End	105
935	The Bondman	105
936	Choose for the best	105
937	To Silvia	105
938	Faire shewes deceive	105
939	His wish	106
940	Upon Julia's washing her self in the river	106
941	A Meane in our Meanes	106
942	Upon Clunn	107
943	Upon Cupid	107
944	Vpon Blisse	108
945	Vpon Burr	108
946	Vpon Megg	108
947	An Hymne to Love	108
948	To his honoured and most ingenious friend, Mr. Charles Cotton	109
949	Women uselesse	110
950	Love is a sirrup	110
951	Leven	110

NO.		PAGE
952	Repletion	110
953	On Himselfe	111
954	No Man without Money	111
955	On Himselfe	111
956	To M. Leonard Willan his peculiar friend	111
957	To his worthy Friend M. John Hall, Student of Grayes-Inne	112
958	To Julia	112
959	To the most comely and proper M. Elizabeth Finch	113
960	Upon Ralph	113
961	To his Booke	113
962	To the King, upon his welcome to Hampton-Court	113
963	Ultimus Heroum: or, To the most Learned, and to the right Honourable, Henry, Marquesse of Dorchester	114
964	To his Muse, another to the same	115
965	Upon Vineger	115
966	Upon Mudge	115
967	To his learned Friend M. Jo. Harmar, Phisitian to the Colledge of Westminster	115
968	Upon his Spaniell Tracie	116
969	The Deluge	116
970	Upon Lupes	117
971	Raggs	117
972	Strength to support Soveraignty	117
973	Upon Tubbs	117
974	Crutches	117
975	To Julia	118
976	Upon Case	118
977	To Perenna	119
978	To his Sister in Law, M. Susanna Herrick	119
979	Upon the Lady Crew	119
980	On Tomasin Parsons	119
981	Ceremony upon Candlemas Eve	120
982	Suspicion makes secure	120
983	Upon Spokes	120
984	To his Kinsman, M. Tho: Herrick, who desired to be in his Book	120
985	A Bucolick betwixt Two: Lacon and Thyrsis	121
986	Upon Sapho	122
987	Upon Faunus	122
988	The Quintell	122

NO.		PAGE
1071	To Roses in Julia's Bosome	146
1072	To the honoured Master Endimion Porter	147
1073	Speake in season	147
1074	Obedience	147
1075	Another on the same	147
1076	Of Love	147
1077	Upon Trap	148
1078	Upon Grubs	148
1079	Upon Dol	148
1080	Upon Hog	148
1081	The School or Perl of Putney, the Mistress of all singular manners, Mistresse Portman	149
1082	To Perenna	150
1083	On himselfe	150
1084	On Love	150
1085	Another on Love	150
1086	Upon Gut	150
1087	Upon Chub	151
1088	Pleasures Pernicious	151
1089	On himself	151
1090	To M. Laurence Swetnaham	151
1091	His Covenant or Protestation to Julia	152
1092	On himselfe	152
1093	To the most accomplisht Gentleman Master Michael Oulsworth	153
1094	To his Girles who would have him sportfull	153
1095	Truth and falsehood	153
1096	His last request to Julia	153
1097	On himselfe	154
1098	Upon Kings	154
1099	To his Girles	154
1100	Upon Spur	154
1101	To his Brother Nicolas Herrick	155
1102	The Voice and Violl.	155
1103	Warre	156
1104	A King and no King	156
1105	Plots not still prosperous	156
1106	Flatterie	156
1107	Upon Rumpe	156
1108	Upon Shopter	157
1109	Upon Deb	157
1110	Excesse	157
1111	Upon Croot	157

NO.		PAGE
1112	The Soul is the salt	157
1113	Upon Flood, or a thankfull man . .	157
1114	Upon Pimpe	158
1115	Upon Luske	158
1116	Foolishnesse	158
1117	Upon Rush	158
1118	Abstinence	159
1119	No danger to men desperate . . .	159
1120	Sauce for Sorrowes	159
1121	To Cupid	159
1122	Distrust	159
1123	The Hagg	160
1124	The mount of the Muses	160
1125	On Himselfe	161
1126	To his Booke	161
1127	The end of his worke . . .	161
1128	To Crowne it	161
1129	On Himselfe	161
1130	The pillar of Fame	162

Noble Numbers.

I	[1131]	His Confession	165
II	[1132]	His Prayer for Absolution . .	165
III	[1133]	To Finde God	166
IV	[1134]	What God is	166
V	[1135]	Upon God.	166
VI	[1136]	Mercy and Love	167
VII	[1137]	Gods Anger without Affection .	167
VIII	[1138]	God not to be comprehended .	167
IX	[1139]	God's part	167
X	[1140]	Affliction	167
XI	[1141]	Three fatall Sisters . . .	168
XII	[1142]	Silence	168
XIII	[1143]	Mirth	168
XIV	[1144]	Loading and unloading . .	168
XV	[1145]	Gods Mercy.	168
XVI	[1146]	Prayers must have Poise . .	169
XVII	[1147]	To God: an Anthem, sung in the Chappell at White-Hall, before the King . . .	169
XVIII	[1148]	Upon God	170
XIX	[1149]	Calling, and correcting . .	170
XX	[1150]	No Escaping the scourging. .	170
XXI	[1151]	The Rod	170

NO.			PAGE
XXII	[1152]	God has a twofold part	170
XXIII	[1153]	God is One	171
XXIV	[1154]	Persecutions profitable	171
XXV	[1155]	To God	171
XXVI	[1156]	Whips	171
XXVII	[1157]	Gods Providence	172
XXVIII	[1158]	Temptation	172
XXIX	[1159]	His Ejaculation to God	172
XXX	[1160]	Gods gifts not soone granted	172
XXXI	[1161]	Persecutions purifie	173
XXXII	[1162]	Pardon	173
XXXIII	[1163]	An Ode of the Birth of our Saviour	173
XXXIV	[1164]	Lip-labour	174
XXXV	[1165]	The Heart	174
XXXVI	[1166]	Eare-rings	175
XXXVII	[1167]	Sin seen	175
XXXVIII	[1168]	Upon Time	175
XXXIX	[1169]	His Petition	176
XL	[1170]	To God	176
XLI	[1171]	His Letanie, to the Holy Spirit	176
XLII	[1172]	Thanksgiving	178
XLIII	[1173]	Cock-crow	178
XLIV	[1174]	All Things run well for the Righteous	178
XLV	[1175]	Paine ends in Pleasure	178
XLVI	[1176]	To God	179
XLVII	[1177]	A Thanksgiving to God for His House	179
XLVIII	[1178]	To God	181
XLIX	[1179]	Another, to God	181
L	[1180]	None truly happy here	181
LI	[1181]	To his ever-loving God	182
LII	[1182]	Another	182
LIII	[1183]	To Death	182
LIV	[1184]	Neutrality loathsome	183
LV	[1185]	Welcome what comes	183
LVI	[1186]	To his angrie God	183
LVII	[1187]	Patience, or Comforts in Crosses	184
LVIII	[1188]	Eternitie	184
LIX	[1189]	To his Saviour, a Child; a Present, by a child	185
LX	[1190]	The New-yeeres Gift	185
LXI	[1191]	To God	186

NO.			PAGE
LXII	[1192]	God, and the King	186
LXIII	[1193]	Gods mirth, Mans mourning	186
LXIV	[1194]	Honours are hindrances	186
LXV	[1195]	The Parasceve, or Preparation	187
LXVI	[1196]	To God	187
LXVII	[1197]	A will to be working	187
LXVIII	[1198]	Christs part	188
LXIX	[1199]	Riches and Poverty	188
LXX	[1200]	Sobriety in Search	188
LXXI	[1201]	Almes	188
LXXII	[1202]	To his Conscience	188
LXXIII	[1203]	To his Saviour	189
LXXIV	[1204]	To God	189
LXXV	[1205]	His Dreame	189
LXXVI	[1206]	Gods Bounty	190
LXXVII	[1207]	To his sweet Saviour	190
LXXVIII	[1208]	His Creed	191
LXXIX	[1209]	Temptations	191
LXXX	[1210]	The Lamp	191
LXXXI	[1211]	Sorrowes	191
LXXXII	[1212]	Penitencie	192
LXXXIII	[1213]	The Dirge of Jephthahs Daughter: sung by the Virgins	192
LXXXIV	[1214]	To God, on his sicknesse	194
LXXXV	[1215]	Sins loath'd, and yet lov'd	195
LXXXVI	[1216]	Sin	195
LXXXVII	[1217]	Upon God	195
LXXXVIII	[1218]	Faith	195
LXXXIX	[1219]	Humility	195
XC	[1220]	Teares	196
XCI	[1221]	Sin and Strife	196
XCII	[1222]	An Ode, or Psalme, to God	196
XCIII	[1223]	Graces for Children	197
XCIV	[1224]	God to be first served	197
XCV	[1225]	Another Grace for a Child	197
XCVI	[1226]	A Christmas Caroll, sung to the King in the Presence at White-Hall	197
XCVII	[1227]	The New-yeeres Gift, or Circumcisions Song, sung to the King in the Presence at White-Hall	199
XCVIII	[1228]	Another New-yeeres Gift, or Song for the Circumcision	200

NO.			PAGE
XCIX	[1229]	Gods Pardon.	201
C	[1230]	Sin	202
CI	[1231]	Evill	202
CII	[1232]	The Star-Song: a Caroll to the King; sung at White-Hall	202
CIII	[1233]	To God	203
CIV	[1234]	To his deere God	203
CV	[1235]	To God, his good will . .	204
CVI	[1236]	On Heaven	204
CVII	[1237]	The Summe, and the Satisfaction	205
CVIII	[1238]	Good men afflicted most .	206
CIX	[1239]	Good Christians	206
CX	[1240]	The Will the cause of Woe .	206
CXI	[1241]	To Heaven	206
CXII	[1242]	The Recompence . . .	207
CXIII	[1243]	To God	207
CXIV	[1244]	To God	207
CXV	[1245]	His wish to God . . .	208
CXVI	[1246]	Satan	208
CXVII	[1247]	Hell	209
CXVIII	[1248]	The way	2 9
CXIX	[1249]	Great grief, great glory .	209
CXX	[1250]	Hell	209
CXXI	[1251]	The Bell-man	209
CXXII	[1252]	The goodnesse of his God .	210
CXXIII	[1253]	The Widdowes teares: or, Dirge of Dorcas . . .	210
CXXIV	[1254]	To God, in time of plundering	213
CXXV	[1255]	To his Saviour. The New-yeers gift	214
CXXVI	[1256]	Doomes-Day	214
CXXVII	[1257]	The Poores Portion . .	214
CXXVIII	[1258]	The White Island: or place of the Blest	215
CXXIX	[1259]	To Christ	215
CXXX	[1260]	To God	216
CXXXI	[1261]	Free Welcome	216
CXXXII	[1262]	Gods Grace	216
CXXXIII	[1263]	Coming to Christ . . .	216
CXXXIV	[1264]	Correction	217
CXXXV	[1265]	Gods Bounty	217
CXXXVI	[1266]	Knowledge	217
CXXXVII	[1267]	Salutation	217

NO.			PAGE
CXXXVIII	[1268]	Lasciviousnesse	217
CXXXIX	[1269]	Teares	218
CXL	[1270]	Gods Blessing . . .	218
CXLI	[1271]	God, and Lord . . .	218
CXLII	[1272]	The Judgment-Day . .	218
CXLIII	[1273]	Angells	218
CXLIV	[1274]	Long life	219
CXLV	[1275]	Teares	219
CXLVI	[1276]	Manna	219
CXLVII	[1277]	Reverence	219
CXLVIII	[1278]	Mercy	219
CXLIX	[1279]	Wages	219
CL	[1280]	Temptation	220
CLI	[1281]	Gods hands	220
CLII	[1282]	Labour	220
CLIII	[1283]	Mora Sponsi, the stay of the Bridegroome . . .	2 0
CLIV	[1284]	Roaring	220
CLV	[1285]	The Eucharist . . .	221
CLVI	[1286]	Sin severely punisht . .	221
CLVII	[1287]	Montes Scripturarum, the Mounts of the Scriptures .	221
CLVIII	[1288]	Prayer	221
CLIX	[1289]	Christs sadnesse . . .	222
CLX	[1290]	God heares us . . .	222
CLXI	[1291]	God	222
CLXII	[1292]	Clouds	222
CLXIII	[1293]	Comforts in contentions .	222
CLXIV	[1294]	Heaven	222
CLXV	[1295]	God	223
CLXVI	[1296]	His Power	223
CLXVII	[1297]	Christ's words on the Crosse, My God, My God . .	223
CLXVIII	[1298]	Jehovah	223
CLXIX	[1299]	Confusion of face . . .	223
CLXX	[1300]	Another	224
CLXXI	[1301]	Beggars	224
CLXXII	[1302]	Good, and bad . . .	224
CLXXIII	[1303]	Sin	224
CLXXIV	[1304]	Martha, Martha . . .	224
CLXXV	[1305]	Youth, and Age . . .	224
CLXXVI	[1306]	Gods Power	225
CLXXVII	[1307]	Paradise	225
CLXXVIII	[1308]	Observation	225
CLXXIX	[1309]	The Asse	225

NO.			PAGE
CLXXX	[1310]	Observation	225
CLXXXI	[1311]	Tapers	226
CLXXXII	[1312]	Christs Birth	226
CLXXXIII	[1313]	The Virgin Mary	226
CLXXXIV	[1314]	Another	227
CLXXXV	[1315]	God	227
CLXXXVI	[1316]	Another of God	227
CLXXXVII	[1317]	Another	227
CLXXXVIII	[1318]	Gods presence	227
CLXXXIX	[1319]	Gods Dwelling	228
CXC	[1320]	The Virgin Mary	228
CXCI	[1321]	To God	228
CXCII	[1322]	Upon Woman and Mary	228
CXCIII	[1323]	North and South	229
CXCIV	[1324]	Sabbaths	229
CXCV	[1325]	The Fast, or Lent	229
CXCVI	[1326]	Sin	229
CXCVII	[1327]	God	229
CXCVIII	[1328]	This, and the next World	230
CXCIX	[1329]	Ease	230
CC	[1330]	Beginnings and Endings	230
CCI	[1331]	Temporall Goods	230
CCII	[1332]	Hell fire	230
CCIII	[1333]	Abels Bloud	231
CCIV	[1334]	Another	231
CCV	[1335]	A Position in the Hebrew Divinity	231
CCVI	[1336]	Penitence	231
CCVII	[1337]	God's presence	231
CCVIII	[1338]	The Resurrection possible, and probable	232
CCIX	[1339]	Christs Suffering	232
CCX	[1340]	Sinners	232
CCXI	[1341]	Temptations	232
CCXII	[1342]	Pittie, and punishment	233
CCXIII	[1343]	Gods price and mans price	233
CCXIV	[1344]	Christs Action	233
CCXV	[1345]	Predestination	233
CCXVI	[1346]	Another	233
CCXVII	[1347]	Sin	234
CCXVIII	[1348]	Another	234
CCXIX	[1349]	Another	234
CCXX	[1350]	Prescience	234
CCXXI	[1351]	Christ.	234
CCXXII	[1352]	Christs Incarnation	235

NO.			PAGE
CCXXIII	[1353]	Heaven	235
CCXXIV	[1354]	Gods keyes . . .	235
CCXXV	[1355]	Sin	235
CCXXVI	[1356]	Almes	235
CCXXVII	[1357]	Hell fire	236
CCXXVIII	[1358]	To keep a true Lent . .	236
CCXXIX	[1359]	No time in Eternitie . .	237
CCXXX	[1360]	His Meditation upon Death	237
CCXXXI	[1361]	Cloaths for Continuance .	238
CCXXXII	[1362]	To God	238
CCXXXIII	[1363]	The Soule	239
CCXXXIV	[1364]	The Judgement-day . .	239
CCXXXV	[1365]	Sufferings	239
CCXXXVI	[1366]	Paine and Pleasure . .	239
CCXXXVII	[1367]	Gods presence . . .	240
CCXXXVIII	[1368]	Another	240
CCXXXIX	[1369]	The poore mans part . .	240
CCXL	[1370]	The right hand . . .	240
CCXLI	[1371]	The Staffe and Rod . .	240
CCXLII	[1372]	God sparing in scourging .	241
CCXLIII	[1373]	Confession	241
CCXLIV	[1374]	Gods descent . . .	241
CCXLV	[1375]	No coming to God without Christ	241
CCXLVI	[1376]	Another, to God . .	242
CCXLVII	[1377]	The Resurrection . .	242
CCXLVIII	[1378]	Coheires	242
CCXLIX	[1379]	The number of two . .	242
CCL	[1380]	Hardning of hearts . .	243
CCLI	[1381]	The Rose	243
CCLII	[1382]	Gods time must end our trouble	243
CCLIII	[1383]	Baptisme	243
CCLIV	[1384]	Gold and Frankincense .	243
CCLV	[1385]	To God	244
CCLVI	[1386]	The chewing the Cud. .	244
CCLVII	[1387]	Christs twofold coming .	244
CCLVIII	[1388]	To God, his gift. . .	244
CCLIX	[1389]	Gods Anger . . .	245
CCLX	[1390]	Gods Commands . .	245
CCLXI	[1391]	To God	245
CCLXII	[1392]	To God	245
CCLXIII	[1393]	Good Friday: Rex Tragicus, or Christ going to His Crosse	246

NO.			PAGE
CCLXIV	[1394]	His words to Christ, going to the Crosse . . .	247
CCLXV	[1395]	Another, to his Saviour .	247
CCLXVI	[1396]	His Saviours words, going to the Crosse . . .	248
CCLXVII	[1397]	His Anthem, to Christ on the Crosse . . .	249
CCLXVIII	[1398]	To his Saviours Sepulcher: his Devotion . . .	251
CCLXIX	[1399]	His Offering, with the rest, at the Sepulcher . .	251
CCLXX	[1400]	His coming to the Sepulcher	252
CCLXXI	[1401]	Of all the good things whatsoe're we do . .	252

APPENDIX :—POEMS ATTRIBUTED TO HERRICK, BUT NOT PUBLISHED IN "HESPERIDES."

Prefatory Note to Appendix Poems . . .			254
i	[1402]	The Discription of a Woman .	255
ii	[1403]	Mr. Hericke his Daughters Dowrye	258
iii	[1404]	Mr. Robert Hericke his Farwell vnto Poetrie	260
iv	[1405]	A Charroll presented to Dr. Williams, Bp. of Lincolne, as a New-years Guift	263
v	[1406]	Song. His Mistris to him at his Farwell	264
vi	[1407]	Vpon Parting	265
vii	[1408]	Upon Master Fletchers Incomparable Playes	265
viii	[1409]	The New Charon, upon the Death of Henry Lord Hastings . .	266
ix	[1410]	Epitaph on the Tomb of Sir Edward Giles & his wife in the South Aisle of Dean Prior Church, Devon	267
INDEX OF FIRST LINES			269

HESPERIDES.

619. A Nuptiall Verse to Mistresse Elizabeth Lee,[1] now Lady Tracie.

Spring with the Larke, most comely Bride, and meet
Your eager Bridegroome with *auspitious* feet.
The Morn's farre spent; and the immortall Sunne
Corrols[2] his cheeke, to see those Rites not done.
Fie, Lovely maid! Indeed you are too slow,
When to the Temple Love sho'd runne, not go.
Dispatch your dressing then; and quickly wed:
Then feast, and coy't a little; then to bed.
This day is Love's day; and this busie night
Is yours, in which you challeng'd are to fight
With such an arm'd, but such an easie Foe,
As will if you yeeld, lye down conquer'd too.
The Field is pitch't; but such must be your warres,
As that your kisses must out-vie the Starres.
Fall down together vanquisht both, and lye
Drown'd in the bloud of Rubies there, not die.

[1] Rather Leigh, of the Leighs of Stoneleigh, still extant.

[2] "Corals," *i.e.* "blushes."

620. The Night-piece, to Julia.

1. Her Eyes the Glow-worme lend thee.
The Shooting Starres attend thee;
And the Elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

2. No *Will-o'-th'-Wispe* mis-light thee;
Nor Snake, or Slow-worme bite thee:
But on, on thy way
Not making a stay,
Since Ghost ther's none to affright thee.

3. Let not the darke thee cumber;
What though the Moon do's slumber?
The Starres of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like Tapers cleare without number.

4. Then *Julia* let me wooe thee,
Thus, thus to come unto me:
And when I shall meet
Thy silv'ry feet,
My soule I'le poure into thee.

621. To Sir Clipseby Crew.

1. Give me wine, and give me meate,
To create in me a heate,
That my pulses high may beate.

2. Cold and hunger never yet
Co'd a noble Verse beget;
But your Boules with Sack repleat,

3. Give me these (my Knight) and try
In a Minutes space how I
Can runne mad, and Prophesie.

4. Then if any Peece proves new,
And rare, Ile say (my dearest *Crew*)
It was full enspir'd by you.

622. Good Luck not lasting.

If well the Dice runne, lets applaud the cast:
The happy fortune will not alwayes last.

623. A Kisse.

What is a Kisse? Why this, as some approve;
The sure sweet Sement, Glue, and Lime of Love.

624. Glorie.

I make no haste to have my Numbers read:
Seldome comes Glorie till a man be dead.

625. Poets.

Wantons we are; and though our words be such,
Our Lives do differ from our Lines by much.

626. No despight to the dead.

Reproach we may the living; not the dead:
'Tis cowardice to bite the buried.

627. To his Verses.

What will ye (my poor Orphans) do
When I must leave the World (and you)
Who'l give ye then a sheltring shed,
Or credit ye, when I am dead?
Who'l let ye by their fire sit?
Although ye have a stock of wit,
Already coin'd to pay for it.
I cannot tell; unlesse there be
Some Race of old humanitie
Left (of the large heart, and long hand)
Alive, as Noble *Westmorland;*[1]
Or gallant *Newark*, which brave two
May fost'ring fathers be to you.
If not; expect to be no less
Ill us'd, then Babes left fatherless.

628. His Charge to Julia at his Death.

Dearest of thousands, now the time drawes neere,
That with my Lines, my Life must full-stop here.
Cut off thy haires; and let thy Teares be shed
Over my Turfe, when I am buried.
Then for *effusions*, let none wanting be,
Or other Rites that doe belong to me;
As Love shall helpe thee, when thou do'st go hence
Unto thy everlasting residence.

[1] Westmoreland has been often referred to. "Gallant Newark" may have been either Robert Pierrepoint the first, or Henry Pierrepoint the second holder of this title, to which were successively added

629. Upon Love.

In a Dreame, Love bad me go
To the Gallies there to Rowe;
In the Vision, I askt why?
Love, as briefly did reply;
'Twas better there to toyle, then prove
The turmoiles they endure that love.
I awoke, and then I knew
What Love said was too too true:
Henceforth therefore I will be
As from Love, from trouble free.
None pities him that's in the snare,
And warn'd before, wo'd not beware.

630. The Coblers Catch.

Come sit we by the fires side;
And roundly drinke we here;
Till that we see our cheekes Ale-dy'd
And noses tann'd with Beere.

631. Upon Bran. Epig.

What made that mirth last night? the neighbours say,
That *Bran* the Baker did his Breech bewray:
I rather thinke (though they may speake the worst)
'Twas to his Batch, but Leaven laid there first.

the Earldom of Kingston, the Marquisate of Dorchester, the Dukedom of Kingston, and the producing of Lady Mary Montagu.

632. Upon Snare, an Usurer.

Snare, ten i' th' hundred calls his wife; and why?
Shee brings in much, by carnall usury.
He by extortion brings in three times more:
Say, who's the worst, th' exactor, or the whore?

633. Upon Grudgings.

Grudgings turnes bread to stones, when to the Poore
He gives an almes, and chides them from his doore.

634. Connubii Flores, or the well-wishes at Weddings.

Chorus Sacerdotum.

1. From the Temple to your home
May a thousand blessings come!
And a sweet concurring stream
Of all joyes, to joyn with them.

Chorus Juvenum.

2. Happy day
Make no long stay
Here
In thy Sphere;
But give thy place to night,
That she,
As Thee,
May be
Partaker of this sight.
And since it was thy care

To see the Younglings wed;
'Tis fit that Night, the Paire,
Sho'd see safe brought to Bed.

Chorus Senum.

3. Go to your banquet then, but use delight,
So as to rise still with an appetite.
Love is a thing most nice; and must be fed
To such a height; but never surfeited.
What is beyond the mean is ever ill:
'Tis best to feed Love; but not over-fill:
Go then discreetly to the Bed of pleasure;
And this remember, *Vertue keepes the measure.*

Chorus Virginum.

4. Luckie signes we have discri'd
To encourage on the Bride;
And to these we have espi'd,
Not a kissing *Cupid* flyes
Here about, but has his eyes,
To imply your Love is wise.

Chorus Pastorum.

5. Here we present a fleece
To make a peece
Of cloth;
Nor, Faire, must you be loth
Your Finger to apply
To huswiferie.
Then, then begin
To spin:
And (Sweetling) marke you, what a Web will come
Into your Chests, drawn by your painfull Thumb.

Chorus Matronarum.

6. Set you to your Wheele, and wax
Rich, by the Ductile Wool and Flax.
Yarne is an Income; and the Huswive's thread
The Larder fils with meat; the Bin with bread.

Chorus Senum.

7. Let wealth come in by comely thrift,
And not by any sordid shift:
'Tis haste
Makes waste:
Extreames have still their fault;
The softest Fire makes the sweetest Mault.
Who gripes too hard the dry and slip'rie sand,
Holds none at all, or little in his hand.

Chorus Virginum.

8. Goddesse of Pleasure, Youth, and Peace,
Give them the blessing of encrease:
And thou *Lucina*, that do'st heare
The vowes of those, that children beare:
Whenas her Aprill houre drawes neare,
Be thou then propitious there.

Chorus Juvenum.

9. Farre hence be all speech, that may anger move:
Sweet words must nourish soft and gentle Love.

Chorus omnium.

10. Live in the Love of Doves, and having told
The Raven's yeares, go hence more Ripe then old.

635. To his lovely Mistresses.

One night i' th' yeare, my dearest Beauties, come
And bring those *dew-drink-offerings* to my Tomb.
When thence ye see my reverend Ghost to rise,
And there to lick th' effusèd sacrifice:
Though paleness be the Livery that I weare,
Looke ye not wan, or colourlesse for feare.
Trust me, I will not hurt ye; or once shew
The least grim looke, or cast a frown on you:
Nor shall the Tapers when I'm there, burn blew.
This I may do (perhaps) as I glide by,
Cast on my Girles a glance, and loving eye:
Or fold mine armes and sigh, because I've lost
The world so soon, and in it, you the most.
Then these, no feares more on your Fancies fall,
Though then I smile, and speake no words at all.

636. Upon Love.

A Christall Violl *Cupid* brought,
Which had a juice in it:
Of which who drank, he said no thought
Of Love he sho'd admit.

2. I greedy of the prize, did drinke,
And emptied soon the glasse;
Which burnt me so, that I do thinke
The fire of hell it was.

3. Give me my earthen Cups again,
The Christall I contemne;
Which, though enchas'd with Pearls, contain
A deadly draught in them.

4. And thou, O *Cupid!* come not to
My Threshold, since I see,
For all I have, or else can do,
Thou still wilt cozen me.

637. Upon Gander. Epig.

Since *Gander* did his prettie Youngling wed:
Gander (they say) doth each night pisse a-Bed:
What is the cause? Why *Gander* will reply.
No Goose lays good eggs that is trodden drye.

638. Upon Lungs. Epig.

Lungs (as some say) ne'r sets him down to eate,
But that his breath do's Fly-blow all the meate.

639. The Beggar to Mab, the Fairie Queen.

Please your Grace, from out your Store,
Give an Almes to one that's poore,
That your mickle, may have more.
Black I'm grown for want of meat;
Give me then an Ant to eate;
Or the cleft eare of a Mouse
Over-sowr'd in drinke of Souce:
Or, *sweet Lady*, reach to me
The *Abdomen* of a Bee;
Or commend a *Cricket's-hip*,
Or his *Huckson*,[1] to my Scrip.
Give me for bread, a little bit

[1] "Knuckle," but some say "hip."

Of a Pease, that 'gins to chit,[1]
And my full thanks take for it.
Floure of Fuz-balls, that's too good
For a man in needy-hood:
But the Meal of Mill-dust can
Well content a craving man.
Any Orts the Elves refuse
Well will serve the Beggars use.
But if this may seem too much
For an Almes; then give me such
Little bits, that nestle there
In the Pris'ners *Panier.*
So a blessing light upon
You, and mighty *Oberon:*
That your plenty last till when,
I return your Almes agen.

640. An end decreed.

Let's be jocund while we may;
All things have an ending day:
And when once the Work is done;
Fates revolve no Flax th'ave spun.

641. Upon a child.

Here a pretty Baby lies
Sung asleep with Lullabies:
Pray be silent, and not stirre
Th' easie earth that covers her.

642. Painting sometimes permitted.

If Nature do deny
Colours, let Art supply.

[1] Chit, or "chip," a gardener's word for sprouting.

643. Farewell Frost, or welcome the Spring.

Fled are the Frosts, and now the Fields appeare
Re-cloth'd in fresh and verdant Diaper.
Thaw'd are the snowes, and now the lusty Spring
Gives to each Mead a neat enameling.
The Palms put forth their Gemmes, and every Tree
Now swaggers in her Leavy gallantry.
The while the *Daulian Minstrell* sweetly sings
With warbling Notes, her *Tyrrean* sufferings.
What gentle Winds perspire? As if here
Never had been the *Northern Plunderer*
To strip the Trees, and Fields, to their distresse,
Leaving them to a pittied nakednesse.
And look how when a frantick Storme doth tear
A stubborn Oake, or Holme (long growing there)
But lul'd to calmnesse, then succeeds a breeze
That scarcely stirs the nodding leaves of Trees:
So when this War (which tempest-like doth spoil
Our salt, our Corn, our Honie, Wine, and Oile)
Falls to a temper, and doth mildly cast
His inconsiderate Frenzie off (at last)
The gentle Dove may, when these turmoils cease,
Bring in her Bill, once more, the *Branch of Peace.*

644. The Hag.

1 The Hag is astride,
This night for to ride;
The Devill and shee together:
Through thick, and through thin,
Now out, and then in,
Though ne'r so foule be the weather.

2. A Thorn or a Burr
She takes for a Spurre:
With a lash of a Bramble she rides now,
Through Brakes and through Bryars,
O're Ditches and Mires,
She followes the Spirit that guides now.

3. No Beast, for his food,
Dares now range the wood;
But husht in his laire he lies lurking:
While mischiefs, by these,
On Land and on Seas,
At noone of Night are a-working.

4. The storme will arise,
And trouble the skies;
This night, and more for the wonder,
The ghost from the Tomb
Affrighted shall come,
Cal'd out by the clap of the Thunder.

645. Upon an old man a Residenciarie.

Tread Sirs, as lightly as ye can
Upon the grave of this old man.
Twice fortie (bating but one year,

And thrice three weeks) he lived here.
Whom gentle fate translated hence
To a more happy Residence.
Yet, Reader, let me tell thee this
(Which from his ghost a promise is)
If here ye will some few teares shed,
He'l never haunt ye now he's dead.

646. Upon Teares.

Teares, though th'are here below the sinners brine,
Above they are the Angels spiced wine.

647. Physitians.

Physitians fight not against men; but these
Combate for men, by conquering the disease.

648. The Primitiæ to Parents.

Our *Household-gods* our Parents be;
And manners good requires, that we
The first-Fruits give to them, who gave
Us hands to get what here we have.

649. Upon Cob. Epig.

Cob clouts his shooes, and as the story tells,
His thumb-nailes-par'd, afford him sperrables.[1]

[1] Said to be = "sparrowbill," a small shoemaker's nail.

650. Upon Lucie. Epig.

Sound Teeth has *Lucie*, pure as Pearl, and small,
With mellow Lips, and luscious there withall.

651. Upon Skoles. Epig.

Skoles stinks so deadly, that his Breeches loath
His dampish Buttocks furthermore to cloath:
Cloy'd they are up with Arse; but hope, one blast
Will whirle about, and blow them thence at last.

652. To Silvia.

I am holy, while I stand
Circum-crost by thy pure hand:
But when that is gone; Again,
I, as others, am *Prophane.*

653. To his Closet-Gods.

When I goe Hence, ye *Closet-Gods*, I feare
Never againe to have ingression here:
Where I have had, what ever things co'd be
Pleasant, and precious to my Muse and me.
Besides rare sweets, I had a Book which none
Co'd read the Intext but my selfe alone.
About the Cover of this Book there went
A curious-comely clean *Compartlement:*[1]

[1] Compartlement is perhaps the most ingenious instance of Herrick's fancy for diminutives.

And, in the midst, to grace it more, was set
A blushing-pretty-peeping Rubelet:
But now 'tis clos'd; and being shut, & seal'd,
Be it, O be it, never more reveal'd!
Keep here still, *Closet-Gods*, 'bore whom Iv'e set
Oblations oft, of sweetest Marmelet.[1]

654. A Bacchanalian Verse.

Fill me a mighty Bowle
Up to the brim:
That I may drink
Unto my *Johnson's* soule.

2. Crowne it agen agen;
And thrice repeat
That happy heat;
To drink to Thee my *Ben*.

3. Well I can quaffe, I see,
To th' number five,
Or nine; but thrive
In frenzie ne'r like thee.

655. Long lookt for comes at last.

Though long it be, yeeres may repay the debt;
None loseth that, which he in time may get.

656. To Youth.

Drink Wine, and live here blithefull, while ye may:
The morrowe's life too late is, Live to-day.

[1] "Marmalade."

657. Never too late to dye.

No man comes late unto that place from whence
Never man yet had a regredience.

658. A Hymne to the Muses.

O! you the Virgins nine!
That doe our soules encline
To noble Discipline!
Nod to this vow of mine:
Come then, and now enspire
My violl and my lyre
With your eternall fire:
And make me one entire
Composer in your Quire.
Then I'le your Altars strew
With Roses sweet and new;
And ever live a true
Acknowledger of you.

659. On himselfe.

Ile sing no more, nor will I longer write
Of that sweet Lady, or that gallant Knight:
Ile sing no more of Frosts, Snowes, Dews and Showers;
No more of Groves, Meades, Springs, and wreaths of Flowers:
Ile write no more, nor will I tell or sing
Of *Cupid*, and his wittie coozning:
Ile sing no more of death, or shall the grave
No more my Dirges, and my Trentalls have.

660. Upon Jone and Jane.

Jone is a wench that's painted;
Jone is a Girle that's tainted;
Yet *Jone* she goes
Like one of those
Whom purity had Sainted.

Jane is a Girle that's prittie;
Jane is a wench that's wittie;
Yet, who wo'd think,
Her breath do's stinke,
As so it doth? that's pittie.

661. To Momus.

Who read'st this Book that I have writ,
And can'st not mend, but carpe at it:
By all the muses! thou shalt be
Anathema to it, and me.

662. Ambition.

In waves to greatnesse, think on this,
That slippery all Ambition is.

663. The Country life, to the honoured M. End. Porter, Groome of the Bed-Chamber to His Maj.

Sweet Country life, to such unknown,
Whose lives are others', not their own!
But serving Courts, and Cities, be
Less happy, less enjoying thee.
Thou never Plow'st the Ocean's foame

To seek, and bring rough Pepper home:
Nor to the Eastern Ind dost rove
To bring from thence the scorched Clove.
Nor, with the losse of thy lov'd rest,
Bring'st home the Ingot from the West.
No, thy Ambition's Master-piece
Flies no thought higher then a fleece:
Or how to pay thy Hinds, and cleere
All scores; and so to end the yeere:
But walk'st about thine own dear bounds,
Not envying others larger grounds:
For well thou know'st, *'tis not th' extent*
Of Land makes life, but sweet content.
When now the Cock (the Plow-man's Horne)
Calls forth the lilly-wristed Morne;
Then to thy corn-fields thou dost goe,
Which though well soyl'd, yet thou dost know,
That the best compost for the Lands
Is the wise Masters Feet, and Hands.
There at the Plough thou find'st thy Teame,
With a Hind whistling there to them:
And cheer'st them up, by singing how
The Kingdoms portion is *the Plow.*
This done, then to th' enameld Meads
Thou go'st, and as thy foot there treads,
Thou seest a present God-like Power
Imprinted in each Herbe and Flower:
And smell'st the breath of great-ey'd Kine,
Sweet as the blossomes of the Vine.
Here thou behold'st thy large sleek Neat
Unto the Dew-laps up in meat:
And, as thou look'st, the wanton Steere,
The Heifer, Cow, and Oxe draw neere
To make a pleasing pastime there.
These seen, thou go'st to view thy flocks
Of sheep, (safe from the Wolfe and Fox)
And find'st their bellies there as full

Of short sweet grasse, as backs with wool.
And leav'st them (as they feed and fill)
A Shepherd piping on a hill.
For Sports, for Pagentrie, and Playes,
Thou hast thy Eves, and Holydayes:
On which the young men and maids meet,
To exercise their dancing feet:
Tripping the comely country Round,
With Daffadils and Daisies crown'd.
Thy Wakes, thy Quintels, here thou hast,
Thy May-poles too with Garlands grac't:
Thy Morris-dance; thy Whitsun-ale;
Thy Sheering-feast, which never faile.
Thy Harvest home; thy Wassaile bowle,
That's tost up after Fox i' th' Hole.
Thy Mummeries; thy Twelfe-tide Kings
And Queenes; thy Christmas revellings:
Thy Nut-browne mirth; thy Russet wit;
And no man payes too deare for it.
To these, thou hast thy times to goe
And trace the Hare i' th' trecherous Snow:
Thy witty wiles to draw, and get
The Larke into the Trammell net:
Thou hast thy Cockrood,[1] and thy Glade
To take the precious Phesant made:
Thy Lime-twigs, Snares, and Pit-falls then
To catch the pilfring Birds, not Men.
O happy life! if that their good
The Husbandmen but understood!
Who all the day themselves doe please,
And Younglings, with such sports as these.
And, lying down, have nought t' affright
Sweet sleep, that makes more short the night.

Cætera desunt ———

[1] A path made for snaring woodcock; "glade," a larger ride, across which nets were hung for game generally.

664. To Electra.

I dare not ask a kisse;
I dare not beg a smile;
Lest having that, or this,
I might grow proud the while.

2. No, no, the utmost share
Of my desire, shall be
Onely to kisse that Aire,
That lately kissed thee.

665. To his worthy friend, M. Arthur Bartly.

When after many Lusters thou shalt be
Wrapt up in Seare-cloth with thine Ancestrie:
When of thy ragg'd *Escutcheons* shall be seene
So little left, as if they ne'r had been:
Thou shalt thy Name have, and thy Fames best trust,
Here with the Generation of my Just.

666. What kind of Mistresse he would have.

Be the Mistresse of my choice,
Cleane in manners, cleere in voice:
Be she witty, more then wise;
Pure enough, though not Precise:
Be she shewing in her dresse,
Like a civill Wilderness;
That the curious may detect
Order in a sweet neglect:

Be she rowling in her eye,
Tempting all the passers by:
And each Ringlet of her haire,
An Enchantment, or a Snare,
For to catch the Lookers on;
But her self held fast by none.
Let her *Lucrece* all day be,
Thais in the night, to me.
Be she such, as neither will
Famish me, nor over-fill.

667. Upon Zelot.

Is *Zelot* pure? he is: ye see he weares
The signe of *Circumcision* in his eares.

668. The Rosemarie branch.

Grow for two ends, it matters not at all,
Be't for my *Ridall*, or my *Buriall*.

669. Upon Madam Ursly. Epig.

For ropes of pearle, first Madam *Vrsly* showes
A chaine of Cornes, pickt from her eares and toes:
Then, next, to match *Tradescant's* curious shels,
Nailes from her fingers mew'd, she shewes: what els?
Why then (forsooth) a Carcanet is shown
Of teeth, as deaf as nuts, and all her own.

670. Upon Crab. Epig.

Crab faces gownes with sundry Furres; 'tis known,
He keeps the Fox-furre for to face his own.

671. A Paranæticall, or Advisive Verse to his friend, M. John Wicks.

Is this a life, to break thy sleep?
To rise as soon as day doth peep?
To tire thy patient Oxe or Asse
By noone, and let thy good dayes passe,
Not knowing This, that *Jove* decrees
Some mirth, t'adulce[1] mans miseries?
No; 'tis a life, to have thine oyle,
Without extortion, from thy soyle:
Thy faithfull fields to yeeld thee Graine,
Although with some, yet little paine:
To have thy mind, and nuptiall bed,
With feares, and cares uncumberèd:
A pleasing Wife, that by thy side
Lies softly panting like a Bride.
This is to live, and to endeere
Those minutes, Time has lent us here.
Then, while Fates suffer, live thou free,
(As is that ayre that circles thee)
And crown thy temples too, and let
Thy servant, not thy own self, sweat,
To strut[2] thy barnes with sheafs of Wheat.
Time steals away like to a stream,
And we glide hence away with them.
No sound recalls the houres once fled,

[1] It is rather a pity that this equivalent of *adoucir* was not taken up.
[2] "Swell."

Or Roses, being witherèd:
Nor us (my Friend) when we are lost,
Like to a Deaw, or melted Frost.
Then live we mirthfull, while we should,
And turn the iron Age to Gold.
Let's feast, and frolick, sing, and play,
And thus lesse last, then live our Day.
Whose life with care is overcast,
That man's not said to live, but last:
Nor is't a life, seven yeares to tell
But for to live that half seven well:
And that wee'l do; as men, who know,
Some few sands spent, we hence must go,
Both to be blended in the Urn,
From whence there's never a return.

672. Once seen, and no more.

Thousands each day passe by, which wee,
Once past and gone, no more shall see.

673. Love.

This Axiom I have often heard,
Kings ought to be more lov'd, then fear'd.

674. To M. Denham, on his Prospective Poem.[1]

Or lookt I back unto the Times hence flown
To praise those Muses, and dislike our own?
Or did I walk those *Pean*[2]-Gardens through,
To kick the Flow'rs, and scorn their odours too?

[1] The "prospective poem" is the well-known "Cooper's Hill."
[2] Pean or Pæan "of Apollo."

I might (and justly) be reputed (here)
One nicely mad, or peevishly severe.
But by *Apollo!* as I worship wit,
(Where I have cause to burn perfumes to it:)
So, I confesse, 'tis somwhat to do well
In our high art, although we can't excell,
Like thee; or dare the Buskins to unloose
Of thy brave, bold, and sweet *Maronian* Muse.
But since I'm cal'd (rare *Denham*) to be gone,
Take from thy *Herrick* this conclusion:
'Tis dignity in others, if they be
Crown'd Poets; yet live Princes under thee:
The while their wreaths and Purple Robes do shine,
Lesse by their own jemms, then those beams of thine.

675. A Hymne, to the Lares.

It was, and still my care is,
To worship ye, the *Lares*,
With crowns of greenest Parsley,
And Garlick chives not scarcely:
For favours here to warme me,
And not by fire to harme me.
For gladding so my hearth here,
With inoffensive mirth here;
That while the Wassaile Bowle here
With *North-down* Ale doth troule here,
No sillable doth fall here,
To marre the mirth at all here.
For which, ô *Chimney-keepers!*
(I dare not call ye Sweepers)
So long as I am able
To keep a countrey-table,
Great be my fare, or small cheere,
I'le eat and drink up all here.

676. Deniall in women no disheartning to men.

Women, although they ne'er so goodly make it,
Their fashion is, but to say no, to take it.

677. Adversity.

Love is maintain'd by wealth; when all is spent,
Adversity then breeds the discontent.

678. To Fortune.

Tumble me down, and I will sit
Upon my ruines (smiling yet:)
Teare me to tatters; yet I'le be
Patient in my necessitie.
Laugh at my scraps of cloaths, and shun
Me, as a fear'd infection:
Yet scarre-crow-like I'le walk, as one,
Neglecting thy derision.

679. To Anthea.

Come, *Anthea*, know thou this,
Love at no time idle is:
Let's be doing, though we play
But at push-pin (half the day:)
Chains of sweet bents let us make,
Captive one, or both, to take:
In which bondage we will lie,
Soules transfusing thus, and die.

680. Cruelties.

Nero commanded; but withdrew his eyes
From the beholding Death, and cruelties.

681. Perseverance.

Hast thou begun an act? ne'er then give o're:
No man despaires to do what's done before.

682. Upon his Verses.

What off-spring other men have got,
The how, where, when, I question not.
These are the Children I have left;
Adopted some; none got by theft.
But all are toucht[1] (like lawfull plate)
And no Verse illegitimate.

683. Distance betters Dignities.

Kings must not oft be seen by publike eyes;
State at a distance adds to dignities.

684. Health.

Health is no other (as the learned hold)
But a just measure of Heat and Cold.

[1] Touched with the "touchstone."

685. To Dianeme. A Ceremonie in Glocester.

Ile to thee a Simnell[1] bring,
'Gainst thou go'st a *mothering;*
So that, when she blesseth thee,
Half that blessing thou'lt give me.

686. To the King.

Give way, give way, now, now my *Charles* shines here,
A Publike Light (in this immensive Sphere.)
Some starres were fixt before; but these are dim,
Compar'd (in this my ample Orbe) to Him.
Draw in your feeble fiers, while that He
Appeares but in His Meaner Majestie.
Where, if such glory flashes from His Name,
Which is His Shade, who can abide His Flame!
Princes, and such like Publike Lights as these,
Must not be lookt on, but at distances:
For, if we gaze on These brave Lamps too neer,
Our eyes they'l blind, or if not blind, they'l bleer.

687. The Funerall Rites of the Rose.

The Rose was sick, and smiling di'd;
And (being to be sanctifi'd)

[1] The simnel-cake—an excellent one—is still made in the North about Mid-Lent. The Sunday of that name got the other title of "Mothering Sunday" from the occurrence in its Liturgy of the text "Jerusalem is the mother of us all," and the application first to the Church, second to actual "mothers," to whom their children in service, etc., were wont to pay visits at that time.

About the Bed, there sighing stood
The sweet, and flowrie Sisterhood.
Some hung the head, while some did bring
(To wash her) water from the Spring.
Some laid her forth, while others wept,
But all a solemne Fast there kept.
The holy Sisters some among
The sacred *Dirge* and *Trentall* sung.
But ah! what sweets smelt every where,
As Heaven had spent all perfumes there.
At last, when prayers for the dead,
And Rites were all accomplishèd;
They, weeping, spread a Lawnie Loome,
And clos'd her up, as in a Tombe.

688. The Rainbow: or, curious Covenant.

Mine eyes, like clouds, were drizling raine,
And as they thus did entertaine
The gentle Beams from *Julia's* sight
To mine eyes level'd opposite:
O Thing admir'd! there did appeare
A curious Rainbow smiling there;
Which was the Covenant, that she
No more wo'd drown mine eyes or me.

689. The last stroke strike sure.

Though by well-warding many blowes w'ave past,
That stroke most fear'd is, which is struck the last.

690. Fortune.

Fortune's a blind profuser of her own,
Too much she gives to some, enough to none.

691. Stool-ball.

1. At Stool-ball,[1] *Lucia*, let us play,
For Sugar-cakes and Wine;
Or for a Tansie[2] let us pay,
The losse or thine, or mine.

2. If thou, my Deere, a winner be
At trundling of the Ball,
The wager thou shalt have, and me,
And my misfortunes all.

3. But if (my Sweetest) I shall get,
Then I desire but this;
That likewise I may pay the Bet,
And have for all a kisse.

692. To Sappho.

Let us now take time, and play,
Love, and live here while we may;
Drink rich wine; and make good cheere,
While we have our being here:
For, once dead, and laid i'th grave,
No return from thence we have.

[1] An early form of ball game, between cricket and rounders.
[2] A pancake flavoured with that plant.

693. On Poet Prat. Epig.

Prat he writes Satyres; but herein's the fault,
In no one Satyre there's a mite of salt.

694. Upon Tuck. Epig.

At Post and Paire, or Slam,[1] *Tom Tuck* would play
This Christmas, but his want wherwith, sayes Nay.

695. Biting of Beggars.

Who, railing, drives the Lazar from his door,
Instead of almes, sets dogs upon the poor.

696. The May-pole.

The May-pole is up,
Now give me the cup;
I'le drink to the Garlands a-round it:
But first unto those
Whose hands did compose
The glory of flowers that crown'd it.

A health to my Girles,
Whose husbands may Earles
Or Lords be, (granting my wishes)
And when that ye wed
To the Bridall Bed,
Then multiply all, like to Fishes.

[1] Both card games, the latter word ("slam") being still vernacularly kept for making every trick at whist.

697. Men mind no state in sicknesse.

That flow of Gallants which approach
To kisse thy hand from out the coach;
That fleet of Lackeyes, which do run
Before thy swift Postilion:
Those strong-hoof'd Mules, which we behold,
Rein'd in with Purple, Pearl, and gold,
And shod with silver, prove to be
The drawers of the *axeltree*.
Thy Wife, thy Children, and the state
Of *Persian* Loomes, and *antique* Plate:
All these, and more, shall then afford
No joy to thee their sickly Lord.

698. Adversity.

Adversity hurts none, but onely such
Whom whitest Fortune dandled has too much.

699. Want.

Need is no vice at all; though here it be,
With men, a loathèd inconveniencie.

700. Griefe.

Sorrowes divided amongst many, lesse
Discruciate a man in deep distresse.

701. Love palpable.

I prest my *Julia's* lips, and in the kisse
Her Soule and Love were palpable in this.

702. No Action hard to affection.

Nothing hard, or harsh can prove
Unto those that truly love.

703. Meane things overcome mighty.

By the weak'st means things mighty are o're-
thrown.
He's Lord of thy life, who contemnes his own.

704. Upon Trigg. Epig.

Trigg having turn'd his sute, he struts in state,
And tells the world, he's now regenerate.

705. Upon Smeaton.

How co'd *Luke Smeaton* weare a shoe, or boot,
Who two and thirty cornes had on a foot?

706. The Bracelet of Pearle: to Silvia.

I brake thy Bracelet 'gainst my will;
And, wretched, I did see
Thee discomposèd then, and still
Art discontent with me.

One jemme was lost; and I will get
A richer pearle for thee,
Then ever, dearest *Silvia*, yet
Was drunk to *Antonie*.

Or, for revenge, I'le tell thee what
Thou for the breach shalt do;
First, crack the strings, and after that,
Cleave thou my heart in two.

707. How Roses came red.

'Tis said, as *Cupid* danc't among
The *Gods*, he down the Nectar flung;
Which, on the white *Rose* being shed,
Made it for ever after red.

708. Kings.

Men are not born Kings, but are men renown'd;
Chose first, confirm'd next, & at last are
crown'd.

709. First work, and then wages.

Prepost'rous is that order, when we run
To ask our wages, e're our work be done.

710. Teares, and Laughter.

Knew'st thou, one moneth wo'd take thy life
away,
Thou'dst weep; but laugh, sho'd it not last
day.

711. Glory.

Glory no other thing is (*Tullie* sayes)
Then a mans frequent Fame, spoke out with
praise.

712. Possessions.

Those possessions short-liv'd are,
Into the which we come by warre.

713. Laxare fibulam.

To loose the button, is no lesse,
Then to cast off all bashfulnesse.

714. His returne to London.

From the dull confines of the drooping West,
To see the day spring from the pregnant East,
Ravisht in spirit, I come, nay more, I flie
To thee, blest place of my Nativitie!
Thus, thus with hallowed foot I touch the ground,
With thousand blessings by thy Fortune crown'd.
O fruitfull Genius! that bestowest here
An everlasting plenty, yeere by yeere.
O *Place!* O *People!* Manners! fram'd to please
All Nations, Customes, Kindreds, Languages!
I am a free-born *Roman;* suffer then,
That I amongst you live a Citizen.
London my home is: though by hard fate sent
Into a long and irksome banishment;
Yet since cal'd back; henceforward let me be,
O native countrey, repossest by thee!
For, rather then I'le to the West return,
I'le beg of thee first here to have mine Urn.
Weak I am grown, and must in short time fall;
Give thou my sacred Reliques Buriall.

715. Not every day fit for Verse.

'Tis not ev'ry day, that I
Fitted am to prophesie:
No, but when the Spirit fils
The fantastick Pannicles:[1]
Full of fier; then I write
As the Godhead doth indite.
Thus inrag'd, my lines are hurl'd,
Like the *Sybell's*, through the world.
Look how next the holy fier
Either slakes, or doth retire;
So the Fancie cooles, till when
That brave Spirit comes agen.

716. Poverty the greatest pack.

To mortall men great loads allotted be,
But of all packs no pack like poverty.

717. A Beucolick, or discourse of Neatherds.

1. Come blithefull Neatherds, let us lay
A wager, who the best shall play,
Of thee, or I, the Roundelay,
That fits the businesse of the Day.

Chor. And *Lallage* the Judge shall be,
To give the prize to thee, or me.

2. Content, begin, and I will bet
A Heifer smooth, and black as jet,

[1] Cells of the brain.

In every part alike compleat,
And wanton as a Kid as yet.

Chor. And *Lallage* (with cow-like eyes)
Shall be Disposeresse of the prize.

1. Against thy Heifer, I will here
Lay to thy stake a lustie Steere,
With gilded hornes, and burnisht cleere.

Chor. Why then begin, and let us heare
The soft, the sweet, the mellow note
That gently purles from eithers Oat.

2. The stakes are laid: let's now apply
Each one to make his melody:

Lal. The equall Umpire shall be I,
Who'l hear, and so judge righteously.

Chor. Much time is spent in prate; begin,
And sooner play, the sooner win.
[*He playes.*

1. That's sweetly touch't, I must confesse:
Thou art a man of worthinesse:
But hark how I can now expresse
My love unto my Neatherdesse. [*He sings.*

Chor. A suger'd note! and sound as sweet
As Kine, when they are at milking meet.

1. Now for to win thy Heifer faire,
I'le strike thee such a nimble Ayre,
That thou shalt say (thy selfe) 'tis rare;
And title me without compare.

Chor. Lay by a while your Pipes, and rest,
Since both have here deserv'd best.

2. To get thy Steerling, once again,
I'le play thee such another strain;
That thou shalt swear, my Pipe do's raigne
Over thine Oat, as Soveraigne. [*He sings.*

Chor. And *Lallage* shall tell by this,
Whose now the prize and wager is.

1. Give me the prize: 2. The day is mine:
1. Not so; my Pipe has silenc't thine:
And hadst thou wager'd twenty Kine,
They were mine own. *Lal.* In love com bine.

Chor. And lay we down our pipes together,[1]
As wearie, not o'recome by either.

718. True Safety.

'Tis not the Walls, or purple, that defends
A Prince from Foes; but 'tis his Fort of Friends.

719. A Prognostick.

As many Lawes and Lawyers do expresse
Nought but a Kingdoms ill-affectednesse:
Ev'n so, those streets and houses do but show
Store of diseases, where Physitians flow.

720. Upon Julia's Sweat.

Wo'd ye oyle of Blossomes get?
Take it from my *Julia's* sweat:

[1] Some editors read "And lay *ye* down," which seems an unnecessary liberty.

Oyl of Lillies, and of Spike,
From her moysture take the like:
Let her breath, or let her blow,
All rich spices thence will flow.

721. Proof to no Purpose.

You see this gentle streame, that glides,
Shov'd on, by quick-succeeding Tides:
Trie if this sober streame you can
Follow to th' wilder Ocean:
And see, if there it keeps unspent
In that congesting element.
Next, from that world of waters, then
By poares and cavernes back agen
Induc't that inadultrate same
Streame to the Spring from whence it came.
This with a wonder when ye do,
As easie, and els easier too:
Then may ye recollect the graines
Of my particular Remaines;
After a thousand Lusters hurld,
By ruffling winds, about the world.

722. Fame.

'Tis still observ'd, that Fame ne're sings
The order, but the Sum of things.

723. By use comes easinesse.

Oft bend the Bow, and thou with ease shalt do,
What others can't with all their strength put to.

724. To the Genius of his house.

Command the Roofe, great *Genius*, and from thence
Into this house powre downe thy influence,
That through each room a golden pipe may run
Of living water by thy *Benizon*.
Fulfill the Larders, and with strengthning bread
Be evermore these Bynns replenished.
Next, like a Bishop consecrate my ground,
That luckie Fairies here may dance their Round:
And after that, lay downe some silver pence,
The Masters charge and care to recompence.
Charme then the chambers; make the beds for ease,
More then for peevish pining sicknesses.
Fix the foundation fast, and let the Roofe
Grow old with time, but yet keep weather-proofe.

725. His Grange, or private wealth.

Though Clock,
To tell how night drawes hence, I've none,
A Cock,
I have, to sing how day drawes on.
I have
A maid (my *Prew*) by good luck sent,
To save
That little, Fates me gave or lent.
A Hen
I keep, which creeking day by day,
Tells when
She goes her long white egg to lay.

A Goose
I have, which, with a jealous eare,
Lets loose
Her tongue, to tell what danger's neare.
A Lamb
I keep (tame) with my morsells fed,
Whose Dam
An Orphan left him (lately dead).
A Cat
I keep, that playes about my House,
Grown fat,
With eating many a miching[1] Mouse.
To these
A *Trasy*[2] I do keep, whereby
I please
The more my rurall privacie:
Which are
But toyes, to give my heart some ease:
Where care
None is, slight things do lightly please.

726. Good precepts, or counsell.

In all thy need, be thou possest
Still with a well-preparèd brest:
Nor let the shackles make thee sad;
Thou canst but have, what others had.
And this for comfort thou must know,
Times that are ill wo'nt still be so.
Clouds will not ever powre down raine;
A sullen day will cleere againe.
First, peales of Thunder we must heare,
Then Lutes and Harpes shall stroke the eare.

[1] Pilfering.
[2] His spaniel.—H.

727. Money makes the mirth.

When all Birds els do of their musick faile,
Money's the still-sweet-singing *Nightingale*.

728. Up tailes all.[1]

Begin with a kisse,
Go on too with this:
And thus, thus, thus let us smother
Our lips for a while,
But let's not beguile
Our hope of one for the other.

This play, be assur'd,
Long enough has endur'd,
Since more and more is exacted;
For love he doth call
For his Uptailes all;
And that's the part to be acted.

729. Upon Franck.

Franck wo'd go scoure her teeth; and setting to't
Twice two fell out, all rotten at the root.

730. Upon Lucia dabled in the deaw.

My *Lucia* in the deaw did go,
And prettily bedabled so,
Her cloaths held up, she shew'd withall

[1] A favourite tune.

Her decent legs, cleane, long and small.
I follow'd after to descrie
Part of the nak't sincerity;
But still the envious Scene between
Deni'd the Mask I wo'd have seen.

731. Charon and Phylomel, a Dialogue sung.

Ph *Charon!* O gentle *Charon!* let me wooe thee,
By tears and pitie now to come unto mee.
Ch. What voice so sweet and charming do I heare?
Say what thou art. *Ph.* I prithee first draw neare.
Ch. A sound I heare, but nothing yet can see,
Speak where thou art. *Ph.* O *Charon* pittie me!
I am a bird, and though no name I tell,
My warbling note will say I'm *Phylomel.*
Ch. What's that to me, I waft nor fish or fowles,
Nor Beasts (fond thing) but only humane soules.
Ph. Alas for me! *Ch.* Shame on thy witching note,
That made me thus hoist saile, and bring my Boat:
But Ile returne; what mischief brought thee hither?
Ph. A deale of Love, and much, much Griefe together.
Ch. What's thy request? *Ph.* That since she's now beneath
Who fed my life, I'le follow her in death.

Ch. And is that all? I'm gone. *Ph.* By love
I pray thee.
Ch. Talk not of love, all pray, but few soules
pay me.
Ph. Ile give thee vows & tears. *Ch.* Can tears
pay skores
For mending sails, for patching Boat and
Oares?
Ph. I'le beg a penny, or Ile sing so long,
Till thou shalt say, I've paid thee with a
song.
Ch. Why then begin, and all the while we
make
Our slothfull passage o're the Stygian
Lake,
Thou & I'le sing to make these dull Shades
merry,
Who els with tears wo'd doubtles drown
my ferry.

732. Upon Paul. Epig.

Pauls hands do give; what give they, bread or
meat,
Or money? no, but onely deaw and sweat.
As stones and salt gloves use to give, even so
Pauls hands do give, nought else for ought we
know.

733. Upon Sibb. Epig.

Sibb when she saw her face how hard it was,
For anger spat on thee her Looking-glasse:
But weep not, *Christall;* for the shame was
meant
Not unto thee, but That thou didst present.

734. A Ternarie of littles, upon a pipkin of Jellie sent to a Lady.

1. A little Saint best fits a little Shrine,
   A little prop best fits a little Vine,
   As my small Cruse best fits my little
   Wine.

2. A little Seed best fits a little Soyle,
   A little Trade best fits a little Toyle:
   As my small Jarre best fits my little Oyle.

3. A little Bin best fits a little Bread,
   A little Garland fits a little Head:
   As my small stuffe best fits my little Shed.

4. A little Hearth best fits a little Fire,
   A little Chappell fits a little Quire,
   As my small Bell best fits my little Spire.

5. A little streame bests fits a little Boat;
   A little lead best fits a little Float;
   As my small Pipe best fits my little note.

6. A little meat bests fits a little bellie,
   As sweetly, Lady, give me leave to tell ye,
   This little pipkin fits this little Jellie.

735. Upon the Roses in Julia's bosome.

Thrice happie Roses, so much grac't, to have
Within the Bosome of my Love your grave.
Die when ye will, your sepulchre is knowne,
Your Grave her bosome is, the Lawne the
Stone

736. Maids nay's are nothing.

Maids nay's are nothing, they are shie
But to desire what they denie.

737. The smell of the Sacrifice.

The Gods require the thighes
Of Beeves for sacrifice;
Which rosted, we the steam
Must sacrifice to them:
Who though they do not eat,
Yet love the smell of meat.

738. Lovers how they come and part.

A gyges Ring they beare about them still,
To be, and not seen when and where they will.
They tread on clouds, and though they sometimes fall,
They fall like dew, but make no noise at all.
So silently they one to th' other come,
As colours steale into the Peare or Plum,
And Aire-like, leave no pression to be seen
Where e're they met, or parting place has been.

739. To women, to hide their Teeth, if they be rotten or rusty.

Close keep your lips, if that you meane
To be accounted inside cleane:
For if you cleave them, we shall see
There in your teeth much Leprosie.

740. In praise of women.

O *Jupiter*, sho'd I speake ill
Of woman-kind, first die I will;
Since that I know, 'mong all the rest
Of creatures, woman is the best.

741. The Apron of Flowers.

To gather Flowers *Sappha* went,
And homeward she did bring
Within her Lawnie Continent,
The treasure of the Spring.

She smiling blusht, and blushing smil'd,
And sweetly blushing thus,
She lookt as she'd been got with child
By young *Favonius*.

Her Apron gave (as she did passe)
An Odor more divine,
More pleasing too, then ever was
The lap of *Proserpine*.

742. The Candor of Julias teeth.

White as *Zenobia's* teeth, the which the Girles
Of Rome did weare for their most precious Pearles.

743. Upon her weeping.

She wept upon her cheeks, and weeping so,
She seem'd to quench love's fires that there did glow.

744. Another upon her weeping.

She by the River sate, and sitting there,
She wept, and made it deeper by a teare.

745. Delay.

Break off Delay, since we but read of one
That ever prosper'd by *Cunctation*.[1]

746. To Sir John Berkley, Governour of Exeter.[2]

Stand forth, brave man, since fate has made thee here
The *Hector* over *Agèd Exeter;*
Who for a long sad time has weeping stood,
Like a *poore Lady* lost in Widdowhood:
But feares not now to see her safety sold
(As other Townes and Cities were) for gold,
By those ignoble *Births*, which shame the stem
That gave Progermination unto them:
Whose restlesse *Ghosts* shall heare their children sing.
Our Sires betraid their Countrey and their King.
True, if this Citie seven times rounded was
With rock, and seven times circumflankt with brasse,
Yet if thou wert not, *Berkley*, loyall proofe,
The Senators down tumbling with the Roofe,
Would into prais'd (but pitied) ruines fall,

[1] To wit, Fabius *Cunctator*, the conqueror, or at least checkmater, of Hannibal.

[2] Sir John Berkeley, a very valiant Cavalier, afterwards created Lord Berkeley of Stratton.

Leaving no shew, where stood the *Capitoll.*
But thou art just and itchlesse,[1] and dost please
Thy *Genius* with two strength'ning *Buttresses,*
Faith, and *Affection:* which will never slip
To weaken this thy great *Dictator-ship.*

747. To Electra. Love looks for Love.

Love love begets; then never be
Unsoft to him who's smooth to thee.
Tygers and Beares (I've heard some say)
For profer'd love will love repay:
None are so harsh, but if they find
Softnesse in others, will be kind;
Affection will affection move,
Then you must like, because I love.

748. Regression spoiles Resolution.

Hast thou attempted greatnesse? then go on,
Back-turning slackens Resolution.

749. Contention.

Discreet and prudent we that Discord call,
That either profits, or not hurts at all.

750. Consultation.

Consult ere thou begin'st, that done, go on
With all wise speed for execution.

[1] "Incorruptible."

751. Love dislikes nothing.

Whatsoever thing I see,
Rich or poore although it be;
'Tis a Mistresse unto mee.

Be my Girle, or faire or browne,
Do's she smile, or do's she frowne:
Still I write a Sweet-heart downe.

Be she rough, or smooth of skin;
When I touch, I then begin
For to let Affection in

Be she bald, or do's she weare
Locks incurl'd of other haire;
I shall find enchantment there.

Be she whole, or be she rent,
So my fancie be content,
She's to me most excellent.

Be she fat, or be she leane,
Be she sluttish, be she cleane,
I'm a man for ev'ry Sceane.

752. Our own sinnes unseen.

Other mens sins wee ever beare in mind;
None sees the jardell of his faults behind.

753. No Paines, no Gaines.

If little labour, little are our gaines:
Mans fortunes are according to his paines.

754. Upon Slouch.

Slouch he packs up, and goes to sev'rall Faires,
And weekly Markets for to sell his wares:

Meane time that he from place to place do's
rome,
His wife her owne ware sells as fast at home.

755. Vertue best united.

By so much, vertue is the lesse,
By how much, neere to singlenesse.

756. The eye.

A wanton and lascivious eye
Betrayes the Hearts Adulterie.

757. To Prince Charles upon his coming to Exeter.

What Fate decreed, Time now ha's made us see,
A Renovation of the West by Thee.
That Preternaturall Fever, which did threat
Death to our Countrey, now hath lost his heat:
And calmes succeeding, we perceive no more
Th' unequall Pulse to beat, as heretofore.
Something there yet remaines for Thee to do;
Then reach those ends that thou wast destin'd to.
Go on with *Sylla's*[1] Fortune; let thy Fate
Make Thee like Him, this, that way fortunate:
Apollos Image side with Thee to blesse
Thy Warre (discreetly made) with white success.
Meane time thy Prophets Watch by Watch
shall pray;

[1] Who was surnamed Felix.

While young *Charles* fights, and fighting wins
the day.
That done, our smooth-pac't Poems all shall be
Sung in the high *Doxologie* of Thee.
Then maids shall strew Thee, and thy Curles
from them
Receive (with Songs) a flowrie Diadem.

758. A Song.

Burne, or drowne me, choose ye whether,
So I may but die together:
Thus to slay me by degrees,
Is the height of Cruelties.
What needs twenty stabs, when one
Strikes me dead as any stone?
O shew mercy then, and be
Kind at once to murder mee.

759. Princes and Favourites.

Princes and Fav'rites are most deere, while
they
By giving and receiving hold the play:
But the Relation then of both growes poor,
When these can aske, and Kings can give no
more.

760. Examples, or like Prince, like People.

Examples lead us, and wee likely see,
Such as the Prince is, will his people be.

761. Potentates.

Love and the *Graces* evermore do wait
Upon a man that is a Potentate.

762. The Wake.

Come *Anthea*, let us two
Go to Feast, as others do.
Tarts and Custards, Creams and Cakes,
Are the Junketts still at Wakes:
Unto which the Tribes resort,
Where the businesse is the sport:
Morris-dancers thou shalt see,
Marian too in Pagentrie:
And a Mimick to devise
Many grinning properties.
Players there will be, and those
Base in action as in clothes:
Yet with strutting they will please
The incurious Villages.
Neer the dying of the day,
There will be a *Cudgell*-Play,
Where a *Coxcomb* will be broke,
Ere a good *word* can be spoke:
But the anger ends all here,
Drencht in Ale, or drown'd in Beere.
Happy Rusticks, best content
With the cheapest Merriment:
And possesse no other feare,
Then to want the Wake next Yeare.

763. The Peter-Penny.

Fresh strowings allow
To my Sepulcher now,

To make my lodging the sweeter;
A staffe or a wand
Put then in my hand,
With a pennie to pay S. *Peter.*

Who has not a Crosse,
Must sit with the losse,
And no whit further must venture;
Since the Porter he
Will paid have his fee,
Or els not one there must enter.

Who at a dead lift,
Can't send for a gift
A Pig to the Priest for a Roster,
Shall heare his Clarke say,
By yea and by nay,
No pennie, no Pater Noster.

764. To Doctor Alablaster.[1]

Nor art thou lesse esteem'd, that I have plac'd
(Amongst mine honour'd) Thee (almost) the last:
In great Processions many lead the way
To him, who is the triumph of the day,
As these have done to Thee, who art the one,
One onely glory of a million:
In whom the spirit of the Gods do's dwell,
Firing thy soule, by which thou dost foretell
When this or that vast *Dinastie* must fall
Downe to a *Fillit* more *Imperiall.*
When this or that *Horne* shall be broke, and when

[1] William Alablaster, or Alabaster, a Suffolk man, a divine, a convert to and revert from Roman Catholicism, and a writer on the Apocalypse, the Book of Daniel, etc.

Others shall spring up in their place agen:
When times and seasons and all yeares must lie
Drown'd in the Sea of wild Eternitie:
When the *Black Dooms-day Bookes* (as yet unseal'd)
Shall by the mighty *Angell* be reveal'd:
And when the Trumpet which thou late hast found
Shall call to Judgment; tell us when the sound
Of this or that great Aprill day shall be,
And next the Gospell wee will credit thee.
Meane time like Earth-wormes we will craule below,
And wonder at Those Things that thou dost know.

765. Upon his Kinswoman Mrs. M. S.

Here lies a Virgin, and as sweet
As ere was wrapt in winding sheet.
Her name if next you wo'd have knowne,
The Marble speaks it *Mary Stone:*
Who dying in her blooming yeares,
This Stone, for names sake, melts to teares.
If fragrant Virgins you'l but keep
A Fast, while Jets and Marbles weep,
And praying, strew some Roses on her,
You'l do my *Neice* abundant honour.

766. Felicitie knowes no Fence.

Of both our Fortunes good and bad we find
Prosperitie more searching of the mind:
Felicitie flies o're the Wall and Fence,
While misery keeps in with patience.

767. Death ends all woe.

Time is the Bound of things, where e're we go,
Fate gives a meeting. Death's the end of woe.

768. A Conjuration, to Electra.

By those soft *Tods* of wooll[1]
With which the aire is full:
By all those Tinctures there,
That paint the *Hemisphere:*
By Dewes and drisling Raine,
That swell the Golden Graine:
By all those sweets that be
I' th' flowrie Nunnerie:
By silent Nights, and the
Three Formes of *Heccate:*
By all Aspects that blesse
The sober *Sorceresse,*
While juice she straines, and pith
To make her Philters with:
By Time, that hastens on
Things to perfection:
And by your self, the best
Conjurement of the rest:
O my *Electra!* be
In love with none, but me.

769. Courage cool'd.

I cannot love, as I have lov'd before:
For I'm grown old; &, with mine age, grown poore:
Love must be fed by wealth: this blood of mine
Must needs wax cold, if wanting bread and wine.

[1] Tod, the old wool-weight; a quarter cwt.

770. The Spell.

Holy Water come and bring;
Cast in Salt, for seasoning:
Set the Brush for sprinkling:
Sacred Spittle bring ye hither;
Meale and it now mix together;
And a little Oyle to either:
Give the Tapers here their light,
Ring the *Saints-Bell*, to affright
Far from hence the evill Sp'rite.

771. His wish to privacie.

Give me a Cell
To dwell,
Where no foot hath
A path:
There will I spend,
And end
My wearied yeares
In teares.

772. A good Husband.

A Master of a house (as I have read)
Must be the first man up, and last in bed:
With the Sun rising he must walk his grounds;
See this, View that, and all the other bounds:
Shut every gate; mend every hedge that's torne,
Either with old, or plant therein new thorne:
Tread ore his gleab, but with such care, that where
He sets his foot, he leaves rich *compost* there.

773. A Hymne to Bacchus.

I sing thy praise *Iacchus*,
Who with thy *Thyrse* dost thwack us:
And yet thou so dost back us
With boldness, that we feare
No *Brutus* entring here;
Nor *Cato* the severe.
What though the *Lictors* threat us,
We know they dare not beate us;
So long as thou dost heat us.
When we thy *Orgies* sing,
Each Cobler is a King;
Nor dreads he any thing:
And though he doe not rave,
Yet he'l the courage have
To call my *Lord Maior* knave;
Besides too, in a brave,
Although he has no riches,
But walks with dangling breeches,
And skirts that want their stitches,
And shewes his naked flitches;
Yet he'le be thought or seen,
So good as *George-a-Green*;[1]
And calls his Blouze, his Queene;
And speaks in language keene:
O *Bacchus!* let us be
From cares and troubles free;
And thou shalt heare how we
Will chant new *Hymnes* to thee.

774. Upon Pusse and her Prentice. Epig.

Pusse and her Prentice both at Draw-gloves play;

[1] George a Green, the Pinner of Wakefield.

That done, they kisse, and so draw out the day:
At night they draw to Supper; then well fed,
They draw their clothes off both, so draw to bed.

775. Blame the reward of Princes.

Among disasters that discention brings,
This not the least is, which belongs to Kings.
If Wars goe well; each for a part layes claime:
If ill, then Kings, not Souldiers beare the blame.

776. Clemency in Kings.

Kings must not only cherish up the good,
But must be niggards of the meanest bloud.

777. Anger.

Wrongs, if neglected, vanish in short time,
But heard with anger, we confesse the crime.

778. A Psalme or Hymne to the Graces.

Glory be to the Graces!
That doe in publike places,
Drive thence what ere encumbers
The listning to my numbers.

Honour be to the Graces!
Who doe with sweet embraces,
Shew they are well contented
With what I have invented.

Worship be to the Graces!
Who do from sowre faces,
And lungs that wo'd infect me
For evermore protect me.

779. An Hymne to the Muses.

Honour to you who sit!
Neere to the well of wit;
And drink your fill of it.

Glory and worship be!
To you, sweet Maids (thrice three)
Who still inspire me.

And teach me how to sing
Unto the *Lyrick* string,
My measures ravishing.

Then while I sing your praise,
My *Priest-hood* crown with bayes
Green, to the end of dayes.

780. Upon Julia's Clothes.

Whenas in silks my *Julia* goes,
Then, then (me thinks) how sweetly flowes
That liquefaction of her clothes.

Next, when I cast mine eyes and see
That brave Vibration each way free;
O how that glittering taketh me!

781. Moderation.

In things a moderation keepe,
Kings ought to sheare, not skin their sheepe.

782. To Anthea.

Lets call for *Hymen* if agreed thou art;
Delays in love but crucifie the heart.

Love's thornie Tapers yet neglected lye:
Speak thou the word, they'l kindle by and by.
The nimble howers wooe us on to wed,
And *Genius* waits to have us both to bed.
Behold, for us the *Naked Graces* stay
With maunds[1] of roses for to strew the way:
Besides, the most religious Prophet stands
Ready to joyne, as well our hearts as hands.
Juno yet smiles; but if she chance to chide,
Ill luck 'twill bode to th' Bridegroome and the Bride.
Tell me *Anthea*, dost thou fondly dread
The loss of that we call a Maydenhead?
Come, Ile instruct thee. Know, the vestall fier
Is not by mariage quencht, but flames the higher.

783. Upon Prew his Maid.

In this little Urne is laid
Prewdence Baldwin (once my maid)
From whose happy spark here let
Spring the purple Violet.

784. The Invitation.

To sup with thee thou didst me home invite;
And mad'st a promise that mine appetite
Sho'd meet and tire, on such lautitious[2] meat,
The like not *Heliogabalus* did eat:
And richer Wine wo'dst give to me (thy guest)
Then Roman *Sylla* powr'd out at his feast.
I came; ('tis true) and lookt for Fowle of price,
The bastard *Phenix;* bird of *Paradice;*

[1] "Baskets."
[2] Cf. *epulæ lautæ* = sumptuous.

And for no less then Aromatick Wine
Of *Maydens'-blush*, commixt with *Jessimine*.
Cleane was the herth, the mantle larded jet;
Which wanting *Lar*, and smoke, hung weeping wet;
At last, i' th' noone of winter, did appeare
A rag'd-soust-neats-foot with sick vineger:
And in a burnisht Flagonet stood by
Beere small as Comfort, dead as Charity.
At which amaz'd, and pondring on the food,
How cold it was, and how it chil'd my blood;
I curst the master; and I damn'd the souce;
And swore I'de got the ague of the house.
Well, when to eat thou dost me next desire,
I'le bring a Fever; since thou keep'st no fire.

785. Ceremonies for Christmasse.

Come, bring with a noise,
My merrie merrie boyes,
The Christmas Log to the firing;
While my good Dame, she
Bids ye all be free;
And drink to your hearts desiring.

With the last yeere's brand
Light the new block, And
For good successe in his spending,
On your Psaltries play,
That sweet luck may
Come while the Log is a-teending.[1]

Drink now the strong Beere,
Cut the white loafe here,
The while the meat is a-shredding;

[1] "Kindling," "burning."

For the rare Mince-Pie
And the Plums stand by
To fill the Paste that's a-kneading.

786. Christmas-Eve, another Ceremonie.

Come guard this night the Christmas-Pie,
That the Thiefe, though ne'r so slie,
With his Flesh-hooks, don't come nie
To catch it

From him, who all alone sits there,
Having his eyes still in his eare,
And a deale of nightly feare
To watch it.

787. Another to the Maids.

Wash your hands, or else the fire
Will not teend[1] to your desire;
Unwasht hands, ye Maidens, know,
Dead the Fire, though ye blow.

788. Another.

Wassaile the Trees, that they may beare
You many a Plum, and many a Peare:
For more or lesse fruits they will bring,
As you doe give them Wassailing.

789. Power and Peace.

'Tis never, or but seldome knowne,
Power and Peace to keep one Throne.

[1] "Kindle," "burn."

790. To his deare Valentine, Mistresse Margaret Falconbrige.

Now is your turne (my Dearest) to be set
A Jem in this eternall Coronet:
'Twas rich before; but since your Name is downe,
It sparkles now like *Ariadne's* Crowne.
Blaze by this Sphere for ever: Or this doe,
Let Me and It shine evermore by you.

791. To Oenone.

Sweet *Oenone*, doe but say
Love thou dost, though Love sayes Nay.
Speak me faire; for Lovers be
Gently kill'd by Flatterie.

792. Verses.

Who will not honour Noble Numbers, when
Verses out-live the bravest deeds of men?

793. Happinesse.

That Happines do's still the longest thrive,
Where Joyes and Griefs have Turns Alternative.

794. Things of choice, long a comming.

We pray 'gainst Warre, yet we enjoy no Peace;
Desire deferr'd is, that it may encrease.

795. Poetry perpetuates the Poet.

Here I my selfe might likewise die,
And utterly forgotten lye,
But that eternall Poetrie
Repullulation gives me here
Unto the thirtieth thousand yeere,
When all now dead shall re-appeare.

796. Upon Bice.

Bice laughs, when no man speaks; and doth protest
It is his own breech there that breaks the jest.

797. Upon Trencherman.

Tom shifts the Trenchers; yet he never can
Endure that luke-warme name of Serving-man:
Serve or not serve, let *Tom* doe what he can,
He is a serving, who's a Trencher-man.

798. Kisses.

Give me the food that satisfies a Guest:
Kisses are but dry banquets to a Feast.

799. Orpheus.

Orpheus he went (as Poets tell)
To fetch *Euridice* from Hell;
And had her; but it was upon
This short but strict condition:

Backward he should not looke while he
Led her through Hells obscuritie:
But ah! it hapned as he made
His passage through that dreadfull shade:
Revolve he did his loving eye;
(For gentle feare, or jelousie)
And looking back, that look did sever
Him and *Euridice* for ever.

800. Upon Comely a good speaker but an ill Singer. Epig.

Comely Acts well; and when he speaks his part,
He doth it with the sweetest tones of Art:
But when he sings a *Psalme*, ther's none can be
More curst for singing out of tune then he.

801. Any Way for wealth.

E'ene all Religious courses to be rich
Hath been reherst, by *Joell Michelditch*:
But now perceiving that it still do's please
The sterner Fates, to cross his purposes;
He tacks about, and now he doth profess
Rich he will be by all unrighteousness:
Thus if our ship fails of her Anchor hold,
We'l love the Divell, so he lands the gold.

802. Upon an old Woman.

Old Widdow *Prouse* to do her neighbours evill
Wo'd give (some say) her soule unto the Devill.
Well, when sh'as kild that Pig, Goose, Cock or Hen,
What wo'd she give to get that soule agen?

803. Upon Pearch. Epig.

Thou writes in Prose, how sweet all Virgins be
But ther's not one, doth praise the smell of thee.

804. To Sapho.

Sapho, I will chuse to go
Where the Northern Winds do blow
Endlesse Ice, and endlesse Snow:
Rather then I once wo'd see,
But a Winters face in thee,
To benumme my hopes and me.

805. To his faithfull friend, Master John Crofts, Cup-bearer to the King.[1]

For all thy many courtesies to me,
Nothing I have (my *Crofts*) to send to Thee
For the requitall; save this only one
Halfe of my just remuneration.
For since I've travail'd all this Realm throughout
To seeke, and find some few *Immortals* out
To *circumspangle* this my spacious Sphere,
(As Lamps for everlasting shining here:)
And having fixt Thee in mine Orbe a Starre,
(Amongst the rest) both bright and singular;
The present Age will tell the world thou art
If not th' whole, yet satisfy'd in part.
As for the rest, being too great a summe
Here to be paid; Ile pay't i'th'world to come.

[1] Son of Sir John Crofts, of Saxham, in Suffolk.

806. The Bride-Cake.

This day my *Julia* thou must make
For Mistresse Bride, the wedding Cake:
Knead but the Dow, and it will be
To paste of Almonds turn'd by thee:
Or kisse it thou, but once, or twice,
And for the Bride-Cake ther'l be Spice.

807. To be Merry.

Lets now take our time;
While w'are in our Prime;
And old, old Age is a-farre off:
For the evill evill dayes
Will come on apace;
Before we can be aware of.

808. Buriall.

Man may want Land to live in; but for all,
Nature finds out some place for buriall.

809. Lenitie.

'Tis the Chyrurgions praise, and height of Art,
Not to cut off, but cure the vicious part.

810. Penitence.

Who after his transgression doth repent,
Is halfe, or altogether innocent.

811. Griefe.

Consider sorrowes, how they are aright:
Griefe, if't be great, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light.

812. The Maiden-Blush.

So look the mornings when the Sun
Paints them with fresh Vermilion:
So Cherries blush, and Kathern Peares,[1]
And Apricocks, in youthfull yeares:
So Corrolls looke more lovely Red,
And Rubies lately polishèd:
So purest Diaper doth shine,
Staiu'd by the Beames of Clarret wine:
As *Julia* looks when she doth dress
Her either cheeke with bashfullness.

813. The Meane.

Imparitie doth ever discord bring:
The Mean the Musique makes in every thing.

814. Haste hurtfull.

Haste is unhappy: what we Rashly do
Is both unluckie; I, and foolish too.
Where War with rashnesse is attempted, there
The soldiers leave the Field with equall feare.

1 The Catherine pear (referred to by Suckling in the Wedding Ballad, and elsewhere) is a small and early but excellent pear, described not merely by Herrick and Sir John, but by the scientific Dr. Hogg, as having "a blush of red on the side next the sun."

815. Purgatory.

Readers, wee entreat ye pray
For the soule of *Lucia;*
That in little time she be
From her *Purgatory* free:
In th' *intrim* she desires
That your teares may coole her fires.

816. The Cloud.

Seest thou that Cloud that rides in State
Part *Ruby-like*, part *Candidate?*
It is no other then the Bed
Where *Venus* sleeps (halfe smothered).

817. Upon Loach.

Seeal'd up with Night-gum, Loach each morning lyes,
Till his Wife licking, so unglews his eyes.
No question then, but such a lick is sweet,
When a warm tongue do's with such Ambers meet.

818. The Amber Bead.

I saw a Flie within a Beade
Of Amber cleanly buried:
The Urne was little, but the room
More rich then *Cleopatra's* Tombe.

819. To my dearest Sister M. Mercie Herrick.

Whenere I go, or what so ere befalls
Me in mine Age, or forraign Funerals,
This Blessing I will leave thee ere, I go,
Prosper thy Basket, and therein thy Dow.
Feed on the paste of Filberts, or else knead
And Bake the floure of Amber for thy Bread.
Balm may thy Trees drop, and thy Springs runne oyle,
And everlasting Harvest crown thy Soile!
These I but wish for; but thy selfe shall see,
The blessing fall in mellow times on Thee.

820. The Transfiguration.

Immortall clothing I put on,
So soone as, *Julia*, I am gon
To mine eternall Mansion.

Thou, thou art here, to humane sight
Cloth'd all with incorrupted light;
But yet how more admir'dly bright

Wilt thou appear, when thou art set
In thy refulgent Thronelet,
That shin'st thus in thy counterfeit?

821. Suffer that thou canst not shift.

Do's Fortune rend Thee? Beare with thy hard Fate:
Vertuous instructions ne'r are delicate.
Say, do's she frown? still countermand her threats:
Vertue best loves those children that she beates.

822. To the Passenger.

If I lye unburied Sir,
These my Reliques, (pray) interre:
'Tis religious part to see
Stones, or turfes to cover me.
One word more I had to say;
But it skills not; go your way;
He that wants a buriall roome
For a Stone, ha's Heaven his Tombe.

823. Upon Nodes.

Wherever Nodes do's in the Summer come,
He prayes his Harvest may be well brought home.
What store of Corn has carefull *Nodes*, thinke you,
Whose Field his foot is, and whose Barn his shooe?

824. TO THE KING,
Upon his taking of Leicester.[1]

This Day is Yours, *Great* CHARLES! and in this War
Your Fate, and Ours, alike Victorious are.
In her white Stole, now Victory do's rest
Enspher'd with Palm on Your Triumphant Crest.
Fortune is now Your Captive; other Kings
Hold but her hands; You hold both hands and wings.

[1] Just before Naseby.

825. To Julia, in her Dawn, or Day-breake.

By the next kindling of the day
My *Julia* thou shalt see,
Ere *Ave-Mary* thou canst say,
Ile come and visit thee.

Yet ere thou counsel'st with thy Glasse,
Appeare thou to mine eyes
As smooth, and nak't, as she that was
The prime of *Paradice.*

If blush thou must, then blush thou through
A Lawn, that thou mayst looke
As purest Pearles, or Pebles do
When peeping through a Brooke.

As Lillies shrin'd in Christall, so
Do thou to me appeare;
Or Damask Roses when they grow
To sweet acquaintance there.

826. Counsell.

'Twas *Cesar's* saying: *Kings no lesse Conquerors are*
By their wise Counsell, then they be by Warre.

827. Bad Princes pill their People.

Like those infernall Deities which eate
The best of all the sacrificèd meate;

And leave their servants, but the smoak & sweat:
So many *Kings*, and *Primates* too there are,
Who claim the Fat, and Fleshie for their share,
And leave their subjects but the starvèd ware.

828. Most Words, lesse Workes.

In desp'rate cases, all, or most are known
Commanders, *few for execution.*

829. To Dianeme.

I c'od but see thee yesterday
Stung by a fretfull Bee;
And I the Javelin suckt away,
And heal'd the wound in thee.

A thousand thorns, and Brvars & Stings
I have in my poore Brest;
Yet n'er can see that salve which brings
My Passions any rest.

As Love shall helpe me, I admire
How thou canst sit and smile,
To see me bleed, and not desire
To stench the blood the while.

If thou compos'd of gentle mould
Art so unkind to me;
What dismall Stories will be told
Of those that cruell be?

830. Upon Tap.

Tap (better known then trusted) as we heare,
Sold his old Mothers Spectacles for Beere:
And not unlikely; rather too then fail,
He'l sell her Eyes, and Nose, for Beere and Ale.

831. His Losse.

All has been plundered from me, but my wit
Fortune her selfe can lay no claim to it.

832. Draw, and Drinke.

Milk stil your Fountains, and your Springs,
for why?
The more th'are drawn, the lesse they wil grow
dry.

833. Upon Punchin. Epig.

Give me a reason why men call
Punchin a dry *plant-animall.*
Because as Plants by water grow,
Punchin by Beere and Ale, spreads so.

834. To Oenone.

Thou sayest Love's Dart
Hath prickt thy heart;
And thou do'st languish too:

If one poore prick,
Can make thee sick,
Say, what wo'd many do?

835. Upon Blinks. Epig.

Tom Blinks his Nose, is full of wheales, and these
Tom calls not pimples, but *Pimpleides*:[1]
Sometimes (in mirth) he sayes each whelk's a sparke
(When drunke with Beere) to light him home, i'th' dark.

836. Upon Adam Peapes. Epig.

Peapes he do's strut, and pick his Teeth, as if
His jawes had tir'd on some large Chine of Beefe.
But nothing so: the dinner *Adam* had,
Was cheese full ripe with Teares, with Bread as sad.

837. To Electra.

Shall I go to Love and tell,
Thou art all turn'd isicle?
Shall I say her Altars be
Disadorn'd, and scorn'd by thee?
O beware! in time submit;
Love has yet no wrathfull fit:
If her patience turns to ire,
Love is then consuming fire.

[1] The Muses.

838. To Mistress Amie Potter.[1]

Ai me! I love, give him your hand to kisse
Who both your wooer and your Poet is.
Nature has pre-compos'd us both to Love;
Your part's to grant; my Scean must be to move.
Deare, can you like, and liking love your Poet?
If you say (I) Blush-guiltinesse will shew it.
Mine eyes must wooe you, (though I sigh the while)
True Love is tonguelesse as a Crocodile.
And you may find in Love these differing parts;
Wooers have Tongues of Ice, but burning hearts.

839. Upon a Maide.

Here she lyes (in Bed of Spice)
Faire as *Eve* in Paradice:
For her beauty it was such
Poets co'd not praise too much.
Virgins come, and in a Ring
Her supreamest *Requiem* sing;
Then depart, but see ye tread
Lightly, lightly ore the dead.

840. Upon Love.

Love is a Circle, and an Endlesse Sphere;
From good to good, revolving here, & there.

[1] A daughter of the Bishop of Carlisle.

841. Beauty.

Beauti's no other but a lovely Grace
Of lively colours, flowing from the face.

842. Upon Love.

Some salve to every sore, we may apply;
Only for my wound there's no remedy.
Yet if my *Julia* kisse me, there will be
A soveraign balme found out to cure me.

843. Upon Hanch a Schoolmaster. Epig.

Hanch, since he (lately) did interre his wife,
He weepes and sighs (as weary of his life.)
Say, is't for reall griefe he mourns? not so;
Teares have their springs from joy, as well as woe.

844. Upon Peason. Epig.

Long Locks of late our Zelot *Peason* weares,
Not for to hide his high and mighty eares;
No, but because he wo'd not have it seen,
That Stubble stands, where once large eares have been.

845. To his Booke.

Make haste away, and let one be
A friendly Patron unto thee:
Lest rapt from hence, I see thee lye
Torn for the use of Pasterie:

Or see thy injur'd Leaves serve well,
To make loose Gownes for Mackarell:
Or see the Grocers in a trice,
Make hoods of thee to serve out Spice.

846. Readinesse.

The readinesse of doing, doth expresse
No other, but the doers willingnesse.

847. Writing.

When words we want, Love teacheth to endite;
And what we blush to speake, she bids us write.

848. Society.

Two things do make society to stand;
The first *Commerce* is, & the next *Command*.

849. Upon a Maid.

Gone she is a long, long way,
But she has decreed a day
Back to come, (and make no stay.)
So we keepe, till her returne
Here, her ashes, or her Urne.

850. Satisfaction for sufferings.

For all our workes a recompense is sure:
'Tis sweet to thinke on what was hard t' endure.

851. The delaying Bride.

Why so slowly do you move
To the centre of your love?
On your niceness though we wait,
Yet the houres say 'tis late:
Coynesse takes us to a measure;
But o'racted deads the pleasure.
Go to Bed, and care not when
Cheerfull day shall spring agen.
One *Brave Captain* did command,
(By his word) the Sun to stand:
One short charme if you but say
Will enforce the Moon to stay,
Till you warn her hence (away)
T'ave your blushes seen by day.

852. To M. Henry Lawes, the excellent Composer of his Lyricks.[1]

Touch but thy Lire (my *Harrie*) and I heare
From thee some raptures of the rare *Gotire*.
Then if thy voice commingle with the String,
I heare in thee the rare *Laniere* to sing;
Or curious *Wilson*: Tell me, canst thou be
Less then *Apollo*, that usurp'st such Three?
Three, unto whom the whole world give applause;
Yet their Three praises, praise but One; that's *Lawes*.

853. Age unfit for Love.

Maidens tell me I am old;
Let me in my Glasse behold

[1] The famous musician, Milton's friend.

862. Kings and Tyrants.

'Twixt Kings & Tyrants there's this difference known,
Kings seek their Subjects' good: Tyrants their owne.

863. Crosses.

Our Crosses are no other then the rods,
And our Diseases, Vultures of the Gods:
Each griefe we feele, that likewise is a Kite
Sent forth by them, our flesh to eate, or bite.

864. Upon Love.

Love brought me to a silent Grove,
And shew'd me there a Tree,
Where some had hang'd themselves for love,
And gave a Twist to me.

The Halter was of silk, and gold,
That he reacht forth unto me:
No otherwise, then if he would
By dainty things undo me.

He bade me then that Neck-lace use;
And told me too, he maketh
A glorious end by such a Noose,
His Death for Love that taketh.

'Twas but a dream; but had I been
There really alone;
My desp'rate feares, in love, had seen
Mine Execution.

865. No difference i' th' dark.

Night makes no difference 'twixt the Priest and Clark;
Jone as my Lady is as good i'th' dark.

866. The Body.

The Body is the Soules poore house, or home.
Whose Ribs the Laths are, & whose Flesh the Loame.

867. To Sapho.

Thou saist thou lov'st me *Sapho*; I say no;
But would to Love I could beleeve 'twas so!
Pardon my feares (sweet *Sapho*) I desire
That thou be righteous found; and I the Lyer.

868. Out of Time, out of Tune.

We blame, nay, we despise her paines
That wets her Garden when it raines:
But when the drought has dri'd the knot,[1]
Then let her use the watring-pot.
We pray for showers (at our need)
To drench, but not to drown our seed.

869. To his Booke.

Take mine advise, and go not neere
Those faces (sower as Vineger).
For these, and Nobler numbers can
Ne'r please the *supercillious* man.

[1] Flower-bed.

870. To his Honour'd Friend, Sir Thomas Heale.[1]

Stand by the *Magick* of my powerfull Rhymes
'Gainst all the indignation of the Times.
Age shall not wrong thee; or one jot abate
Of thy both Great, and everlasting fate.
While others perish, here's thy life decreed
Because begot of my *Immortall* seed.

871. The Sacrifice, by way of Discourse betwixt himselfe and Julia.

Herr. Come and let's in solemn wise
Both addresse to sacrifice:
Old Religion first commands
That we wash our hearts, and hands.
Is the beast exempt from staine,
Altar cleane, no fire prophane?
Are the Garlands? Is the Nard
Jul. Ready here?—All well prepar'd,
With the Wine that must be shed
(Twixt the hornes) upon the head,
Of the holy Beast we bring
For our Trespasse-offering.—
Herr. All is well; now next to these
Put we on pure Surplices;
And with Chaplets crown'd, we'l rost
With perfumes the Holocaust:
And (while we the gods invoke)
Reade acceptance by the smoake.

[1] A Devonshire baronet and Cavalier.

872. To Apollo.

Thou mighty Lord and master of the Lyre,
Unshorn *Apollo*, come, and re-inspire
My fingers so, the Lyrick-strings to move,
That I may play, and sing a Hymne to Love.

873. On Love.

Love is a kind of warre: Hence those who feare;
No cowards must his royall Ensignes beare.

874. Another.

Where love begins, there dead thy first desire:
A sparke neglected makes a mighty fire.

875. An Hymne to Cupid.

Thou, thou that bear'st the sway
With whom the Sea-Nimphs play;
And *Venus*, every way:
When I embrace thy knee;
And make short pray'rs to thee:
In love, then prosper me.
This day I goe to wooe;
Instruct me how to doe
This worke thou put'st me too.
From shame my face keepe free,
From scorne I begge of thee,
Love to deliver me:

So shall I sing thy praise;
And to thee Altars raise,
Unto the end of daies.

876. To Electra.

Let not thy Tomb-stone er'e be laid by me:
Nor let my Herse, be wept upon by thee:
Bet let that instant when thou dy'st be known,
The minute of mine *expiration.*
One knell be rung for both; and let one grave
To hold us two, an endlesse honour have.

877. How his soule came ensnared.

My soule would one day goe and seeke
For Roses, and in *Julia's* cheeke
A richess of those sweets she found,
(As in another *Rosamond.*)
But gathering Roses as she was,
(Not knowing what would come to passe)
It chanst a ringlet of her haire,
Caught my poore soule, as in a snare:
Which ever since has been in thrall;
Yet freedome, shee enjoyes withall.

878. Factions.

The factions of the great ones call,
To side with them, the Commons all.

879. Kisses Loathsome.

I abhor the slimie kisse,
(Which to me most loathsome is.)
Those lips please me which are plac't
Close, but not too strictly lac't:
Yielding I wo'd have them; yet
Not a wimbling[1] Tongue admit:
What sho'd poking-sticks[2] make there,
When the ruffe is set elsewhere?

880. Upon Reape.

Reape's eyes so rawe are, that (it seemes) the flyes
Mistake the flesh, and flye-blow both his eyes;
So that an Angler, for a daies expence,
May baite his hook, with maggots taken thence.

881. Upon Teage.

Teage has told lyes so long, that when *Teage* tells
Truth, yet *Teage's* truths are untruths, (nothing else.)

882. Upon Julia's Haire, bundled up in a golden net.

Tell me, what needs those rich deceits,
These golden Toyles, and Trammel-nets,

[1] Boring.

[2] Poking-sticks, on which the pipes of the ruff were frilled.

To take thine haires when they are knowne
Already tame, and all thine owne ?
'Tis I am wild, and more then haires
Deserve these Mashes[1] and those snares.
Set free thy Tresses, let them flow
As aires doe breathe, or winds doe blow :
And let such curious Net-works be
Lesse set for them, then spred for me.

883. Upon Truggin.

Truggin a Footman was; but now, growne lame,
Truggin now lives but to belye his name.

884. The showre of Blossomes.

Love in a showre of Blossomes came
Down, and halfe drown'd me with the same:
The Blooms that fell were white and red;
But with such sweets commingled,
As whether (this) I cannot tell
My sight was pleas'd more, or my smell:
But true it was, as I rowl'd there,
Without a thought of hurt, or feare;
Love turn'd himselfe into a Bee,
And with his Javelin wounded me:
From which mishap this use I make,
Where most sweets are, there lyes a Snake:
Kisses and Favours are sweet things;
But Those have thorns, and These have stings.

[1] Meshes.

885. Upon Spenke.

Spenke has a strong breath, yet short Prayers saith:
Not out of want of breath, but want of faith.

886. A Defence for Women.

Naught are all Women: I say no,
Since for one Bad, one Good I know:
For *Clytemnestra* most unkind,
Loving *Alcestis* there we find:
For one *Medea* that was bad,
A good *Penelope* was had:
For wanton *Lais*, then we have
Chaste *Lucrece*, or a wife as grave:
And thus through Woman-kind we see
A Good and Bad. *Sirs credit me.*

887. Upon Lulls.

Lulls swears he is all heart; but you'l suppose
By his *Probossis* that he is all nose.

888. Slavery.

'Tis liberty to serve one Lord; but he
Who many serves, serves base servility.

889. Charmes.

Bring the holy crust of Bread,
Lay it underneath the head;
'Tis a certain Charm to keep
Hags away while Children sleep.

890. Another.

Let the superstitious wife
Neer the child's heart lay a knife:
Point be up, and Haft be downe;
(While she gossips in the towne)
This 'mongst other mystick charms
Keeps the sleeping child from harms.

891. Another to bring in the Witch.

To house the Hag, you must doe this;
Commix with Meale a little Pisse
Of him bewitcht: then forthwith make
A little Wafer or a Cake:
And this rawly bak't will bring
The old Hag in. No surer thing.

892. Another Charme for Stables.

Hang up Hooks, and Sheers to scare
Hence the Hag, that rides the Mare,
Till they be all over wet,
With the mire, and the sweat:
This observ'd, the Manes shall be
Of your horses, all knot-free.

893. Ceremonies for Candlemasse Eve.

Down with the Rosemary and Bayes,
Down with the Misleto;
Instead of Holly, now up-raise
The greener Box (for show.)

The Holly hitherto did sway;
Let Box now domineere;
Untill the dancing Easter-day,
Or Easters Eve appeare.

Then youthfull Box which now hath grace,
Your houses to renew;
Grown old, surrender must his place,
Unto the crisped Yew.

When Yew is out, then Birch comes in,
And many Flowers beside;
Both of a fresh and fragrant kinne
To honour Whitsontide.

Green Rushes then, and sweetest Bents,
With cooler Oken boughs;
Come in for comely ornaments,
To re-adorn the house.
Thus times do shift; each thing his turne do's hold;
New things succeed, as former things grow old.

894. The Ceremonies for Candlemasse day.

Kindle the Christmas Brand and then
Till Sunne-set, let it burne;
Which quencht, then lay it up agen,
Till Christmas next returne.

Part must be kept wherewith to teend
The Christmas Log next yeare;
And where 'tis safely kept, the Fiend,
Can do no mischiefe (there.)

895. Upon Candlemasse day.

End now the White-loafe, & the Pye,
And let all sports with Christmas dye.

896. Surfeits.

Bad are all surfeits: but Physitians call
That surfeit tooke by bread, the worst of all.

897. Upon Nis.

Nis, he makes Verses; but the Lines he writes,
Serve but for matter to make Paper-kites.

898. To Biancha, to blesse him.

Wo'd I wooe, and wo'd I winne,
Wo'd I well my worke begin?
Wo'd I evermore be crown'd
With the end that I propound?
Wo'd I frustrate, or prevent
All Aspects malevolent?
Thwart all Wizzards, and with these
Dead or black contingencies:
Place my words, and all works else
In most happy Parallels?
All will prosper, if so be
I be kist, or blest by thee.

899. Julia's Churching, or Purification

Put on thy *Holy Fillitings*, and so
To th' Temple with the sober *Midwife* go.

Attended thus (in a most solemn wise)
By those who serve the Child-bed misteries.
Burn first thine incense; next, whenas thou see'st
The candid Stole thrown ore the *Pious Priest;*
With reverend Curtsies come, and to him bring
Thy free (and not decurted) offering.
All Rites well ended, with faire Auspice come
(As to the breaking of a Bride-Cake) home:
Where ceremonious *Hymen* shall for thee
Provide a second *Epithalamie.*
She who keeps chastly to her husbands side
Is not for one, but every night his Bride:
And stealing still with love, and feare to Bed,
Brings him not one, but many a Maiden-head.

900. To his Book.

Before the Press scarce one co'd see
A little-peeping-part of thee:
But since th' art Printed, thou dost call
To shew thy nakedness to all.
My care for thee is now the less,
(Having resign'd thy shamefac'tness:)
Go with thy Faults and Fates; yet stay
And take this sentence, then away;
Whom one belov'd will not suffice,
She'l runne to all adulteries.

901. Teares.

Teares most prevaile; with teares too thou mayst move
Rocks to relent, and coyest maids to love.

902. To his friend to avoid contention of words.

Words beget Anger; Anger brings forth blowes:
Blowes make of dearest friends immortall Foes.
For which prevention (Sociate[1]) let there be
Betwixt us two no more *Logomachie.*
Farre better 'twere for either to be mute,
Then for to murder friendship, by dispute.

903. Truth.

Truth is best found out by the time, and eyes;
Falsehood winnes credit by uncertainties.

904. Upon Prickles. Epig.

Prickles is waspish, and puts forth his sting,
For Bread, Drinke, Butter, Cheese; for every thing
That *Prickles* buyes, puts *Prickles* out of frame;
How well his nature's fitted to his name!

905. The Eyes before the Eares.

We credit most our sight; one eye doth please
Our trust farre more then ten eare-witnesses.

906. Want.

Want is a softer Wax, that takes thereon,
This, that, and every base impression.

[1] Short for "associate."

907. To a Friend.

Looke in my Book, and herein see,
Life endlesse sign'd to thee and me.
We o're the tombes, and Fates shall flye;
While other generations dye.

908. Upon M. William Lawes, the rare Musitian.

Sho'd I not put on Blacks, when each one here
Comes with his Cypresse, and devotes a teare?
Sho'd I not grieve (my *Lawes*) when every Lute,
Violl, and Voice, is (by thy losse) struck mute?
Thy loss, brave man! whose Numbers have been hurl'd,
And no less prais'd, then spread throughout the world.
Some have Thee call'd *Amphion;* some of us,
Nam'd thee *Terpander*, or sweet *Orpheus:*
Some this, some that, but all in this agree,
Musique had both her birth and death with Thee.

909. A Song upon Silvia.

From me my *Silvia* ranne away,
And running therewithall,
A *Primrose* Banke did cross her way,
And gave my Love a fall.

But trust me now, I dare not say,
What I by chance did see;
But such the Drap'ry did betray
That fully ravisht me.

910. The Hony-Combe.

If thou hast found an honie-combe,
Eate thou not all, but taste on some:
For if thou eat'st it to excess;
That sweetness turnes to Loathsomness.
Taste it to Temper;[1] then 'twill be
Marrow, and Manna unto thee.

911. Upon Ben. Johnson.

Here lyes *Johnson* with the rest
Of the Poets; but the Best.
Reader, wo'dst thou more have known?
Aske his Story, not this Stone.
That will speake what this can't tell
Of his glory. *So farewell.*

912. An Ode for him.

Ah *Ben!*
Say how, or when
Shall we thy Guests
Meet at those *Lyrick* Feasts,
Made at the *Sun*,[2]
The *Dog*,[2] the triple *Tunne?*[2]
Where we such clusters had,
As made us nobly wild, not mad;
And yet each Verse of thine
Out-did the meate, out-did the frolick wine.

My *Ben!*
Or come agen:
Or send to us,

[1] "Moderation."
[2] All famous London taverns.

Thy wit's great over-plus;
But teach us yet
Wisely to husband it;
Lest we that Tallent spend:
And having once brought to an end
That precious stock; the store
Of such a wit the world sho'd have no more.

913. Upon a Virgin.

Spend Harmless shade, thy nightly Houres,
Selecting here, both Herbs, and Flowers;
Of which make Garlands here, and there,
To dress thy silent sepulchre.
Nor do thou feare the want of these,
In everlasting Properties.
Since we fresh strewings will bring hither,
Farre faster then the first can wither.

914. Blame.

In Battailes what disasters fall,
The King he beares the blame of all.

915. A request to the Graces.

Ponder my words, if so that any be
Known guilty here of incivility:
Let what is graceless, discompos'd, and rude,
With sweetness, smoothness, softness, be endu'd.
Teach it to blush, to curtsie, lisp, and shew
Demure, but yet, full of temptation too.
Numbers ne'r tickle, or but lightly please,
Unlesse they have some wanton carriages.
This if ye do, each Piece will here be good,
And gracefull made, by your neate Sisterhood.

916. Upon Himselfe.

I lately fri'd, but now behold
I freeze as fast, and shake for cold.
And in good faith I'd thought it strange
T'ave found in me this sudden change;
But that I understood by dreames,
These only were but Loves extreames;
Who fires with hope the Lovers heart,
And starves with cold the self-same part.

917. Multitude.

We Trust not to the multitude in Warre,
But to the stout; and those that skilfull are.

918. Feare.

Man must do well out of a good intent;
Not for the servile feare of punishment.

919. To M. Kellam.

What! can my *Kellam* drink his Sack
In Goblets to the brim,
And see his *Robin Herrick* lack,
Yet send no Boules to him?
For love or pitie to his Muse,
(That she may flow in Verse)
Contemne to recommend a Cruse,
But send to her a Tearce.[1]

[1] A forty-gallon cask, or thereabouts; a third of a pipe or butt. Kellam seems unknown.

920. Happinesse to hospitalitie, or a hearty to good house-keeping.

First, may the hand of bounty bring
Into the daily offering
Of full provision; such a store,
Till that the Cooke cries, Bring no more.
Upon your hogsheads never fall
A drought of wine, ale, beere (at all:)
But, like full clouds, may they from thence
Diffuse their mighty influence.
Next, let the Lord, and Ladie here
Enjoy a Christning yeare by yeare;
And this *good blessing* back them still.
T'ave Boyes, and Gyrles too, as they will.
Then from the porch may many a Bride
Unto the Holy Temple ride:
And thence return, (short prayers seyd)
A wife most richly married.
Last, may the Bride and Bridegroome be
Untoucht by cold *sterility*;
But in their springing blood so play,
As that in *Lusters* few they may,
By laughing too, and lying downe
People a *City* or a *Towne*.

921. Cunctation in Correction.

The *Lictors* bundl'd up their rods: beside,
Knit them with knots (with much adoe unty'd)
That if (unknitting) men wo'd yet repent,
They might escape the lash of punishment.

922. Present Government grievous.

Men are suspicious; prone to discontent:
Subjects still loath the present Government.

923. Rest Refreshes.

Lay by the good a while; a resting field
Will, after ease, a richer harvest yield:
Trees this year beare; next, they their wealth withhold:
Continuall reaping makes a land wax old.

924. Revenge.

Man's disposition is for to requite
An injurie, before a benefite:
Thanksgiving is a burden, and a paine;
Revenge is pleasing to us, as our gaine.

925. The first marrs or makes.

In all our high designments, 'twill appeare,
The first event breeds confidence or feare.

926. Beginning, difficult.

Hard are the two first staires unto a Crowne;
Which got, the third, bids him a King come downe.

927. Faith four-square.

Faith is a thing that's four-square; let it fall
This way or that, it not declines at all.

928. The present time best pleaseth.

Praise they that will Times past, I joy to see
My selfe now live: *this age best pleaseth mee.*

929. Cloathes, are conspirators.

Though from without no foes at all we feare;
We shall be wounded by the cloathes we weare.

930. Cruelty.

'Tis but a dog-like madnesse in bad Kings,
For to delight in wounds and murderings.
As some plants prosper best by cuts and blowes;
So Kings by killing doe encrease their foes.

931. Faire after foule.

Teares quickly drie: griefs will in time decay:
A cleare, will come after a cloudy, day.

932. Hunger.

Aske me what hunger is, and Ile reply,
'Tis but a fierce desire of hot and drie.

933. Bad wages for good service.

In this misfortune Kings doe most excell,
To heare the worst from men, when they doe well.

934. The End.

Conquer we shall, but we must first contend;
'Tis not the Fight that crowns us, but the end.

935. The Bondman.

Bind me but to thee with thine haire,
And quickly I shall be
Made by that fetter or that snare
A bondman unto thee.

Or if thou tak'st that bond away,
Then bore me through the eare;
And by the Law I ought to stay
For ever with thee here.

936. Choose for the best.

Give house-roome to the best; *'Tis never known*
Vertue and pleasure, both to dwell in one.

937. To Silvia.

Pardon my trespasse (Silvia,) I confesse,
My kisse out-went the bounds of shamfastnesse:
None is discreet at all times; no, *not Jove*
Himselfe, at one time, can be wise and Love.

938. Faire shewes deceive.

Smooth was the Sea, and seem'd to call
To prettie girles to play withall:

Who padling there, the Sea soone frown'd,
And on a sudden both were drown'd.
What credit can we give to seas,
Who, kissing, kill such Saints as these?

939. His wish.

Fat be my Hinde; unlearned be my wife;
Peacefull my night; my day devoid of strife:
To these a comely off-spring I desire,
Singing about my everlasting fire.

940. Upon Julia's washing her self in the river.

How fierce was I, when I did see
My *Julia* wash her self in thee!
So *Lillies* thorough Christall look:
So purest pebbles in the brook:
As in the River *Julia* did,
Halfe with a Lawne of water hid.
Into thy streames my self I threw,
And strugling there, I kist thee too;
And more had done (it is confest)
Had not thy waves forbad the rest.

941. A Meane in our Meanes.

Though Frankinsense the *Deities* require,
We must not give all to the hallowed fire.
Such be our gifts, and such be our expence,
As for ourselves to leave some frankinsence.

942. Upon Clunn.

A rowle of Parchment *Clunn* about him beares,
Charg'd with the Armes of all his Ancestors:
And seems halfe ravisht, when he looks upon
That *Bar*, this *Bend*; that *Fess*, this *Cheveron*;[1]
This *Manch*, that *Moone*; this *Martlet*, and that *Mound*;
This counterchange of *Perle* and *Diamond*.
What joy can *Clun* have in that Coat, or this,
Whenas his owne still out at elboes is?

943. Upon Cupid.

Love, like a Beggar, came to me
With Hose and Doublet torne:
His Shirt bedangling from his knee,
With Hat and Shooes out-worne.

He askt an almes; I gave him bread,
And meat too, for his need:
Of which, when he had fully fed,
He wished me all *Good speed*.

Away he went, but as he turn'd
(In faith I know not how)
He toucht me so, as that I burn,
And am tormented now.

Love's silent flames, and fires obscure
Then crept into my heart;
And though I saw no Bow, I'm sure
His finger was the dart.

[1] Most of these heraldic terms are well enough known. *Manch* is a sleeve.

944. Vpon Blisse.

Blisse (last night drunk) did kisse his mothers
knee:
Where he will kisse (next drunk) conjecture ye.

945. Vpon Burr.

Burr is a smell-feast, and a man alone,
That (where meat is) will be a hanger on,

946. Vpon Megg.

Megg yesterday was troubled with a Pose,
Which, this night hardned, sodders up her nose.

947. An Hymne to Love.

I will confesse
With Cheerfulnesse,
Love is a thing so likes me,
That let her lay
On me all day,
Ile kiss the hand that strikes me.

2. I will not, I
Now blubb'ring, cry,
It (Ah!) too late repents me,
That I did fall
To love at all,
Since love so much contents me.

3. No, no, Ile be
In fetters free:

While others they sit wringing
Their hands for paine;
Ile entertaine
The wounds of love with singing.

4. With Flowers and Wine,
And Cakes Divine,
To strike me I will tempt thee:
Which done; no more
Ile come before
Thee and thine Altars emptie.

948. To his honoured and most ingenious friend Mr. Charles Cotton.[1]

For brave comportment, wit without offence,
Words fully flowing, yet of influence:
Thou art that man of men, the man alone,
Worthy the Publique Admiration:
Who with thine owne eyes read'st what wo doe write,
And giv'st our Numbers *Euphonie*, and weight.
Tel'st when a Verse springs high, how understood
To be, or not borne of the Royall-blood.
What State above, what *Symmetrie* below,
Lines have, or sho'd have, thou the best canst show.
For which (my *Charles*) it is my pride to be,
Not so much knowne, as to be lov'd of thee.
Long may I live so, and my wreath of *Bayes*,
Be lesse anothers *Laurell*, then thy praise.

[1] Either the poet and translator, or his father, who was himself a man of worth and learning.

949. Women uselesse.

What need we marry Women, when
Without their use we may have men?
And such as will in short time be,
For murder fit, or mutinie;
As *Cadmus* once a new way found,
By throwing teeth into the ground;
(From which poore seed, and rudely sown)
Sprung up a War-like Nation.
So let us Yron, Silver, Gold,
Brasse, Leade, or Tinne, throw into th' mould;
And we shall see in little space
Rise up of men, a fighting race.
If this can be, say then, what need
Have we of Women or their seed?

950. Love is a sirrup.

Love is a sirrup; and who er'e we see
Sick and surcharg'd with this sacietie:
Shall by this pleasing trespasse quickly prove,
Ther's loathsomnesse e'en in the sweets of love.

951. Leven.

Love is a Leven, and a loving kisse
The Leven of a loving sweet-heart is.

952. Repletion.

Physitians say Repletion springs
More from the sweet then sower things.

953. On Himselfe.

Weepe for the dead, for they have lost this light:
And weepe for me, lost in an endlesse night.
Or mourne, or make a Marble Verse for me,
Who writ for many. *Benedicite.*

954. No Man without Money.

No man such rare parts hath, that he can swim,
If favour or occasion helpe not him.

955. On Himselfe.

Lost to the world; lost to my selfe; alone
Here now I rest under this Marble stone:
In depth of silence, heard, and seene of none.

956. To M. Leonard Willan[1] his peculiar friend.

I will be short, and having quickly hurl'd
This line about, live Thou throughout the world;
Who art a man for all Sceanes; unto whom
(What's hard to others) nothing's troublesome.
Can'st write the *Comick*, *Tragick* straine, and fall
From these to penne the pleasing Pastorall:
Who fli'st at all heights: Prose and Verse run'st through;
Find'st here a fault, and mend'st the trespasse too:

[1] A very minor poet.

For which I might extoll thee, but speake
lesse,
Because thy selfe art comming to the Presse:
And then sho'd I in praising thee be slow,
Posterity will pay thee what I owe.

957. To his worthy Friend M. John Hall,[1] Student of Grayes-Inne.

Tell me young man, or did the Muses bring
Thee lesse to taste, then to drink up their
Spring;
That none hereafter sho'd be thought, or be
A Poet, or a Poet-like but Thee?
What was thy Birth, thy starre that makes thee
knowne,
At twice ten yeares, a prime and publike one?
Tell us thy Nation, kindred, or the whence
Thou had'st, and hast thy *mighty influence*,
That makes thee lov'd, and of the men desir'd,
And no lesse prais'd, then of the maides admir'd.
Put on thy Laurell then; and in that trimme
Be thou *Apollo*, or the type of him:
Or let the *Unshorne God* lend thee his Lyre,
And next to him, be Master of the Quire.

958. To Julia.

Offer thy gift; but first the Law commands
Thee, *Julia*, first, to *sanctifie* thy hands:
Doe that, my *Julia* which the rites require,
Then boldly give thine incense to the fire.

[1] Known as a wit.

959. To the most comely and proper M. Elizabeth Finch.

Hansome you are, and Proper you will be
Despight of all your infortunitie:
Live long and lovely, but yet grow no lesse
In that your owne prefixed comelinesse:
Spend on that stock: and when your life must fall,
Leave others Beauty, to set up withall.

960. Upon Ralph.

Ralph pares his nayles, his warts, his cornes, and *Ralph*
In sev'rall tills and boxes, keepes 'em safe;
Instead of Harts-horne (if he speakes the troth)
To make a lustie-gellie for his broth.

961. To his Booke.

If hap it must, that I must see thee lye
Absyrtus-like, all torne confusedly:
With solemne tears, and with much grief of heart,
Ile recollect thee (weeping) part by part;
And having washt thee, close thee in a chest
With spice; that done, Ile leave thee to thy rest.

962. To THE KING, Upon his welcome to Hampton-Court. Set and Sung.[1]

Welcome, *Great Cesar*, welcome now you are,
As dearest Peace, after destructive Warre:

[1] If this refers, as apparently it must, to the residence at Hampton Court in the summer of 1647,

Welcome as slumbers; or as beds of ease
After our long, and peevish sicknesses.
O *Pompe of Glory!* Welcome now, and come
To re-possess once more your long'd-for home.
A thousand Altars smoake; a thousand thighes
Of Beeves here ready stand for Sacrifice.
Enter and prosper; while our eyes doe waite
For an *Ascendent* throughly *Auspicate:*
Under which signe we may the former stone
Lay of our safeties new foundation:
That done; *O Cesar!* live, and be to us,
Our *Fate*, our *Fortune*, and our *Genius;*
To whose free knees we may our temples tye
As to a still protecting Deitie:
That sho'd you stirre, we and our Altars too
May (*Great Augustus*) *goe along with You.*
Chor. Long live the King; and to accomplish this,
We'l from our owne, adde far more years to his.

963. ULTIMUS HEROUM: OR, TO THE MOST LEARNED, AND TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE, HENRY, MARQUESSE OF DORCHESTER.

AND as time past when *Cato* the Severe
Entred the circum-spacious Theater;
In reverence of his person, every one
Stood as he had been turn'd from flesh to stone:
E'ne so my numbers will astonisht be
If but lookt on; struck dead, if scan'd by Thee.

Herrick's loyalty must have got considerably the better of his judgment; but he seems always to have had a most unpolitical head.

964. To his Muse, another to the same.

Tell that Brave Man, fain thou wo'dst have access
To kiss his hands, but that for fearfullness;
Or else because th' art like a modest Bride,
Ready to blush to death, sho'd he but chide.

965. Upon Vineger.

Vineger is no other I define,
Then the dead Corps, or Carkase of the Wine.

966. Upon Mudge.

Mudge every morning to the Postern comes,
(His teeth all out) to rince and wash his gummes.

967. To his learned Friend M. Jo. Harmar,[1] Phisitian to the Colledge of Westminster.

When first I find those Numbers thou do'st write,
To be most soft, terce, sweet, and perpolite:
Next, when I see Thee towring in the skie,
In an expansion no less large, then high;
Then, in that compass, sayling here and there,
And with Circumgyration every where;

[1] Harmar was a learned man, but a parasite. He was a Master of Arts, a Bachelor of Medicine, and a schoolmaster at Westminster and elsewhere.

Following with love and active heate thy game,
And then at last to truss the Epigram;
I must confess, distinction none I see
Between *Domitian's Martiall* then, and Thee.
But this I know, should *Jupiter* agen
Descend from heaven, to re-converse with men;
The Romane Language full, and superfine,
If *Jove* wo'd speake, he wo'd accept of thine.

968. Upon his Spaniell Tracie.

Now thou art dead, no eye shall ever see,
For shape and service, *Spaniell* like to thee.
This shall my love doe, give thy sad death one
Teare, that deserves of me a million.

969. The Deluge.

Drowning, drowning, I espie
Coming from my *Julia's* eye:
'Tis some solace in our smart,
To have friends to beare a part:
I have none; but must be sure
Th' inundation to endure.
Shall not times hereafter tell
This for no meane *miracle;*
When the waters by their fall
Threatn'd ruine unto all?
Yet the deluge here was known,
Of a world to drowne but One.

970. Upon Lupes.

Lupes for the outside of his suite has paide;
But for his heart, he cannot have it made:
The reason is, his credit cannot get
The inward carbage[1] for his cloathes as yet.

971. Raggs.

What are our patches, tatters, raggs, and rents,
But the base dregs and lees of vestiments?

972. Strength to support Soveraignty.

Let Kings and Rulers learne this line from me;
Where power is weake, unsafe is Majestie.

973. Upon Tubbs.

For thirty yeares, *Tubbs* has been proud and poor;
'Tis now his habit, which he can't give ore.

974. Crutches.

Thou seest me *Lucia* this year droope,
Three *Zodiaks* fill'd more I shall stoope;
Let Crutches then provided be
To shore up my debilitie.
Then while thou laugh'st; Ile, sighing, crie,
A *Ruine underpropt* am I:

[1] Same as garbage = "trimmings," "linings."

Do'n will I then my *Beadsmans* gown,
And when so feeble I am grown,
As my weake shoulders cannot beare
The burden of a *Grashopper:*
Yet with the bench of aged sires,
When I and they keep tearmly fires;
With my weake voice I'le sing, or say
Some Odes I made of *Lucia:*
Then will I heave my wither'd hand
To *Jove* the Mighty, for to stand
Thy faithfull friend, and to poure downe
Upon the many a *Benizon.*

975. To Julia.

Holy waters hither bring
For the sacred sprinkling:
Baptize me and thee, and so
Let us to the Altar go.
And (ere we our rites commence)
Wash our hands in innocence.
Then I'le be the *Rex Sacrorum,*
Thou the Queen of *Peace and Quorum.*

976. Upon Case.

Case is a Lawyer, that ne'er pleads alone,
But when he hears the like confusion,
As when the disagreeing Commons throw
About their House, their clamorous I, or No:
Then *Case,* as loud as any *Serjant* there,
Cries out (My lord, my Lord) the Case is clear:
But when all's hush't *Case* then a fish more mute,
Bestirs his Hand, but starves in hand the Suite.

977. To Perenna.

I a *Dirge* will pen for thee;
Thou a *Trentall* make for me:
That the Monks and Fryers together,
Here may sing the rest of either:
Next, I'm sure, the Nuns will have
Candlemas to grace the Grave.

978. To his Sister in Law, M. Susanna Herrick.

The Person crowns the Place; your lot doth fall
Last, yet to be with These a Principall.
Howere it fortuned; know for Truth, I meant
You a fore-leader in this Testament.

979. Upon the Lady Crew.

This Stone can tell the storie of my life,
What was my Birth, to whom I was a Wife:
In teeming years, how soon my Sun was set,
Where now I rest, these may be known by *Jet*.
For other things, my many Children be
The best and truest *Chronicles* of me.

980. On Tomasin Parsons.

Grow up in Beauty, as thou do'st begin,
And be of all admired, *Tomasin*.

981. Ceremony upon Candlemas Eve.

Down with the Rosemary, and so
Down with the Baies & misletoe:
Down with the Holly, Ivie, all,
Wherewith ye drest the Christmas Hall:
That so the superstitious find
No one least Branch there left behind:
For look, how many leaves there be
Neglected there (maids trust to me)
So many *Goblins* you shall see.

982. Suspicion makes secure.

He that will live of all cares dispossest,
Must shun the bad, I, and suspect the best.

983. Upon Spokes.

Spokes, when he sees a rosted Pig, he swears
Nothing he loves on't but the chaps and ears:
But carve to him the fat flanks; and he shall
Rid these, and those, and part by part eat all.

984. To his Kinsman, M. Tho: Herrick, who desired to be in his Book.

Welcome to this my Colledge, and though late
Th'ast got a place here (standing candidate)
It matters not, since thou art chosen one
Here of my great and good foundation.

985. A Bucolick betwixt Two: Lacon and Thyrsis.

Lacon. For a kiss or two, confesse,
What doth cause this pensiveness,
Thou most lovely Neat-heardesse?
Why so lonely on the hill?
Why thy pipe by thee so still,
That erewhile was heard so shrill?
Tell me, do thy kine now fail
To fulfill the milkin-paile?
Say, what is't that thou do'st aile?

Thyr. None of these; but out, alas!
A mischance is come to pass,
And I'le tell thee what it was:
See mine eyes are weeping ripe.

Lacon. Tell, and I'le lay down my Pipe.

Thyr. I have lost my lovely steere,
That to me was far more deer
Then these kine, which I milke here.
Broad of fore-head, large of eye,
Party-colour'd like a Pie;
Smooth in each limb as a die;
Clear of hoof, and clear of horn;
Sharply pointed as a thorn:
With a neck by yoke unworn.
From the which hung down by strings,
Balls of Cowslips, Daisie rings,
Enterplac't with ribbanings.
Faultless every way for shape;
Not a straw co'd him escape;
Ever gamesome as an ape:
But yet harmless as a sheep.

(Pardon, *Lacon* if I weep)
Tears will spring, were woes are deep.
Now (ai me!) (ai me!) Last night
Came a mad dog, and did bite,
I, and kil'd my dear delight.

Lacon. Alack, for grief!

Thyr. But I'le be brief.

Hence I must, for time doth call
Me, and my sad Play-mates all,
To his Ev'ning Funerall.
Live long, *Lacon*, so *adew!*

Lacon. Mournfull maid, farewell to you;
Earth afford ye flowers to strew.

986. Upon Sapho.

Look upon *Sapho's* lip, and you will swear,
There is a love-like leven rising there.

987. Upon Faunus.

We read how *Faunus*, he the shepheards *God*,
His wife to death whipt with a *Mirtle Rod.*
The Rod (perhaps) was better'd by the name;
But had it been of Birch, the death's the same.

988. The Quintell.

Up with the Quintill, that the Rout,
May fart for joy, as well as shout:
Either's welcome, Stinke or Civit,
If we take it, as they give it.

989. A Bachanalian Verse.

1. Drinke up
Your Cup,
But not spill Wine;
For if you
Do,
'Tis an ill signe;

2. That we
Foresee,
You are cloy'd here,
If so, no
Hoe,[1]
But avoid here.

990. Care a good keeper.

Care keepes the Conquest; 'tis no lesse renowne
To keepe a Citie, then to winne a Towne.

991. Rules for our reach.

Men must have Bounds how farre to walke
for we
Are made farre worse, by lawless liberty.

992. To Biancha.

Ah *Biancha!* now I see,
It is Noone and past with me.
In a while it will strike one;
Then, *Biancha*, I am gone.

[1] "Stop."

Some *effusions* let me have,
Offer'd on my holy Grave;
Then, *Biancha*, let me rest
With my face towards the East.

993. To the handsome Mistresse Grace Potter.

As is your name, so is your comely face,
Toucht everywhere with such diffusèd grace,
As that in all that *admirable round*,
There is not one least *solecisme* found;
And as that part, so every portion else,
Keepes line for line with *Beauties Parallels*.

994. Anacreontike.

I must
Not trust
Here to any;
Bereav'd,
Deceiv'd
By so many:
As one
Undone
By my losses;
Comply
Will I
With my crosses.
Yet still
I will
Not be grieving;
Since thence
And hence
Comes relieving.

But this
Sweet is
In our mourning;
Times bad
And sad
Are a turning:
And he
Whom we
See dejected;
Next day
Wee may
See erected.

995. More modest, more manly.

'Tis still observ'd, those men most valiant are,
That are most modest ere they come to warre.

996. Not to covet much where little is the charge.

Why sho'd we covet much, whenas we know,
W'ave more to beare our charge, then way to go?

997. Anacreontick Verse.

Brisk methinks I am, and fine,
When I drinke my capring wine:
Then to love I do encline,
When I drinke my wanton wine:
And I wish all maidens mine,
When I drinke my sprightly wine:
Well I sup, and well I dine,
When I drinke my frolick wine:

But I languish, lowre, and Pine,
When I want my fragrant wine.

998. Upon Pennie.

Brown bread *Tom Pennie* eates, and must of right,
Because his stock will not hold out for white.

999. Patience in Princes.

Kings must not use the Axe for each offence:
Princes cure some faults by their patience.

1000. Feare gets force.

Despaire takes heart, when ther's no hope to speed:
The Coward then takes Armes, and do's the deed.

1001. Parcell-gil't-Poetry.

Let's strive to be the best; the Gods, we know it,
Pillars and men, hate an indifferent Poet.

1002. Upon Love, by way of question and answer.

I bring ye Love. *Quest.* What will love do?
Ans. Like, and dislike ye:

I bring ye love: *Quest.* What will Love do?
Ans. Stroake ye to strike ye.
I bring ye love: *Quest.* What will Love do?
Ans. Love will be-foole ye:
I bring ye love: *Quest.* What will love do?
Ans. Heate ye to coole ye:
I bring ye love: *Quest.* What will love do?
Ans. Love gifts will send ye:
I bring ye love: *Quest.* What will love do?
Ans. Stock ye to spend ye:
I bring ye love: *Quest.* What will love do?
Ans. Love will fulfill ye:
I bring ye love: *Quest.* What will love do?
Ans. Kisse ye, to kill ye.

1003. To the Lord Hopton, on his fight in Cornwall.[1]

Go on, brave *Hopton*, to effectuate that
Which wee, and times to come, shall wonder at.
Lift up thy Sword; next, suffer it to fall,
And by that *One blow* set an end to all.

1004. His Grange.

How well contented in this private *Grange*
Spend I my life (that's subject unto change:)
Under whose Roofe with *Mosse-worke* wrought, there I
Kisse my *Brown wife* and *black Posterity*.

[1] Lord, earlier Sir Ralph, Hopton, who started the career of "Charles's Wain" at the very earliest part of the Rebellion with remarkable success, especially in the fight at Stratton, to which Herrick doubtless refers.

1005. Leprosie in houses.

When to a House I come, and see
The *Genius* wastefull, more then free:
The servants *thumblesse*, yet to eat,
With lawlesse tooth the floure of wheate:
The Sonnes to suck the milke of Kine,
More than the teats of Discipline:
The Daughters wild and loose in dresse;
Their cheekes unstain'd with shamefac'tnesse:
The Husband drunke, the Wife to be
A Baud to incivility:
I must confesse, I there descrie,
A House spread through with *Leprosie*.

1006. Good Manners at meat.

This rule of manners I will teach my guests,
To come with their own bellies unto feasts:
Not to eat equall portions; but to rise
Farc't[1] with the food, that may themselves suffice.

1007. Anthea's Retractation.

Anthea laught, and fearing lest excesse
Might stretch the cords of civill comelinesse:
She with a dainty blush rebuk't her face;
And cal'd each line back to his *rule* and *space*.

1008. Comforts in Crosses.

Be not dismaide, though crosses cast thee downe;
Thy fall is but the rising to a Crowne.

[1] Farced = "stuffed." as in Latin. and still in French.

1009. Seeke and Finde.

Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt;
Nothing's so hard, but search will find it out.

1010. Rest.

On with thy worke, though thou beest hardly prest;
Labour is held up, by the hope of rest.

1011. Leprosie in Cloathes.

When flowing garments I behold
Enspir'd[1] with *Purple, Pearle,* and *Gold;*
I think no other but I see
In them a glorious leprosie,
That do's infect, and make the rent
More mortall in the vestiment.
As flowrie vestures doe descrie
The wearers' rich immodestie;
So plaine and simple cloathes doe show
Where vertue walkes, not those that flow.

1012. Upon Buggins.

Buggins is Drunke all night, all day he sleepes;
This is the Levell-coyle[2] that *Buggins* keeps.

[1] Enspired, as before of the cream and strawberries, "shot."
[2] Means regular racket.

1013. Great Maladies, long Medicines.

To an old soare a long cure must goe on ;
Great faults require great satisfaction.

1014. His Answer to a friend.

You aske me what I doe, and how I live?
And (Noble friend) this answer I must give:
Drooping, I draw on to the vaults of death.
Or'e which you'l walk, when I am laid beneath.

1015. The Begger.

Shall I a daily Begger be,
For love's sake asking almes of thee?
Still shall I crave, and never get
A hope of my desired bit?
Ah cruell maides! Ile goe my way.
Whereas (perchance) my fortunes may
Finde out a Threshold or a doore,
That may far sooner speed the poore:
Where thrice we knock, and none will heare
Cold comfort still I'm sure lives there.

1016. Bastards.

Our Bastard-children are but like to Plate,
Made by the Coyners illegitimate.

1017. His Change.

My many cares and much distress,
Has made me like a wilderness:
Or (discompos'd) I'm like a rude,
And all-confused multitude:
Out of my comely manners worne;
And as in meanes, in minde all torne.

1018. The Vision.

Me thought I saw (as I did dreame in bed)
A crawling Vine about *Anacreon's* head:
Flusht was his face; his haires with oyle did shine;
And as he spake, his mouth ranne ore with wine.
Tipled he was; and tipling lispt withall;
And lisping reeld, and reeling like to fall.
A young *Enchantresse* close by him did stand
Tapping his plump thighes with a *mirtle* wand:
She smil'd; he kist; and kissing, cull'd[1] her too;
And being cup-shot,[2] more he co'd not doe.
For which (me thought) in prittie anger she
Snatcht off his Crown, and gave the wreath to me:
Since when (me thinks) my braines about doe swim,
And I am wilde and wanton like to him.

[1] "Colled," "put his arm round her neck."
[2] "Overcome with liquor."

1019. A Vow to Venus.

Happily I had a sight
Of my dearest deare last night;
Make her this day smile on me,
And Ile Roses give to thee.

1020. On his Booke.

The bound (almost) now of my book I see,
But yet no end of those therein or me:
Here we begin new life; while thousands quite
Are lost, and theirs, in everlasting night.

1021. A Sonnet of Perilla.

Then did I live when I did see
Perilla smile on none but me.
But (ah!) by starres malignant crost,
The life I got I quickly lost:
But yet a way there doth remaine,
For me embalm'd to live againe;
And that's to love me; in which state
Ile live as one *Regenerate*.

1022. Bad may be better.

Man may at first transgress, but next do well:
Vice doth in some but lodge awhile, not dwell.

1023. Posting to Printing.

Let others to the Printing Presse run fast,
Since after death comes glory, *Ile not haste*.

1024. Rapine brings Ruine.

What's got by Justice is establisht sure;
No Kingdomes got by Rapine long endure.

1025. Comfort to a youth that had lost his Love.

What needs complaints,
When she a place
Has with the race
Of Saints?
In endlesse mirth,
She thinks not on
What's said or done
In earth:
She sees no teares,
Or any tone
Of thy deep grone
She heares:
Nor do's she minde,
Or think on't now,
That ever thou
Wast kind.
But chang'd above,
She likes not there,
As she did here,
Thy Love.
Forbeare therefore,
And lull asleepe
Thy woes, and weep
No more.

1026. Upon Boreman. Epig.

Boreman takes tole, cheats, flatters, lyes; yet
Boreman,
For all the Divell helps, will be a poore man.

1027 Saint Distaff's day, or the morrow after Twelth day.[1]

Partly worke and partly play
Ye must on S. *Distaff's* day:
From the Plough soone free your teame;
Then come home and fother them.
If the Maides a-spinning goe,
Burne the flax, and fire the tow:
Scorch their plackets,[2] but beware
That ye singe no maiden-haire.
Bring in pailes of water then,
Let the Maides bewash the men.
Give S. *Distaffe* all the right,
Then bid Christmas sport *good night*;
And next morrow, every one
To his owne vocation.

1028. Sufferance.

In the hope of ease to come,
Let's endure one Martyrdome.

[1] It has been discussed whether Herrick invented "St. Distaff" or not; but it is clearly of no consequence.

[2] "Petticoats."

1029. His teares to Thamasis.

I send, I send here my supremest kiss
To thee, my *silver-footed Thamasis.*
No more shall I reiterate thy Strand,
Whereon so many Stately Structures stand:
Nor in the summers sweeter evenings go,
To bath in thee (as thousand others doe,)
No more shall I along thy christall glide,
In Barge (with boughes and rushes beautifi'd)
With soft-smooth Virgins (for our chast
disport)
To *Richmond, Kingstone,* and to *Hampton-Court:*
Never againe shall I with Finnie-Ore
Put from, or draw unto the faithfull shore:
And Landing here, or safely Landing there,
Make way to my *Belovèd Westminster:*
Or to the *Golden-cheap-side,* where the earth
Of *Julia Herrick* gave to me my Birth.
May all clean *Nimphs* and curious water Dames,
With Swan-like-state, flote up & down thy
streams:
No drought upon thy wanton waters fall
To make them Leane, and languishing at all.
No ruffling winds come hither to discease
Thy pure, and *Silver-wristed Naides.*
Keep up your state, ye streams; and as ye
spring,
Never make sick your Banks by surfeiting.
Grow young with Tydes, and though I see ye
never,
Receive this vow, *so fare-ye-well for ever.*

1030. Pardons.

Those ends in War the best contentment bring,
Whose Peace is made up with a Pardoning.

1031. Peace not Permanent.

Great Cities seldome rest: If there be none
T' invade from far; They'l finde worse foes at home.

1032. Truth and Errour.

Twixt Truth and Errour, there's this difference known,
Errour is fruitfull, Truth is onely one.

1033. Things Mortall, still mutable.

Things are uncertain, and the more we get,
The more on ycie pavements we are set.

1034. Studies to be supported.

Studies themselves will languish and decay,
When either price, or praise is ta'ne away.

1035. Wit punisht, prospers most.

Dread not the shackles: on with thine intent;
Good wits get more fame by their punishment.

1036. Twelfe night, or King and Queene.

Now, now the mirth comes
With the cake full of plums,
Where Beane's the *King* of the sport here;
Beside we must know,
The Pea also
Must revell, as *Queene*, in the Court here.

Begin then to chuse,
(This night as ye use)
Who shall for the present delight here,
Be a *King* by the lot,
And who shall not
Be Twelfe-day *Queene* for the night here.

Which knowne, let us make
Joy-sops with the cake;
And let not a man then be seen here,
Who unurg'd will not drinke
To the base from the brink
A health to the King and the Queene here.

Next crowne the bowle full
With gentle lamb's-wooll;
Adde sugar, nutmeg, and ginger,
With store of ale too;
And thus ye must doe
To make the wassaile a swinger.

Give then to the King
And Queene wassailing:
And though with ale ye be whet here;
Yet part ye from hence,
As free from offence,
As when ye innocent met here.

1037. His desire.

Give me a man that is not dull,
When all the world with rifts is full:
But unamaz'd dares clearely sing,
Whenas the roof's a-tottering:
And, though it falls, continues still
Tickling the *Citterne* with his quill.

1038. Caution in Councell.

Know when to speake; for many times it brings
Danger, to give the best advice to Kings.

1039. Moderation.

Let moderation on thy passions waite
Who loves too much, too much the lov'd will hate.

1040. Advice the best actor.

Still take advice; though counsels, when they flye
At randome, sometimes hit most happily.

1041. Conformity is comely.

Conformity gives comelinesse to things:
And equall shares exclude all murmerings.

1042. Lawes.

Who violates the Customes, hurts the Health,
Not of one man, but all the Common-wealth.

1043. The meane.

'Tis much among the filthy to be clean;
Our heat of youth can hardly keep the mean.

1044. Like loves his like.

Like will to like, each Creature loves his kinde;
Chaste words proceed still from a bashfull minde.

1045. His Hope or sheat-Anchor.

Among these Tempests great and manifold
My Ship has here one only Anchor-hold;
That is my hope; which if that slip, I'm one
Wildred in this vast watry *Region*.

1046. Comfort in Calamity.

'Tis no discomfort in the world to fall,
When the great Crack not Crushes one, but all.

1047. Twilight.

The Twi-light is no other thing (we say)
Then Night now gone, and yet not sprung the
Day.

1048. False Mourning.

He who wears Blacks, and mournes not for the
Dead,
Do's but deride the Party burièd.

1049. The will makes the work, or consent makes the Cure.

No grief is grown so desperate, but the ill
Is halfe way curèd, if the party will.

1050. Diet.

If wholesome Diet can re-cure a man,
What need of Physick, or Physitian?

1051. Smart.

Stripes justly given yerk us (with their fall)
But causelesse whipping smarts the most of all.

1052 The Tinkers' Song.

Along, come along,
Let's meet in a throng
Here of Tinkers;
And quaffe up a Bowle
As big as a Cowle
To Beer Drinkers.
The pole of the Hop
Place in the Ale-shop
To Bethwack us;
If ever we think
So much as to drink
Unto *Bacchus*.
Who frolick will be,
For little cost he
Must not vary,
From Beer-broth at all,
So much as to call
For Canary.

1053. His Comfort.

The only comfort of my life
Is, that I never yet had wife;
Nor will hereafter; since I know
Who Weds, ore-buyes his weal with woe.

1054. Sincerity.

Wash clean the Vessell, lest ye soure
Whatever Liquor in ye powre.

1055. To Anthea.

Sick is *Anthea*, sickly is the spring,
The Primrose sick, and sickly every thing:
The while my deer *Anthea* do's but droop,
The *Tulips*, *Lillies*, *Daffadills* do *stoop*;
But when again sh'as got her healthfull houre,
Each bending then, will rise a proper flower.

1056. Nor buying or selling.

Now, if you love me, tell me,
For as I will not sell ye,
So not one cross to buy thee
Ile give, if thou deny me.

1057. To his peculiar friend M. Jo: Wicks.

Since shed or Cottage I have none,
I sing the more, that thou hast one;
To whose glad threshold, and free door
I may a Poet come, though poor;
And eat with thee a savory bit,
Paying but common thanks for it.
Yet sho'd I chance, (my *Wicks*) to see
An over-leven-looke in thee,
To soure the Bread, and turn the Beer
To an exalted vineger;
Or sho'dst thou prize me as a Dish
Of thrice-boyl'd-worts, or third daye's fish;
I'de rather hungry go and come,
Then to thy house be Burdensome;
Yet, in my depth of grief, I'de be
One that sho'd drop his *Beads* for thee.

1058. The more mighty, the more mercifull.

Who may do most, do's least: The bravest will
Shew mercy there, where they have power to kill.

1059. After Autumne, Winter.

Die ere long, I'm sure, I shall;
After leaves, the tree must fall.

1060. A good death.

For truth I may this sentence tell,
No man dies ill, that liveth well.

1061. Recompence.

Who plants an Olive, but to eate the Oile?
Reward, we know, is the chiefe end of toile.

1062. On Fortune.

This is my comfort, when she's most unkind,
She can but spoile me of my Meanes, not Mind.

1063. To Sir George Parrie, Doctor of the Civill Law.[1]

I have my Laurel Chaplet on my head,
If 'mongst these many Numbers to be read,
But one by you be hug'd and cherishèd.

[1] Sir George Parry was an advocate of Doctors' Commons and Chancellor of Exeter.

Peruse my Measures thoroughly, and where
Your judgement finds a guilty Poem, there
Be you a Judge; but not a Judge severe.

The meane passe by, or over, none contemne;
The good applaud: the peccant lesse condemne,
Since *Absolution* you can give to them.

Stand forth Brave Man, here to the publique sight;
And in my Booke now claim a two-fold right:
The first as *Doctor*, and the last as *Knight*.

1064. Charmes.

This Ile tell ye by the way,
Maidens when ye Leavens lay,
Crosse your Dow, and your dispatch,
Will be better for your Batch.

1065. Another.

In the morning when ye rise,
Wash your hands and cleanse your eyes.
Next be sure ye have a care,
To disperse the water farre.
For as farre as that doth light,
So farre keepes the evill Spright.

1066. Another.

If ye feare to be affrighted
When ye are (by chance) benighted:
In your Pocket for a trust,
Carrie nothing but a Crust:
For that holy piece of Bread
Charmes the danger, and the dread.

1067. Upon Gorgonius.[1]

Unto *Pastillus* ranke *Gorgonius* came,
To have a tooth twitcht out of's native frame.
Drawn was his tooth: but stanke so, that some say,
The Barber stopt his Nose, and ranne away.

1068. Gentlenesse.

That Prince must govern with a gentle hand,
Who will have love comply with his command.

1069. A Dialogue betwixt himselfe and Mistresse Eliza Wheeler, under the name of Amarillis.

My dearest Love, since thou wilt go,
And leave me here behind thee;
For love or pitie let me know
The place where I may find thee.

Amaril. In country Meadowes pearl'd with Dew,
And set about with Lillies;
There filling Maunds with Cowslips, you
May find your *Amarillis.*

Her. What have the Meades to do with thee,
Or with thy youthfull houres?

[1] A curious slip of memory, referring to Horace, Sat. i. 4, 92: "Pastillos Rufillus olet, Gorgonius hircum."

Live thou at Court, where thou mayst
be
The *Queen* of men, not flowers.

Let Country wenches make 'em fine
With Poesies, since 'tis fitter
For thee with richest Jemmes to shine,
And like the Starres to glitter.

Amaril. You set too high a rate upon
A Sheepheardess so homely;
Her. Believe it (dearest) ther's not one
I'th' Court that's halfe so comly.

I prithee stay. (*Am.*) I must away;
Let's kiss first, then we'l sever.
Ambo. And though we bid adieu to day,
Wee shall not part for ever.

1070. To Julia.

Help me, *Julia*, for to pray,
Mattens sing, or Mattens say:
This I know, the Fiend will fly
Far away, if thou beest by.
Bring the Holy-water hither:
Let us wash, and pray together:
When our Beads are thus united,
Then the Foe will fly affrighted.

1071. To Roses in Julia's Bosome.

Roses, you can never die,
Since the place wherein ye lye,
Heat and moisture mixt are so,
As to make ye ever grow.

1072. To the Honoured, Master Endimion Porter.

When to thy Porch I come, and (ravisht) see
The State of Poets there attending Thee:
Those *Bardes* and I, all in a *Chorus* sing,
We are Thy *Prophets, Porter; Thou our King.*

1073. Speake in season.

When times are troubled, then forbeare; but speak,
When a cleare day, out of a Cloud do's break.

1074. Obedience.

The Power of Princes rests in the Consent
Of onely those, who are obedient:
Which if away, proud Scepters then will lye
Low, and of Thrones the Ancient *Majesty.*

1075. Another on the same.

No man so well a Kingdome Rules, as He,
Who hath himselfe obaid the Soveraignty.

1076. Of Love.

1. Instruct me now, what love will do;
2. 'Twill make a tongless man to wooe.
1. Inform me next, what love will do;
2. 'Twill strangely make a one of too.

1. Teach me besides, what love wil do;
2. 'Twill quickly mar, & make ye too.
1. Tell me, now last, what love will do;
2. 'Twill hurt and heal a heart pierc'd through.

1077. Upon Trap.

Trap, of a Player turn'd a Priest now is;
Behold a suddaine *Metamorphosis*.
If Tythe-pigs faile, then will he shift the scean,
And, from a Priest, turne Player once again.

1078. Upon Grubs.

Grubs loves his Wife and Children, while that they
Can live by love, or else grow fat by Play:
But when they call or cry on *Grubs* for meat;
Instead of Bread, *Grubs* gives them stones to eat.
He raves, he rends, and while he thus doth tear,
His Wife and Children fast to death for fear.

1079. Upon Dol.

No question but *Dols* cheeks wo'd soon rost dry,
Were they not basted by her either eye.

1080. Upon Hog.

Hog has a place i'th' Kitchen, and his share
The flimsie Livers, and blew Gizzards are.

1081. The School or Perl of Putney, the Mistress of all singular manners, Mistresse Portman.[1]

Whether I was my selfe, or else did see
Out of my self that *Glorious Hierarchie!*
Or whether those (in orders rare) or these
Made up One State of *Sixtie Venuses;*
Or whether *Fairies, Syrens, Nymphes* they were
Or *Muses,* on their mountaine sitting there;
Or some enchanted Place, I do not know
(Or *Sharon,* where eternall Roses grow.)
This I am sure; I Ravisht stood, as one
Confus'd in utter Admiration.
Me thought I saw them stir, and gently move.
And look as all were capable of Love:
And in their motion smelt much like to flowers
Enspir'd by th' Sun-beams after dews & showers.
There did I see the *Reverend Rectresse* stand,
Who with her eyes-gleam, or a glance of hand,
Those spirits rais'd; and with like precepts then,
(As with a *Magick*) laid them all agen:
(*A happy Realme! When no compulsive Law,*
Or fear of it, but Love keeps all in awe.)
Live you, *great Mistresse* of your Arts, and be
A nursing Mother so to Majesty;
As those your Ladies may in time be seene,
For Grace and Carriage, every one a Queene.
One Birth their Parents gave them; but their new,
And better Being, they receive from You.
Man's former Birth is grace-lesse; but the state
Of life comes in, when he's Regenerate.

[1] This paragon was probably the Mary Portman noted by Dr. Grosart as buried at Putney on June 27, 1671, but not otherwise known.

1082. To Perenna.

Thou say'st I'm dull; if edge-lesse so I be,
Ile whet my lips, and sharpen Love on thee.

1083. On himselfe.

Let me not live, if I not love,
Since I as yet did never prove,
Where Pleasures met: at last, doe find,
All Pleasures meet in Woman-kind.

1084. On Love.

That love 'twixt men do's ever longest last
Where War and Peace the Dice by turns doe cast.

1085. Another on Love.

Love's of itself too sweet; the best of all
Is, when love's hony has a dash of gall.

1086. Upon Gut.

Science puffs up, sayes *Gut*, when either Pease
Make him thus swell, or windy Cabbages.

1087. Upon Chub.

When *Chub* brings in his harvest, still he cries,
Aha my boyes! here's wheat for Christmas
Pies!
Soone after, he for beere so scores his wheat,
That at the tide, he has not bread to eate.

1088. Pleasures Pernicious.

Where Pleasures rule a Kingdome, never
there
Is sober virtue seen to move her sphere.

1089. On Himself.

A wearied Pilgrim, I have wandred here
Twice five and twenty (bate me but one yeer)
Long I have lasted in this world; ('tis true)
But yet those yeers that I have liv'd, but few.
Who by his gray Haires, doth his lusters tell,
Lives not those yeers, but he that lives them
well.
One man has reatch't his sixty yeers, but he
Of all those three-score, has not liv'd halfe
three:
He lives, who lives to virtue: men who cast
Their ends for Pleasure, do not live, but last.

1090. To M. Laurence Swetnaham.[1]

Read thou my Lines, my *Swetnaham*, if there
be

[1] The Swettenhams were and are an old Cheshire and North Wales family.

A fault, 'tis hid, if it be voic't by thee.
Thy mouth will make the sourest numbers
p'ease;
How will it drop pure hony, speaking these?

1091. His covenant or Protestation to Julia.

Why do'st thou wound, & break my heart,
As if we sho'd for ever part?
Hast thou not heard an Oath from me,
After a day, or two, or three,
I wo'd come back and live with thee?
Take, if thou do'st distrust that Vowe;
This second Protestation now.
Upon thy cheeke that spangel'd Teare,
Which sits as Dew of Roses there:
That Teare shall scarce be dri'd before
Ile kisse the Threshold of thy dore.
Then weepe not, sweet; but thus much know,
I'm halfe return'd before I go.

1092. On Himselfe.

I will no longer kiss,
I can no longer stay;
The way of all Flesh is,
That I must go this day:
Since longer I can't live,
My frolick Youths adieu;
My Lamp to you Ile give,
And all my troubles too.

1093. To the most accomplisht Gentleman Master Michael Oulsworth.[1]

Nor thinke that Thou in this my Booke art worst,
Because not plac't here with the midst, or first.
Since Fame that sides with these, or goes before
Those, that must live with Thee for evermore.
That Fame, and Fames rear'd Pillar, thou shalt see
In the next sheet, *Brave Man*, to follow Thee.
Fix on that Columne then, and never fall;
Held up by Fames *eternall Pedestall.*

1094. To his Girles who would have him sportfull.

Alas! I can't, for tell me how
Can I be gamesome (aged now:)
Besides, ye see me daily grow
Here, Winter-like, to Frost and Snow.
And I ere long, my Girles, shall see,
Ye quake for cold to looke on me.

1095. Truth and falsehood.

Truth by her own simplicity is known;
Falsehood by Varnish and Vermillion.

1096. His last request to Julia.

I have been wanton, and too bold I feare,
To chafe o'remuch the Virgin's cheek or eare:

[1] Oulsworth, or Oldisworth, a Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, and a rank Parliament man.

Beg for my Pardon, *Julia*; *He doth winne*
Grace with the Gods, who's sorry for his sinne.
That done, my *Julia*, dearest *Julia*, come,
And go with me to choose my Buriall roome:
My Fates are ended; when thy *Herrick* dyes,
Claspe thou his Book, then close thou up his Eyes.

1097. On himselfe.

One Eare tingles; some there be,
That are snarling now at me:
Be they those that *Homer* bit,
I will give them thanks for it.

1098. Upon Kings.

Kings must be dauntlesse: Subjects will contemne
Those, who want Hearts, and weare a Diadem.

1099. To his Girles.

Wanton Wenches doe not bring
For my haires black colouring:
For my Locks (Girles) let 'em be
Gray or white, all's one to me.

1100. Upon Spur.

Spur jingles now, and sweares by no meane oathes,
He's double honour'd, since h'as got gay cloathes:
Most like his Suite, and all commend the Trim;

And thus they praise the Sumpter; but not
him:
As to the Goddesse, people did conferre
Worship, and not to'th' Asse that carried her.

1101. To his Brother Nicolas Herrick.

What others have with cheapnesse seene, and
ease,
In Varnisht Maps; by'th' helpe of Compasses:
Or reade in Volumes, and those Bookes (with
all
Their large Narrations, *Incanonicall*)
Thou hast beheld those seas, and Countries
farre;
And tel'st to us, what once they were, and are.
So that with bold truth, thou canst now relate
This Kingdome's fortune, and that Empire's
fate:
Canst talke to us of *Sharon;* where a spring
Of Roses have an endlesse flourishing.
Of *Sion*, *Sinai*, *Nebo*, and with them,
Make knowne to us the new *Jerusalem*.
The Mount of *Olives; Calverie*, and where
Is (and hast seene) thy *Saviour's Sepulcher*.
So that the man that will but lay his eares,
As *Inapostate*,[1] to the thing he heares,
Shall by his hearing quickly come to see
The truth of Travails lesse in bookes then
Thee.

1102. The Voice and Violl.

Rare is the voice itselfe; but when we sing
To'th' Lute or Violl, then 'tis ravishing.

[1] "Not unbelieving."

1103. Warre.

If Kings and kingdomes once distracted be,
The sword of war must trie the Soveraignty.

1104. A King and no King.

That Prince, who may doe nothing but what's just,
Rules but by leave, and takes his Crowne on trust

1105. Plots not still prosperous.

All are not ill Plots, that doe sometimes faile;
Nor those false vows, which oft times don't prevaile.

1106. Flatterie.

What is't that wasts a Prince? example showes,
'Tis flatterie spends a King, more then his foes.

1107. Upon Rumpe.

Rumpe is a Turne-broach, yet he seldome can
Steale a swolne sop out of the Dripping pan.

1108. Upon Shopter.

Old Widow *Shopter*, whensoere she cryes,
Lets drip a certain Gravie from her eyes.

1109. Upon Deb.

If felt and heard, (unseen) thou dost me
please;
If seen, thou lik'st me, *Deb*, in none of these.

1110. Excesse.

Excesse is sluttish: keep the meane; for why?
Vertue's clean Conclave is sobriety.

1111. Upon Croot.

One silver spoon shines in the house of *Croot;*
Who cannot buie, or steale a second to't.

1112. The Soul is the salt.

The body's salt, the soule is; which when gon,
The flesh soone sucks in putrifaction.

1113. Upon Flood, or a thankfull man.

Flood, if he has for him and his a bit,
He sayes his fore and after Grace for it:

If meate he wants, then Grace he saves to see
His hungry belly borne by Legs *Jaile-free*.
Thus have, or have not, all alike is good,
To this our poore, yet ever patient *Flood*.

1114 Upon Pimpe.

When *Pimpe's* feet sweat (as they doe often use)
There springs a soap-like-lather in his shoos.

1115. Upon Luske.

In Den'-shire Kerzie *Lusk* (when he was dead)
Wo'd shrouded be, and therewith buried.
When his Assignes askt him the reason why?
He said, because he got his wealth thereby.

1116. Foolishnesse.

In's *Tusc'lanes*, *Tullie* doth confesse,
No plague ther's like to foolishnesse.

1117. Upon Rush.

Rush saves his shooes, in wet and snowie wether;
And feares in summer to weare out the lether:
This is strong thrift that warie *Rush* doth use
Summer and Winter still to save his shooes.

1118. Abstinence.

Against diseases here the strongest fence
Is the defensive vertue, Abstinence.

1119. No danger to men desperate.

When feare admits no hope of safety, then
Necessity makes dastards valiant men.

1120. Sauce for sorrowes.

Although our suffering meet with no reliefe,
An equall mind is the best sauce for griefe.

1121. To Cupid.

I have a leaden, thou a shaft of gold;
Thou kil'st with heate, and I strike dead with
cold.
Let's trie of us who shall the first expire;
Or thou by frost, or I by quenchlesse fire:
Extreames are fatall, where they once doe strike,
And bring to'th' heart destruction both alike.

1122. Distrust.

Whatever men for Loyalty pretend,
'Tis Wisdome's part to doubt a faithfull friend.

1123. The Hagg.

The staffe is now greas'd:
And very well pleas'd,
She cockes out her Arse at the parting,
To an old Ram Goat,
That rattles i'th' throat,
Halfe choakt with the stink of her farting.

In a dirtie Haire-lace
She leads on a brace
Of black-bore-cats to attend her;
Who scratch at the Moone,
And threaten at noone
Of night from Heaven for to rend her.

A-hunting she goes;
A crackt horne she blowes;
At which the hounds fall a-bounding;
While th' Moone in her sphere
Peepes trembling for feare,
And night's afraid of the sounding.

1124. The mount of the Muses.

After thy labour take thine ease,
Here with the sweet *Pierides*.
But if so be that men will not
Give thee the Laurell Crowne for lot;
Be yet assur'd, thou shalt have one
Not subject to corruption.

1125. On Himselfe.

I'le write no more of Love; but now repent
Of all those times that I in it have spent.
Ile write no more of life; but wish 'twas ended,
And that my dust was to the earth commended.

1126. To his Booke.

Goe thou forth, my booke, though late;
Yet be timely fortunate.
It may chance good-luck may send
Thee a kinsman, or a friend,
That may harbour thee, when I,
With my fates neglected lye.
If thou know'st not where to dwell,
See, the fier's by: *Farewell.*

1127. The end of his worke.

Part of the worke remaines; one part is past,
And here my ship rides having Anchor cast.

1128. To Crowne it.

My wearied Barke, O let it now be Crown'd!
The Haven reacht to which I first was bound.

1129. On Himselfe.

The worke is done: young men and maidens. set
Upon my curles the *Mirtle Coronet,*

Washt with sweet ointments; Thus at last I come
To suffer in the Muses' *Martyrdome:*
But with this comfort, if my blood be shed,
The Muses will weare blackes, when I am dead.

1130. The pillar of Fame.

Fame's pillar here, at last, we set,
Out-during *Marble*, *Brasse*, or *Jet*,
Charm'd and enchanted so,
As to withstand the blow,
Of overthrow,
Nor shall the seas,
Or outrages
Of storms orebear
What we up-rear:
Tho Kingdoms fal,
This pillar never shall
Decline or waste at all;
But stand for ever by his owne
Firme and well-fixt foundation.

To his Book's end this last line he'd have plac't,
Jocond his Muse was; but his Life was chast.

HIS
NOBLE NUMBERS:

OR,

HIS PIOUS PIECES,

Wherein (amongſt other things)
He ſings the Birth of his CHRIST:
and ſighes for his *Saviours* ſuffe-
ring on the *Croſſe.*

HESIOD.

Ἴδμεν ψεύδεα πολλὰ λέγειν ἐτύμοισιν ὁμοῖα.
Ἴδμεν δ' εὖτ' ἐθέλωμεν ἀληθέα μυθήσασθαι.

LONDON.
Printed for *John Williams*, and *Francis Eglesfield*,
1647.

HIS NOBLE NUMBERS:

OR,

HIS PIOUS PIECES.

I. His Confession. [1131.]

Look how our foule Dayes do exceed our faire;
And as our bad, more then our good Works are,
Ev'n so those Lines, pen'd by my wanton Wit,
Treble the number of these good I've writ.
Things precious are least num'rous: Men are prone
To do ten Bad, for one Good Action.

II. His Prayer for Absolution. [1132.]

For Those my unbaptized Rhimes,
Writ in my wild unhallowed Times;
For every sentence, clause, and word,
That's not inlaid with Thee, (my Lord)
Forgive me, God, and blot each Line
Out of my Book, that is not Thine.
But if, 'mongst all, Thou find'st here one
Worthy thy Benediction;
That One of all the rest, shall be
The Glory of my Work, and Me.

III. To Finde God. [1133.]

Weigh me the Fire; or canst thou find
A way to measure out the Wind;
Distinguish all those Floods that are
Mixt in the watrie Theater;
And tast thou them as saltlesse there,
As in their Channell first they were.
Tell me the People that do keep[1]
Within the Kingdomes of the Deep;
Or fetch me back that Cloud againe,
Beshiver'd into seeds of Raine;
Tell me the motes, dust, sands, and speares
Of Corn, when Summer shakes his eares;
Shew me that world of Starres, and whence
They noiselesse spill their Influence:
This if thou canst; then shew me Him
That rides the glorious *Cherubim*.

IV. What God is. [1134.]

God is above the sphere of our esteem,
And is the best known, not defining Him.

V. Upon God. [1135.]

God is not onely said to be
An *Ens*,[2] but *Supraentitie*.

[1] "Dwell," a sense retained in Herrick's University.

[2] "Being," scholastically. Supraentity, that which is above being.

VI. Mercy and Love. [1136.]

God hath two wings, which He doth ever move,
The one is Mercy, and the next is Love:
Under the first the Sinners ever trust;
And with the last he still directs the Just.

VII. Gods Anger without Affection. [1137.]

God when He's angry here with any one,
His wrath is free from perturbation;
And when we think His looks are sowre and grim,
The alteration is in us, not Him.

VIII. God not to be comprehended. [1138.]

'Tis hard to finde God, but to comprehend
Him, as He is, is labour without end.

IX. God's part. [1139.]

Prayers and Praises are those spotlesse two
Lambs, by the Law, which God requires as due.

X. Affliction. [1140.]

God n'ere afflicts us more then our desert,
Though He may seem to over-act His part:

Sometimes He strikes us more then flesh can
beare;
But yet still lesse then Grace can suffer here.

XI. THREE FATALL SISTERS. [1141.]

THREE fatall Sisters wait upon each sin;
First, Fear and Shame without, then Guilt
within.

XII. SILENCE. [1142.]

SUFFER thy legs, but not thy tongue to walk:
God, the most Wise, is sparing of His talk.

XIII. MIRTH. [1143.]

TRUE mirth resides not in the smiling skin:
The sweetest solace is to act no sin.

XIV. LOADING AND UNLOADING. [1144.]

GOD loads, and unloads, (thus His work begins)
To load with blessings, and unload from sins.

XV. GODS MERCY. [1145.]

GODS boundlesse mercy is (to sinfull man)
Like to the ever-wealthy Ocean:
Which though it sends forth thousand streams,
'tis ne're

Known, or els seen to be the emptier;
And though it takes all in, 'tis yet no more
Full, and fild-full, then when full-fild before.

XVI. Prayers must have Poise. [1146.]

God He rejects all Prayers that are sleight,[1]
And want their Poise: words ought to have
their weight.

XVII. To God: an Anthem, sung in the Chappell at White-Hall, before the King. [1147.]

Verse. My God, I'm wounded by my sin,
And sore without, and sick within:
Ver. Chor. I come to Thee, in hope to find
Salve for my body, and my mind.
Verse. In *Gilead* though no Balme be found,
To ease this smart, or cure this
wound;
Ver. Chor. Yet, Lord, I know there is with
Thee
All saving health, and help for me.
Verse. Then reach Thou forth that hand of
Thine,
That powres in oyle, as well as wine.
Ver. Chor. And let it work, for I'le endure
The utmost smart, so Thou wilt
cure.

[1] It is not impossible that Herrick thought "sleight" and "slight" to be etymologically akin; but they do not seem to be so.

XVIII. Upon God. [1148.]

God is all fore-part; for, we never see
Any part backward in the Deitie.

XIX. Calling, and correcting. [1149.]

God is not onely mercifull, to call,
Men to repent, but when He strikes withall.

XX. No Escaping the scourging. [1150.]

God scourgeth some severely, some He spares;
But all in smart have lesse, or greater shares.

XXI. The Rod. [1151.]

God's Rod doth watch while men do sleep, & then
The Rod doth sleep, while vigilant are men.

XXII. God has a twofold part. [1152.]

God when for sin He makes His Children smart,
His own He acts not, but another's part:
But when by stripes He saves them, then 'tis known,
He comes to play the part that is His own.

XXIII. God is One. [1153.]

God, as He is most Holy knowne;
So He is said to be most One.

XXIV. Persecutions profitable. [1154.]

Afflictions they most profitable are
To the beholder, and the sufferer:
Bettering them both, but by a double straine,
The first by patience, and the last by paine.

XXV. To God. [1155.]

Do with me, God! as Thou didst deal with *Iohn*
(Who writ that heavenly *Revelation*);
Let me (like him) first cracks of thunder heare;
Then let the Harp's inchantments strike mine eare;
Here give me thornes; there, in thy Kingdome, set
Upon my head the golden coronet;
There give me day; but here my dreadfull night:
My sackcloth here; but there my *Stole* of white.

XXVI. Whips. [1156.]

God has His whips here to a twofold end,
The bad to punish, and the good t'amend.

XXVII. Gods Providence. [1157.]

If all transgressions here should have their pay,
What need there then be of a reck'ning day?
If God should punish no sin, here, of men,
His Providence who would not question then?

XXVIII. Temptation. [1158.]

Those Saints, which God loves best,
The Devill tempts not least.

XXIX. His Ejaculation to God. [1159.]

My God! looke on me with Thine eye
Of pittie, not of scrutinie;
For if Thou dost, Thou then shalt see
Nothing but loathsome sores in mee.
O then! for mercie's sake, behold
These my irruptions[1] manifold;
And heale me with Thy looke, or touch:
But if Thou wilt not deigne so much,
Because I'm odious in Thy sight,
Speak but the word, and cure me quite.

XXX. Gods gifts not soone granted. [1160.]

God heares us when we pray, but yet defers
His gifts, to exercise Petitioners:
And though a while He makes Requesters stay,
With Princely hand He'l recompence delay.

[1] *Sic* in original: but Herrick can hardly have meant it.

XXXI. Persecutions purifie. [1161.]

God strikes His Church, but 'tis to this intent,
To make, not marre her, by this punishment:
So where He gives the bitter Pills, be sure,
'Tis not to poyson, but to make thee pure.

XXXII. Pardon. [1162.]

God pardons those, who do through frailty sin;
But never those that persevere therein.

XXXIII. An Ode of the Birth of our Saviour. [1163.]

1. In Numbers, and but these few,
I sing Thy Birth, Oh JESU!
Thou prettie Babie, borne here,
With sup'rabundant scorn here:
Who for Thy Princely Port here,
Hadst for Thy place
Of Birth, a base
Out-stable for thy Court here.

2. Instead of neat Inclosures
Of inter-woven Osiers;
Instead of fragrant Posies
Of Daffadills, and Roses;
Thy cradle, Kingly Stranger,
As Gospell tells,
Was nothing els,
But, here, a homely manger.

3. But we with Silks, (not Crewels,[1])
With sundry precious Jewells,
And Lilly-work will dresse Thee;
And as we dispossesse Thee
Of clouts, wee'l make a chamber,
Sweet Babe, for Thee,
Of Ivorie,
And plaister'd round with Amber.

4. The Jewes they did disdaine Thee,
But we will entertaine Thee
With Glories to await here
Upon Thy Princely State here,
And more for love, then pittie.
From yeere to yeere
Wee'l make Thee, here,
A Free-born of our Citie.

XXXIV. Lip-labour. [1164.]

In the old Scripture I have often read,
The calfe without meale n'ere was offered;
To figure to us, nothing more then this,
Without the heart, lip-labour nothing is.

XXXV. The Heart. [1165.]

In Prayer the Lips nee'r act the winning part,
Without the sweet concurrence of the Heart.

[1] "Embroidering wools"; Herrick spelt it "cruells," and may have meant a pun.

XXXVI. EARE-RINGS. [1166.]

WHY wore th' Egyptians Jewells in the Eare?
But for to teach us, all the grace is there,
When we obey, by acting what we heare.

XXXVII. SIN SEEN. [1167.]

WHENCE once the sin has fully acted been,
Then is the horror of the trespasse seen.

XXXVIII. UPON TIME. [1168.]

TIME was upon
The wing, to flie away;
And I cal'd on
Him but awhile to stay;
But he'd be gone,
For ought that I could say

He held out then,
A Writing, as he went;
And askt me, when
False man would be content
To pay agen,
What God and Nature lent.

An houre-glasse,
In which were sands but few,
As he did passe,
He shew'd and told me too,
Mine end near was,
And so away he flew.

XXXIX. His Petition. [1169.]

If warre, or want shall make me grow so poore,
As for to beg my bread from doore to doore;
Lord! let me never act that beggar's part,
Who hath Thee in his mouth, not in his heart.
He who asks almes in that so sacred Name,
Without due reverence, playes the cheater's game.

XL. To God. [1170.]

Thou hast promis'd Lord, to be
With me in my miserie;
Suffer me to be so bold,
As to speak, Lord, say and hold.

XLI. His Letanie, to the Holy Spirit. [1171.]

1. In the houre of my distresse,
When temptations me oppresse,
And when I my sins confesse.
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

2. When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart and sick in head,
And with doubts discomforted,
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

3. When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drown'd in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep;
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

4. When the artlesse Doctor sees
No one hope, but of his Fees,
And his skill runs on the lees;
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

5. When his Potion and his Pill,
Has, or none, or little skill,
Meet for nothing, but to kill;
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

6. When the passing-bell doth tole,
And the Furies in a shole
Come to fright a parting soule;
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

7. When the tapers now burne blew,
And the comforters are few,
And that number more then true;
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

8. When the Priest his last hath praid,
And I nod to what is said,
'Cause my speech is now decaid;
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

9. When (God knowes) I'm tost about,
Either with despaire, or doubt;
Yet before the glasse be out,
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

10. When the Tempter me pursu'th
With the sins of all my youth,
And halfe damns me with untruth;
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

11. When the flames and hellish cries
Fright mine eares, and fright mine eyes,
And all terrors me surprise;
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

12. When the Judgment is reveal'd,
And that open'd which was seal'd,
When to Thee I have appeal'd;
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

XLII. THANKSGIVING. [1172.]

THANKSGIVING for a former, doth invite
God to bestow a second benefit.

XLIII. COCK-CROW. [1173.]

BELL-MAN of Night,[1] if I about shall go
For to denie my Master, do thou crow.
Thou stop'st S. *Peter* in the midst of sin
Stay me, by crowing, ere I do begin;
Better it is, premonish'd, for to shun
A sin, then fall to weeping when 'tis done.

XLIV. ALL THINGS RUN WELL FOR THE RIGHTEOUS. [1174.]

ADVERSE and prosperous Fortunes both work on
Here, for the righteous man's salvation:
Be he oppos'd, or be he not withstood,
All serve to th' Augmentation of his good.

XLV. PAINE ENDS IN PLEASURE. [1175.]

AFFICTIONS bring us joy in times to come,
When sins, by stripes, to us grow wearisome.

[1] A phrase borrowed from Spenser.

XLVI. To God. [1176.]

I'LE come, I'le creep, (though Thou dost threat,)
Humbly unto Thy Mercy-seat:
When I am there, this then I'le do,
Give Thee a Dart, and Dagger too;
Next, when I have my faults confest,
Naked I'le shew a sighing breast;
Which if that can't Thy pittie wooe,
Then let Thy Justice do the rest,
And strike it through.

XLVII. A Thanksgiving to God, for His House. [1177.]

LORD, thou hast given me a cell
Wherein to dwell;
A little house, whose humble Roof
Is weather-proof;
Under the sparres of which I lie
Both soft, and drie;
Where Thou my chamber for to ward
Hast set a Guard
Of harmlesse thoughts, to watch and keep
Me, while I sleep.
Low is my porch, as is my Fate,
Both void of state;
And yet the threshold of my doore
Is worn by th' poore,
Who thither come and freely get
Good words, or meat:
Likeas my Parlour, so my Hall
And Kitchin's small:
A little Butterie, and therein
A little Byn,

Which keeps my little loafe of Bread
Unchipt, unflead:[1]
Some brittle sticks of Thorne or Briar
Make me a fire,
Close by whose living coale I sit,
And glow like it.
Lord, I confesse too, when I dine,
The Pulse is Thine,
And all those other Bits, that bee
There plac'd by Thee;
The Worts, the Purslain, and the Messe
Of water-cresse,
Which of Thy kindnesse Thou hast sent;
And my content
Makes those and my beloved Beet,
To be more sweet.
'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering Hearth
With guiltlesse mirth;
And giv'st me Wassaile Bowles to drink,
Spic'd to the brink.
Lord, 'tis Thy plenty-dropping hand,
That soiles my land;
And giv'st me, for my Bushel sowne,
Twice ten for one:
Thou mak'st my teeming Hen to lay
Her egg each day:
Besides my healthfull Ewes to beare
Me twins each yeare:
The while the conduits of my Kine
Run Creame, (for Wine.)
All these, and better Thou dost send
Me, to this end,
That I should render, for my part,
A thankful heart;

[1] Unflead = "unflayed."

Which, fir'd with incense, I resigne
As wholly Thine;
But the acceptance, that must be,
My Christ, by Thee.

XLVIII. To God. [1178.]

Make, make me Thine, my gracious God,
Or with Thy staffe, or with Thy rod;
And be the blow too what it will,
Lord, I will kisse it, though it kill:
Beat me, bruise me, rack me, rend me,
Yet, in torments, I'le commend Thee:
Examine me with fire, and prove me
To the full, yet I will love Thee:
Nor shalt Thou give so deep a wound,
But I as patient will be found.

XLIX. Another, to God. [1179.]

Lord, do not beat me,
Since I do sob and crie,
And swowne away to die,
Ere Thou dost threat me.
Lord, do not scourge me,
If I by lies and oaths
Have soil'd my selfe, or cloaths,
But rather purge me.

L. None truly happy here. [1180.]

Happy's that man, to whom God gives
A stock of Goods, whereby he lives
Neer to the wishes of his heart:
No man is blest through ev'ry part.

LI. To his ever-loving God. [1181.]

Can I not come to Thee, my God, for these
So very-many-meeting hindrances,
That slack my pace; but yet not make me stay?
Who slowly goes, rids[1] (in the end) his way.
Cleere Thou my paths, or shorten Thou my miles,
Remove the barrs, or lift me o're the stiles:
Since rough the way is, help me when I call,
And take me up; or els prevent the fall.
I kenn my home; and it affords some ease,
To see far off the smoaking Villages.
Fain would I rest; yet covet not to die,
For feare of future-biting penurie:
No, no, (my God) Thou know'st my wishes be
To leave this life, not loving it, but Thee.

LII. Another. [1182.]

Thou bidst me come; I cannot come; for why,
Thou dwel'st aloft, and I want wings to flie.
To mount my Soule, she must have pineons given;
For, 'tis no easie way from Earth to Heaven.

LIII. To Death. [1183.]

Thou bidst me come away,
And I'le no longer stay,
Then for to shed some teares
For faults of former yeares;

[1] Rids, "gets rid of" or "rides"?

And to repent some crimes,
Done in the present times:
And next, to take a bit
Of Bread, and Wine with it:
To d'on my robes of love,
Fit for the place above;
To gird my loynes about
With charity throughout;
And so to travaile hence
With feet of innocence:
These done, I'le onely crie
God mercy; and so die.

LIV. NEUTRALITY LOATHSOME. [1184.]

GOD will have all, or none; serve Him, or fall
Down before *Baal, Bel,* or *Belial:*
Either be hot, or cold: God doth despise,
Abhorre, and spew out all Neutralities.

LV. WELCOME WHAT COMES. [1185.]

WHATEVER comes, let's be content withall:
Among God's Blessings, there is no one small.

LVI. TO HIS ANGRIE GOD. [1186.]

THROUGH all the night
Thou dost me fright,
And hold'st mine eyes from sleeping;
And day, by day,
My Cup can say,
My wine is mixt with weeping.

Thou dost my bread
With ashes knead,
Each evening and each morrow:
Mine eye and eare
Do see, and heare
The coming in of sorrow.

Thy scourge of steele,
(Ay me!) I feele,
Upon me beating ever:
While my sick heart
With dismall smart
Is disacquainted never.

Long, long, I'm sure,
This can't endure;
But in short time 'twill please Thee,
My gentle God,
To burn the rod,
Or strike so as to ease me.

LVII. PATIENCE, OR COMFORTS IN CROSSES. [1187.]

ABUNDANT plagues I late have had,
Yet none of these have made me sad:
For why, my Saviour, with the sense
Of suffring gives me patience.

LVIII. ETERNITIE. [1188.]

1. O YEARES! and Age! Farewell:
Behold I go,
Where I do know
Infinitie to dwell.

2. And these mine eyes shall see
All times, how they
Are lost 'i th' Sea
Of vast Eternitie.

3. Where never Moone shall sway
The Starres; but she,
And Night, shall be
Drown'd in one endlesse Day.

LIX. To his Saviour, a Child; a Present, by a child. [1189.]

Go prettie child, and beare this Flower
Unto thy little Saviour;
And tell Him, by that Bud now blown,
He is the *Rose of Sharon* known:
When thou hast said so, stick it there
Upon His Bibb, or Stomacher:
And tell Him, (for good handsell too)
That thou hast brought a Whistle new,
Made of a clean straight oaten reed,
To charme His cries, (at time of need:)
Tell Him, for Corall, thou hast none;
But if thou hadst, He sho'd have one;
But poore thou art, and knowne to be
Even as monilesse, as He.
Lastly, if thou canst win a kisse
From those mellifluous lips of His;
Then never take a second on,
To spoile the first impression.

LX. The new-yeeres Gift. [1190.]

Let others looke for Pearle and Gold,
Tissues, or Tabbies manifold:

One onely lock of that sweet Hay
Whereon the blessed Babie lay,
Or one poore Swadling-clout, shall be
The richest New-yeere's Gift to me.

LXI. To God. [1191.]

If any thing delight me for to print
My Book, 'tis this: that *Thou, my God, art in't.*

LXII. God, and the King. [1192.]

How am I bound to Two! God who doth give
The mind; the King, the meanes whereby I live.

LXIII. Gods mirth, Mans mourning. [1193.]

Where God is merry, there write down thy fears:
What He with laughter speaks, heare thou with tears.

LXIV. Honours are hindrances. [1194.]

Give me Honours! what are these,
But the pleasing hindrances?
Stiles, and stops, and stayes, that come
In the way 'twixt me, and home:
Cleer the walk, and then shall I
To my heaven lesse run, then flie.

LXV. The Parasceve, or Preparation. [1195.]

To a Love-Feast we both invited are:
The figur'd Damask, or pure Diaper,
Over the Golden Altar now is spread,
With Bread, and Wine, and Vessells furnishèd;
The *sacred Towell*, and the *holy Eure*
Are ready by, to make the Guests all pure:
Let's go (my *Alma*)[1] yet, e're we receive,
Fit, fit it is, we have our *Parasceve*.[2]
Who to that *sweet Bread* unprepar'd doth come,
Better he starv'd, then but to taste one crumme.

LXVI. To God. [1196.]

God gives not onely corne, for need,
But likewise sup'rabundant seed;
Bread for our service, bread for shew;
Meat for our meales, and fragments too:
He gives not poorly, taking some
Between the finger, and the thumb;
But, for our glut, and for our store,
Fine flowre prest down, and running o're.

LXVII. A will to be working. [1197.]

Although we cannot turne the fervent fit
Of sin, we must strive 'gainst the streame of it:
And howsoe're we have the conquest mist;
'Tis for our glory, that we did resist.

[1] Alma: I think intended as a proper name.
[2] The Parasceve, for the Passover.

LXVIII. CHRISTS PART. [1198.]

CHRIST, He requires still, wheresoere He comes,
To feed, or lodge, to have the best of Roomes:
Give Him the choice; grant Him the nobler part
Of all the House: the best of all's the Heart.

LXIX. RICHES AND POVERTY. [1199.]

GOD co'd have made all rich, or all men poore;
But why He did not, let me tell wherefore:
Had all been rich, where then had Patience been?
Had all been poore, who had His Bounty seen?

LXX. SOBRIETY IN SEARCH. [1200.]

To seek of God more then we well can find,
Argues a strong distemper of the mind.

LXXI. ALMES. [1201.]

GIVE, if thou canst, an Almes: if not, afford,
Instead of that, a sweet and gentle word:
God crowns our goodnesse, wheresoere He sees,
On our part, wanting all abilities.

LXXII. TO HIS CONSCIENCE. [1202.]

CAN I not sin, but thou wilt be
My private *Protonotarie?*
Can I not wooe thee to passe by

A short and sweet iniquity?
I'le cast a mist and cloud, upon
My delicate transgression,
So utter dark, as that no eye
Shall see the hug'd impietie:
Gifts blind the wise, and bribes do please,
And winde[1] all other witnesses:
And wilt not thou, with gold, be ti'd
To lay thy pen and ink aside?
That in the mirk and tonguelesse night,
Wanton I may, and thou not write?
It will not be: And, therefore, now,
For times to come, I'le make this Vow,
From aberrations to live free;
So I'le not feare the Judge, or thee.

LXXIII. To his Saviour. [1203.]

Lord, I confesse, that Thou alone art able
To purify this my *Augean* stable:
Be the Seas water, and the Land all Sope,
Yet if Thy Bloud not wash me, there's no hope.

LXXIV. To God. [1204.]

God is all-suffrance here; here He doth show
No Arrow nockt, onely a stringlesse Bow:
His Arrowes flie, and all his stones are hurl'd
Against the wicked, in another world.

LXXV. His Dreame. [1205.]

I dreamt, last night, Thou didst transfuse
Oyle from Thy Jarre, into my creuze;

[1] In the sense of "turn," "control."

And powring still Thy wealthy store,
The vessell full, did then run ore:
Me thought, I did Thy bounty chide,
To see the waste; but 'twas repli'd
By Thee, Deare God, God gives man seed
Oft-times for wast, as for his need.
Then I co'd say, that house is bare,
That has not bread, and some to spare.

LXXVI. Gods Bounty. [1206.]

Gods Bounty, that ebbs lesse and lesse,
As men do wane in thankfulnesse.

LXXVII. To his sweet Saviour. [1207.]

Night hath no wings, to him that cannot sleep;
And Time seems then, not for to flie, but creep;
Slowly her chariot drives, as if that she
Had broke her wheele, or crackt her axeltree.
Just so it is with me, who list'ning, pray
The winds, to blow the tedious night away;
That I might see the cheerfull peeping day.
Sick is my heart! O Saviour! do Thou please
To make my bed soft in my sicknesses:
Lighten my candle, so that I beneath
Sleep not for ever in the vaults of death:
Let me Thy voice betimes i' th' morning heare;
Call, and I'le come; say Thou, the when, and where;
Draw me but first, and after Thee I'le run,
And make no one stop, till my race be done.

LXXVIII. His Creed. [1208.]

I do believe, that die I must,
And be return'd from out my dust:
I do believe, that when I rise,
Christ I shall see, with these same eyes:
I do believe, that I must come,
With others, to the dreadfull Doome:
I do believe, the bad must goe
From thence, to everlasting woe:
I do believe, the good, and I,
Shall live with Him eternally:
I do believe, I shall inherit
Heaven, by Christs mercies, not my merit:
I do believe, the One in Three,
And Three in perfect Unitie:
Lastly, that Jesus is a Deed
Of Gift from God: *And here's my Creed.*

LXXIX. Temptations. [1209.]

Temptations hurt not, though they have accesse:
Satan o'ercomes none, but by willingnesse.

LXXX. The Lamp. [1210.]

When a man's Faith is frozen up, as dead;
Then is the Lamp and oyle extinguishèd.

LXXXI. Sorrowes. [1211.]

Sorrowes our portion are: Ere hence we goe,
Crosses we must have; or, hereafter woe.

LXXXII. PENITENCIE. [1212.]

A MANS transgression God do's then remit,
When man he makes a Penitent for it.

LXXXIII. THE DIRGE OF JEPHTHAHS DAUGHTER: SUNG BY THE VIRGINS. [1213.]

1. O THOU, the wonder of all dayes!
O Paragon, and Pearle of praise!
O Virgin-martyr, ever blest
Above the rest
Of all the Maiden-Traine! We come,
And bring fresh strewings to thy Tombe.

2. Thus, thus, and thus we compasse round
Thy harmlesse and unhaunted Ground;
And as we sing thy Dirge, we will
The Daffadill,
And other flowers, lay upon
(The Altar of our love) thy Stone.

3. Thou wonder of all Maids, li'st here,
Of Daughters all, the Deerest Deere;
The eye of Virgins; nay, the Queen,
Of this smooth Green,
And all sweet Meades; from whence we get
The Primrose, and the Violet.

4. Too soon, too deere did *Jephthah* buy,
By thy sad losse, our liberty:
His was the Bond and Cov'nant, yet
Thou paid'st the debt:
Lamented Maid! he won the day,
But for the conquest thou didst pay.

5. Thy Father brought with him along
The Olive branch, and Victor's Song:
He slew the Ammonites, we know,
But to thy woe;
And in the purchase of our Peace,
The Cure was worse then the Disease.

6. For which obedient zeale of thine,
We offer here, before thy Shrine,
Our sighs for Storax, teares for Wine;
And to make fine,
And fresh thy Herse-cloth, we will, here,
Foure times bestrew thee ev'ry yeere.

7. Receive, for this thy praise, our teares:
Receive this offering of our Haires:
Receive these Christall Vialls fil'd
With teares, distil'd
From teeming eyes; to these we bring,
Each Maid, her silver Filleting,

8. To guild thy Tombe; besides, these Caules,[1]
These Laces, Ribbands, and these Faules,[2]
These Veiles, wherewith we used to hide
The Bashfull Bride,
When we conduct her to her Groome:
And, all we lay upon thy Tombe.

9. No more, no more, since thou art dead,
Shall we e're bring coy Brides to bed;
No more, at yeerly Festivalls
We Cowslip balls,
Or chaines of Columbines shall make,
For this, or that occasions sake.

10. No, no; our Maiden-pleasures be
Wrapt in the winding-sheet, with thee:

[1] Nets for the hair. [2] "Falls," veils.

'Tis we are dead, though not i' th' grave:
Or, if we have
One seed of life left, 'tis to keep
A Lent for thee, to fast and weep.

11. Sleep in thy peace, thy bed of Spice;
And make this place all Paradise:
May Sweets grow here! & smoke from hence,
Fat Frankincense:
Let Balme and Cassia send their scent
From out thy Maiden-Monument.

12. May no Wolfe howle, or Screech-Owle stir
A wing about thy Sepulcher!
No boysterous winds, or stormes, come hither,
To starve, or wither
Thy soft sweet Earth! but (like a spring)
Love keep it ever flourishing.

13. May all shie Maids, at wonted hours,
Come forth, to strew thy Tombe with flow'rs:
May Virgins, when they come to mourn,
Male-Incense burn
Upon thine Altar! then return,
And leave thee sleeping in thy Urn.

LXXXIV. To God, on his sicknesse. [1214.]

What though my Harp, and Violl be
Both hung upon the Willow-tree?
What though my bed be now my grave,
And for my house I darknesse have?
What though my healthfull dayes are fled,
And I lie numbred with the dead?
Yet I have hope, by Thy great power,
To spring; though now a wither'd flower.

LXXXV. SINS LOATH'D, AND YET LOV'D. [1215.]

SHAME checks our first attempts; but then 'tis prov'd,
Sins first dislik'd, are after that belov'd.

LXXXVI. SIN. [1216.]

SIN leads the way, but as it goes, it feels
The following plague still treading on his heels.

LXXXVII. UPON GOD. [1217.]

GOD when He takes my goods and chattels hence,
Gives me a portion, giving patience:
What is in God is God; if so it be,
He patience gives; He gives himselfe to me.

LXXXVIII. FAITH. [1218.]

WHAT here we hope for, we shall once inherit:
By Faith we all walk here, not by the Spirit.

LXXXIX. HUMILITY. [1219.]

HUMBLE we must be, if to Heaven we go:
High is the roof there; but the gate is low:
When e're thou speak'st, look with a lowly eye:
Grace is increasèd by humility.

XC. TEARES. [1220.]

OUR present Teares here (not our present laughter)
Are but the handsells of our joyes hereafter.

XCI. SIN AND STRIFE. [1221.]

AFTER true sorrow for our sinnes, our strife
Must last with Satan, to the end of life.

XCII. AN ODE, OR PSALME, TO GOD. [1222.]

DEER God,
If thy smart Rod
Here did not make me sorrie,
I sho'd not be
With Thine, or Thee,
In Thy eternall Glorie.

But since
Thou didst convince
My sinnes, by gently striking;
Add still to those
First stripes, new blowes,
According to Thy liking.

Feare me,
Or scourging teare me;
That thus from vices driven,
I may from Hell
Flie up, to dwell
With Thee, and Thine in Heaven.

XCIII. GRACES FOR CHILDREN. [1223.]

WHAT God gives, and what we take,
'Tis a gift for Christ His sake:
Be the meale of Beanes and Pease,
God be thank'd for those, and these:
Have we flesh, or have we fish,
All are Fragments from His dish.
He His Church save, and the King,
And our Peace here, like a Spring,
Make it ever flourishing.

XCIV. GOD TO BE FIRST SERV'D. [1224.]

HONOUR thy Parents; but good manners call
Thee to adore thy God, the first of all.

XCV. ANOTHER GRACE FOR A CHILD. [1225.]

HERE a little child I stand,
Heaving up my either hand;
Cold as Paddocks[1] though they be,
Here I lift them up to Thee,
For a Benizon to fall
On our meat, and on us all. *Amen.*

XCVI. A CHRISTMAS CAROLL, SUNG TO THE KING IN THE PRESENCE AT WHITE-HALL. [1226.]

Chor. WHAT sweeter musick can we bring,
Then a Caroll, for to sing

[1] Paddocks = "frogs."

The Birth of this our heavenly King?
Awake the Voice! awake the String!
Heart, Eare, and Eye, and every thing
Awake! the while the active Finger
Runs division with the Singer.

From the Flourish they came to the Song.

1. Dark and dull night, flie hence away,
And give the honour to this Day,
That sees *December* turn'd to *May*.

2. If we may ask the reason, say;
The why, and wherefore all things here
Seem like the Spring-time of the yeere?

3. Why do's the chilling Winters morne
Smile, like a field beset with corne?
Or smell, like to a Meade new-shorne.
Thus, on the sudden? 4. Come and see

The cause, why things thus fragrant be:
'Tis He is borne, whose quickning Birth
Gives life and luster, publike mirth,
To Heaven, and the under-Earth.

Chor. We see Him come, and know him ours,
Who, with His Sun-shine, and His showers,
Turnes all the patient ground to flowers.

1. The Darling of the world is come,
And fit it is, we finde a roome
To welcome Him. 2. The nobler part
Of all the house here, is the heart,

Chor. Which we will give Him; and bequeath
This Hollie, and this Ivie Wreath,
To do Him honour; who's our King,
And Lord of all this Revelling.

The Musicall Part was composed by
M. Henry Lawes.

XCVII. The New-yeeres Gift, or Circumcisions Song, sung to the King in the Presence at White-Hall. [1227.]

1. Prepare for Songs; He's come, He's come;
And be it sin here to be dumb,
And not with Lutes to fill the roome.

2. Cast Holy Water all about,
And have a care no fire gos out,
But 'cense the porch and place, throughout.

3. The Altars all on fier be;
The Storax fries; and ye may see,
How heart and hand do all agree,
To make things sweet. *Chor.* Yet all less
sweet then He.

4. Bring Him along, most pious Priest,
And tell us then, whenas thou seest
His gently-gliding, Dove-like eyes,
And hear'st His whim'pring, and His cries;
How canst thou this Babe circumcise?

5. Ye must not be more pitifull then wise;
For, now unlesse ye see Him bleed,
Which makes the Bapti'me; 'tis decreed,
The Birth is fruitlesse: *Chor.* Then the *work*
God speed.

1. Touch gently, gently touch; and here
Spring Tulips up through all the yeere;
And from His sacred Bloud, here shed,
May Roses grow, to crown His own deare Head.

Chor. Back, back again; each thing is done
With zeale alike, as 'twas begun;
Now singing, homeward let us carrie
The Babe unto His Mother *Marie;*
And when we have the Child commended
To her warm bosome, then our Rites are ended.

Composed by M. Henry Lawes.

XCVIII. Another New-yeeres Gift, or Song for the Circumcision. [1228.]

1. Hence, hence prophane, and none appeare
With any thing unhallowed, here:
No jot of Leven must be found
Conceal'd in this most holy Ground:

2. What is corrupt, or sowr'd with sin,
Leave that without, then enter in;

Chor. But let no Christmas mirth begin
Before ye purge, and circumcise
Your hearts, and hands, lips, eares, and eyes.

3. Then, like a perfum'd Altar, see
That all things sweet and clean may be:

For, here's a Babe, that (like *a Bride*)
Will *blush to death*, if ought be spi'd
Ill-scenting, or unpurifi'd.

Chor. The room is cens'd: help, help t'invoke
Heaven to come down, the while we choke
The Temple, with a cloud of smoke.

4. Come then, and gently touch the Birth
Of Him, Who's Lord of Heav'n and Earth;

5. And softly handle Him: y'ad need,
Because the *prettie Babe* do's bleed.
Poore-pittied Child! Who from Thy Stall
Bring'st, in Thy Blood, a Balm, that shall
Be the best New-yeares Gift to all.

1. Let's blesse the Babe: And, as we sing
His praise; so let us blesse the King:

Chor. Long may He live, till He hath told
His New-yeeres trebled to His old:
And, when that's done, to re-aspire
A new-borne *Phœnix* from His own chast fire.

XCIX. GOD'S PARDON. [1229.]

WHEN I shall sin, pardon my trespasse here;
For, once in hell, none knowes Remission there.

C. Sin. [1230.]

Sin once reacht up to God's eternall Sphere,
And was committed, not remitted there.

CI. Evill. [1231.]

Evill no Nature hath; the losse of good
Is that which gives to sin a livelihood.

CII. The Star-Song: a Caroll to the King; sung at White-Hall. [1232.]

The flourish of Musick: then followed the Song.

1. Tell us, thou cleere and heavenly Tongue,
Where is the Babe but lately sprung?
Lies He the Lillie-banks among?

2. Or say, if this new Birth of ours
Sleeps, laid within some Ark of Flowers.
Spangled with deaw-light; thou canst cleere
All doubts, and manifest the where.

3. Declare to us, bright Star, if we shall seek
Him in the Morning's blushing cheek,
Or search the beds of Spices through,
To find him out?

Star. No, this ye need not do;
But only come, and see Him rest
A Princely Babe in's Mother's Brest.

Chor. He's seen, He's seen, why then a Round,
Let's kisse the sweet and holy ground;
And all rejoyce, that we have found
A King, before conception crown'd.

4. Come then, come then, and let us bring
Unto our prettie *Twelfth-Tide King*,
Each one his severall offering;

Chor. And when night comes, wee'l give Him wassailing;
And that His treble Honours may be seen,
Wee'l chuse Him King, and make His Mother Queen.

CIII. To God. [1233.]

With golden Censers, and with Incense, here,
Before Thy Virgin-Altar I appeare,
To pay Thee that I owe, since what I see
In, or without; all, all belongs to Thee:
Where shall I now begin to make, for one
Least loane of Thine, half Restitution?
Alas! I cannot pay a jot; therefore
I'le kisse the Tally, and confesse the score.
Ten thousand Talents lent me, Thou dost write:
'Tis true, my God; *but I can't pay one mite.*

CIV. To his deere God. [1234.]

I'le hope no more,
For things that will not come:
And, if they do, they prove but cumbersome;
Wealth brings much woe:

And, since it fortunes so;
'Tis better to be poore,
Than so t'abound,
As to be drown'd,
Or overwhelm'd with store.

Pale care, avant,
I'le learn to be content
With that small stock, Thy Bounty gave or lent.
What may conduce
To my most healthfull use,
Almighty God me grant;
But that, or this,
That hurtfull is,
Denie thy suppliant.

CV. To God, his good will. [1235.]

Gold I have none, but I present my need.
O Thou, that crown'st the will, where wants the deed.
Where Rams are wanting, or large Bullocks' thighs,
There a poor Lamb's a plenteous sacrifice.
Take then his Vowes, who, if he had it, would
Devote to Thee, both incense, myrrhe, and gold,
Upon an Altar rear'd by Him, and crown'd
Both with the *Rubie*, *Pearle*, and *Diamond*.

CVI. On Heaven. [1236.]

Permit mine eyes to see
Part, or the whole of Thee,

O happy place!
Where all have Grace,
And Garlands shar'd,
For their reward;
Where each chast Soule
In long white stole,
And Palmes in hand,
Do ravisht stand;
So in a ring,
The praises sing
Of Three in One,
That fill the Throne;
While Harps, and Violls then
To Voices, say, *Amen.*

CVII. The Summe, and the Satisfaction.

[1237.]

Last night I drew up mine Account,
And found my Debits to amount
To such a height, as for to tell
How I sho'd pay, 's impossible:
Well, this I'le do; my mighty score
Thy mercy-seat I'le lay before;
But therewithall I'le bring the Band,
Which, in full force, did daring[1] stand,
Till my Redeemer (on the Tree)
Made void for millions, as for me.
Then, if Thou bidst me pay, or go
Unto the prison, I'le say, no;
Christ having paid, I nothing owe:
For, this is sure, the Debt is dead
By Law, the Bond once *cancellèd.*

[1] Daring = "scaring"; most used of the plan of catching larks by using bits of looking-glass and nets.

CVIII. Good men afflicted most. [1238.]

God makes not good men wantons, but doth bring
Them to the field, and, there, to skirmishing;
With trialls those, with terrors these He proves,
And hazards those most, whom the most He loves;
For *Sceva*, darts; for *Cocles*, dangers; thus
He finds a fire for mighty *Mutius*;
Death for stout *Cato*; and besides all these,
A poyson too He has for *Socrates*;
Torments for high *Attilius*; and, with want,
Brings in *Fabricius* for a Combatant:
But, bastard-slips, and such as He dislikes,
He never brings them once to th' push of Pikes.

CIX. Good Christians. [1239.]

Play their offensive and defensive parts,
Till they be hid o're with a wood of darts.

CX. The Will the cause of Woe. [1240.]

When man is punisht, he is plaguèd still,
Not for the fault of Nature, but of will.

CXI. To Heaven. [1241.]

Open thy gates
To him, who weeping waits,

And might come in,
But that held back by sin.
Let mercy be
So kind, to set me free,
And I will strait
Come in, or force the gate.

CXII. The Recompence. [1242.]

All I have lost, that co'd be rapt from me;
And fare it well: yet *Herrick*, if so be
Thy Deerest Saviour renders thee but one
Smile, that one smile's full restitution.

CXIII. To God. [1243.]

Pardon me God, (once more I Thee intreat)
That I have plac'd Thee in so meane a seat,
Where round about Thou seest but all things vaine,
Uncircumcis'd, unseason'd, and prophane.
But as Heaven's publike and immortall Eye
Looks on the filth, but is not soil'd thereby;
So Thou, my God, may'st on this impure look,
But take no tincture from my sinfull Book:
Let but one beame of Glory on it shine,
And that will make me, and my Work divine.

CXIV. To God. [1244.]

Lord, I am like to *Misletoe*,
Which has no root, and cannot grow,

Or prosper, but by that same tree
It clings about; so I by Thee.
What need I then to feare at all,
So long as I about Thee craule?
But if that Tree sho'd fall, and die,
Tumble shall heav'n, and down will I.

CXV. His wish to God. [1245.]

I would to God, that mine old age might have
Before my last, but here a living grave,
Some one poore Almes-house; there to lie, or stir,
Ghost-like, as in my meaner sepulcher;
A little piggin, and a pipkin by,
To hold things fitting my necessity;
Which, rightly us'd, both in their time and place,
Might me excite to fore and after-grace.
Thy Crosse, my *Christ*, fixt 'fore mine eyes sho'd be,
Not to adore that, but to worship Thee.
So, here the remnant of my dayes I'd spend,
Reading Thy Bible, and my Book; *so end.*

CXVI. Satan. [1246.]

When we 'gainst Satan stoutly fight, the more
He teares and tugs us, then he did before;
Neglecting once to cast a frown on those
Whom ease makes his, without the help of blowes.

CXVII. HELL. [1247.]

HELL is no other, but a soundlesse[1] pit,
Where no one beame of comfort peeps in it.

CXVIII. THE WAY. [1248.]

WHEN I a ship see on the Seas,
Cuft with those watrie savages,
And therewithall, behold, it hath
In all that way no beaten path;
Then, with a wonder, I confesse,
Thou art our way i'th' wildernesse:
And while we blunder in the dark,
Thou art our candle there, or spark.

CXIX. GREAT GRIEF, GREAT GLORY. [1249.]

THE lesse our sorrowes here and suffrings cease,
The more our Crownes of Glory there increase.

CXX. HELL. [1250]

HELL is the place where whipping-cheer abounds,
But no one Jailor there to wash the wounds.

CXXI. THE BELL-MAN. [1251.]

ALONG the dark, and silent night,
With my Lantern, and my Light,

[1] Soundless = "beyond sounding."

And the tinkling of my Bell,
Thus I walk, and this I tell:
Death and dreadfulnesse call on,
To the gen'rall Session;
To whose dismall Barre, we there
All accompts must come to cleere:
Scores of sins w'ave made here many,
Wip't out few, (God knowes) if any.
Rise, ye Debters, then, and fall
To make paiment, while I call.
Ponder this, when I am gone;
By the clock 'tis almost *One*.

CXXII. The goodnesse of his God. [1252.]

When Winds and Seas do rage,
And threaten to undo me,
Thou dost their wrath asswage,
If I but call unto Thee.

A mighty storm last night
Did seek my soule to swallow,
But by the peep of light
A gentle calme did follow.

What need I then despaire,
Though ills stand round about me;
Since mischiefs neither dare
To bark, or bite, without Thee?

CXXIII. The Widdowes teares: or, Dirge of Dorcas. [1253.]

1. Come pitie us, all ye, who see
Our Harps hung on the Willow-tree:

Come pitie us, ye Passers by,
Who see, or heare poor Widdowes crie:
Come pitie us; and bring your eares,
And eyes, to pitie Widdowes teares.
Chor. And when you are come hither;
Then we will keep
A Fast, and weep
Our eyes out all together.

2. For *Tabitha*, who dead lies here,
Clean washt, and laid out for the Beere;
O modest Matrons, weep and waile!
For now the Corne and Wine must faile:
The Basket and the Bynn of Bread,
Wherewith so many soules were fed
Chor. Stand empty here for ever:
And ah! the Poore,
At thy worne Doore,
Shall be releevèd never.

3. Woe worth the Time, woe worth the day,
That reav'd us of thee *Tabitha!*
For we have lost, with thee, the Meale,
The Bits, the Morsells, and the deale
Of gentle Paste, and yeelding Dow,
That thou on Widdowes didst bestow.
Chor. All's gone, and Death hath taken
Away from us
Our Maundie; thus,
Thy Widdowes stand forsaken.

4. Ah *Dorcas, Dorcas!* now adieu
We bid the Creuse and Pannier too;
I and the flesh, for and[1] the fish,
Dol'd to us in That Lordly dish.

[1] "For and," cf. "but and," and other similar phrases.

We take our leaves now of the Loome,
From whence the house-wives' cloth did come:
Chor. The web affords now nothing;
Thou being dead,
The woosted thred
Is cut, that made us clothing.

5. Farewell the Flax and Reaming[1] wooll,
With which thy house was plentifull.
Farewell the Coats, the Garments, and
The Sheets, the Rugs, made by thy hand.
Farewell thy Fier and thy Light,
That ne're went out by Day or Night:
Chor. No, or thy zeale so speedy,
That found a way
By peep of day,
To feed and cloth the Needy.

6. But, ah, alas! the Almond Bough,
And Olive Branch is wither'd now.
The Wine Presse now is ta'ne from us,
The Saffron and the Calamus.[2]
The Spice and Spiknard hence is gone,
The Storax and the Cynamon.
Chor. The Caroll of our gladnesse
Ha's taken wing,
And our late spring
Of mirth is turn'd to sadnesse.

7. How wise wast thou in all thy waies!
How worthy of respect and praise!
How Matron-like didst thou go drest!
How soberly above the rest

[1] Reaming has two senses, (1) "foaming," "mantling," (2) "shredded," "ravelled," both of which are applicable.

[2] Calamus, sweet-scented reed.

Of those that prank it with their Plumes;
And jet[1] it with their choice purfumes.
Chor. Thy vestures were not flowing:
Nor did the street
Accuse thy feet
Of mincing in their going.

8. And though thou here li'st dead, we see
A deale of beauty yet in thee.
How sweetly shewes thy smiling face,
Thy lips with all diffusèd grace!
Thy hands (though cold) yet spotlesse, white,
And comely as the Chrysolite.
Chor. Thy belly like a hill is,
Or as a neat
Cleane heap of wheat
All set about with Lillies.

9. Sleep with thy beauties here, while we
Will shew these garments made by thee;
These were the Coats, in these are read
The monuments of *Dorcas* dead.
These were thy Acts, and thou shalt have
These hung, as honours o're thy Grave:
Chor. And after us (distressèd)
Sho'd fame be dumb;
Thy very Tomb
Would cry out *Thou art blessèd.*

CXXIV. To God, in time of plundering. [1254.]

Rapine has yet tooke nought from me;
But if it please my God, I be

[1] Jet, "strut," "throw the body forward."

Brought at the last to th' utmost bit,
God make me thankfull still for it.
I have been gratefull for my store:
Let me say grace when there's no more.

CXXV. To his Saviour. The New-yeers gift. [1255.]

That little prettie bleeding part
Of Foreskin send to me:
And Ile returne a bleeding Heart,
For New-yeers gift to Thee.

Rich is the Jemme that thou did'st send,
Mine's faulty too, and small:
But yet this Gift Thou wilt commend,
Because I send Thee *all*.

CXXVI. Doomes-Day. [1256.]

Let not that Day God's Friends and Servants scare:
The Bench is then their place; and not the Barre.

CXXVII. The Poores Portion. [1257.]

The sup'rabundance of my store,
That is the portion of the poore:
Wheat, Barley, Rie, or Oats; what is't
But he takes tole of? all the Griest.
Two raiments have I: *Christ* then makes
This Law; that He and I part stakes.
Or have I two loaves; then I use
The poore to cut, and I to chuse.

CXXVIII. The White Island: or place of the Blest. [1258.]

In this world (the *Isle of Dreames*)
While we sit by sorrowes streames,
Teares and terrors are our theames
Reciting:

But when once from hence we flie,
More and more approaching nigh
Unto young Eternitie
Uniting:

In that *whiter Island*, where
Things are evermore sincere;
Candor here, and lustre there
Delighting:

There no monstrous fancies shall
Out of hell an horrour call,
To create (or cause at all)
Affrighting.

There in calm and cooling sleep
We our eyes shall never steep;
But eternall watch shall keep,
Attending

Pleasures, such as shall pursue
Me immortaliz'd, and you;
And fresh joyes, as never too
Have ending.

CXXIX. To Christ. [1259.]

I crawle, I creep; my *Christ*, I come
To Thee, for curing *Balsamum*:

Thou hast, nay more, Thou art the Tree,
Affording salve of Soveraigntie.
My mouth I'le lay unto Thy wound
Bleeding, that no Blood touch the ground:
For, rather then one drop shall fall
To wast, my JESU, I'le take all.

CXXX. To God. [1260.]

God! to my little meale and oyle,
Add but a bit of flesh, to boyle:
And Thou my Pipkinnet shalt see,
Give a *wave-offring*[1] unto Thee.

CXXXI. Free Welcome. [1261.]

God He refuseth no man; but makes way
For All that now come, or hereafter may.

CXXXII. Gods Grace. [1262.]

Gods Grace deserves here to be daily fed,
That, thus increast, it might be perfected.

CXXXIII. Coming to Christ. [1263.]

To him, who longs unto his CHRIST to go,
Celerity even it self is slow.

[1] Wave-offering.—Perhaps, as Mr. Pollard thinks, from the bubbling and commotion of the water. But the wave-offering was made with a joint of meat.

CXXXIV. CORRECTION. [1264.]

GOD had but one Son free from sin; but none
Of all His sonnes free from correction.

CXXXV. GODS BOUNTY. [1265.]

GOD, as He's potent, so He's likewise known,
To give us more then Hope can fix upon.

CXXXVI. KNOWLEDGE. [1266.]

SCIENCE in God, is known to be
A Substance, not a Qualitie.

CXXXVII. SALUTATION. [1267.]

CHRIST, I have read, did to His Chaplains say
Sending them forth, *Salute no man by th' way*;
Not, that He taught His Ministers to be
Unsmooth, or sowre, to all civilitie;
But to instruct them, to avoid all snares
Of tardidation[1] in the Lords Affaires.
Manners are good: but till his errand ends,
Salute we must, nor Strangers, Kin, or Friends.

CXXXVIII. LASCIVIOUSNESSE. [1268.]

LASCIVIOUSNESSE is known to be
The sister to saturitie.[2]

[1] Tardidation = "sloth," "slackening."
[2] Saturity = satiety.

CXXXIX. TEARES. [1269.]

GOD from our eyes all teares hereafter wipes,
And gives His Children kisses then, not stripes.

CXL. GODS BLESSING. [1270.]

IN vain our labours are, whatsoe're they be,
Unlesse God gives the *Benedicite*.

CXLI. GOD, AND LORD. [1271.]

GOD, is His Name of Nature; but that word
Implies His Power, *when He's cal'd the LORD*.

CXLII. THE JUDGMENT-DAY. [1272.]

GOD hides from man the reck'ning Day, that He
May feare it ever for uncertaintie:
That being ignorant of that one, he may
Expect the coming of it ev'ry day.

CXLIII. ANGELLS. [1273.]

ANGELLS are callèd Gods; yet of them, none
Are Gods, but by *participation*:
As just Men are intitled Gods, yet none
Are Gods, of them, but by Adoption.

CXLIV. LONG LIFE. [1274.]

THE longer thread of life we spin,
The more occasion still to sin.

CXLV. TEARES. [1275.]

THE teares of Saints more sweet by farre,
Then all the songs of sinners are.

CXLVI. MANNA. [1276.]

THAT Manna, which God on His people cast,
Fitted it self to ev'ry Feeders tast.

CXLVII. REVERENCE. [1277.]

TRUE rev'rence is (as *Cassiodore*[1] doth prove)
The feare of God, commixt with cleanly love.

CXLVIII. MERCY. [1278.]

MERCY, the wise Athenians held to be
Not an affection, but a *Deitie*.

CXLIX. WAGES. [1279.]

AFTER this life, the wages shall
Not shar'd alike be unto all.

[1] Cassiodorus, politician and divine of the sixth century.

CL. TEMPTATION. [1280.]

GOD tempteth no one (as S. *Aug'stine* saith)
For any ill; but, for the proof of Faith:
Unto temptation God exposeth some;
But none, of purpose, to be overcome.

CLI. GODS HANDS. [1281.]

GODS hands are round, & smooth, that gifts may fall
Freely from them, and hold none back at all.

CLII. LABOUR. [1282.]

LABOUR we must, and labour hard
I'th' *Forum* here, or *Vineyard.*

CLIII. MORA SPONSI, THE STAY OF THE BRIDEGROOME. [1283.]

THE time the Bridegroom stayes from hence,
Is but the time of penitence.

CLIV. ROARING. [1284.]

ROARING is nothing but a weeping part
Forc'd from the mighty dolour of the heart.

CLV. THE EUCHARIST. [1285.]

He that is hurt seeks help: sin is the wound;
The salve for this i'th' Eucharist is found.

CLVI. SIN SEVERELY PUNISHT. [1286.]

GOD in His own Day will be then severe
To punish great sins, who small faults whipt here.

CLVII. MONTES SCRIPTURARUM, THE MOUNTS OF THE SCRIPTURES. [1287.]

THE Mountains of the Scriptures are (some say)
Moses, and *Iesus*, callèd *Joshua*:
The *Prophets*, Mountains of the Old are meant;
The *Apostles*, Mounts of the *New Testament*.

CLVIII. PRAYER. [1288.]

A PRAYER, that is said alone,
Starves, having no companion.
Great things ask for, when thou dost pray,
And those great are, which ne're decay.
Pray not for silver, rust eats this;
Ask not for gold, which metall is:
Nor yet for houses, which are here
But earth: *such vowes nere reach God's eare.*

CLIX. CHRISTS SADNESSE. [1289.]

CHRIST was not sad, i'th' garden, for His own
Passion, but for His sheep's dispersion.

CLX. GOD HEARES US. [1290.]

GOD, who's in Heav'n, will hear from thence;
If not to'th' sound, yet, to the sense.

CLXI. GOD. [1291.]

GOD (as the learnèd *Damascen*[1] doth write)
A *Sea of Substance* is, *Indefinite*.

CLXII. CLOUDS. [1292.]

HE that ascended in a cloud, shall come
In clouds, descending to the publike *Doome*.

CLXIII. COMFORTS IN CONTENTIONS. [1293.]

THE same, who crownes the Conquerour, will be
A Coadjutor in the Agonie.

CLXIV. HEAVEN. [1294.]

HEAV'N is most faire; but fairer He
That made that fairest Canopie.

[1] John of Damascus.

CLXV. GOD. [1295.]

IN God there's nothing, but 'tis known to be
Ev'n God Himself, in perfect *Entitie*.

CLXVI. HIS POWER. [1296.]

GOD can do all things, save but what are known
For to imply a contradiction.

CLXVII. CHRIST'S WORDS ON THE CROSSE, MY GOD, MY GOD. [1297.]

CHRIST, when He hung the dreadfull Crosse upon,
Had (as it were) a *Dereliction;*
In this regard, in those great terrors He
Had no one *Beame* from God's sweet Majestie.

CLXVIII. JEHOVAH. [1298.]

JEHOVAH, as *Boëtius* saith,
No number of the *Plurall* hath.

CLXIX. CONFUSION OF FACE. [1299.]

GOD then confounds man's face, when he not hears
The Vowes of those, who are Petitioners.

CLXX. ANOTHER. [1300.]

THE shame of man's face is no more
Then prayers repel'd, (sayes *Cassiodore.*)

CLXXI. BEGGARS. [1301.]

JACOB God's Beggar was; and so we wait
(Though ne're so rich) all beggars at His Gate.

CLXXII. GOOD, AND BAD. [1302.]

THE Bad among the Good are here mixt ever:
The Good without the Bad are here plac'd never.

CLXXIII. SIN. [1303.]

Sin no existence; Nature none it hath,
Or Good at all, (as learn'd *Aquinas* saith.)

CLXXIV. MARTHA, MARTHA. [1304.]

THE repetition of the name made known
No other, then *Christ's* full Affection.

CLXXV. YOUTH, AND AGE. [1305.]

GOD on our Youth bestowes but little ease;
But on our Age most sweet *Indulgences.*

CLXXVI. GODS POWER. [1306.]

GOD is so potent, as His Power can
Draw out of *bad* a soveraigne *good* to man.

CLXXVII. PARADISE. [1307.]

PARADISE is (as from the Learn'd I gather)
A quire of blest Soules circling in the Father.

CLXXVIII. OBSERVATION. [1308.]

THE Jewes, when they built Houses (I have read)
One part thereof left still unfinished:
To make them, thereby, mindfull of their own
Citie's most sad and dire destruction.[1]

CLXXIX. THE ASSE. [1309.]

GOD did forbid the Israelites, to bring
An Asse unto Him, for an *offering*:
Onely, by this dull creature, to expresse
His detestation to all slothfulnesse

CLXXX. OBSERVATION. [1310.]

THE Virgin-Mother stood at distance (there)
From her Sonnes Crosse, not shedding once a teare:

[1] Dr. Grosart appositely quotes Trapp's commentary on Nehemiah, to the same effect as this, and published a few years later.

Because the Law forbad to sit and crie
For those, who did as malefactors die.
So she, to keep her mighty woes in awe,
Tortur'd her love, not to transgresse the Law.
Observe we may, how *Mary Joses* then,
And th' other *Mary* (*Mary Magdalen*)
Sate by the Grave; and sadly sitting there,
Shed for their Master many a bitter teare:
But 'twas not till their *dearest Lord* was dead;
And then to weep they both were licensèd.

CLXXXI. Tapers. [1311.]

Those Tapers, which we set upon the grave,
In fun'rall pomp, but this importance have;
That soules departed are not put out quite;
But, as they walk't here in their *vestures* white,
So live in Heaven, in everlasting light.

CLXXXII. Christs Birth. [1312.]

One Birth our Saviour had; the like none yet
Was, or will be a *second* like to it.

CLXXXIII. The Virgin Mary. [1313.]

To work a *wonder*, God would have her shown,
At once, a Bud, and yet a *Rose full-blowne*.

CLXXXIV. ANOTHER. [1314.]

As sun-beames pierce the glasse, and streaming in,
No crack or Schisme leave i'th' subtill skin:
So the Divine Hand work't, and brake no thred,
But, in a *Mother*, kept a *maiden-head*.

CLXXXV. GOD. [1315.]

GOD, in the *holy Tongue*, they call
The Place that filleth *All in all*.

CLXXXVI. ANOTHER OF GOD. [1316.]

GOD's said to leave this place, and for to come
Nearer to that place, then to other some:
Of locall motion, in no least respect,
But only by impression of effect.

CLXXXVII. ANOTHER. [1317.]

GOD is *Jehovah* cal'd; which name of His
Implies or *Essence*, or the *He* that Is.

CLXXXVIII. GODS PRESENCE. [1318.]

GOD's evident, and may be said to be
Present with just men, to the veritie:
But with the wicked if He doth comply,
'Tis (as S. *Bernard* saith) but seemingly.

CLXXXIX. GODS DWELLING. [1319.]

GOD's said to dwell there, wheresoever He
Puts down some prints of His high Majestie:
As when to man He comes, and there doth place
His *holy Spirit*, or doth plant His *Grace*.

CXC. THE VIRGIN MARY. [1320.]

THE *Virgin Marie* was (as I have read)
The House of God, by *Christ* inhabited;
Into the which He enter'd: but, the Doore
Once shut, was never to be open'd more.

CXCI. TO GOD. [1321.]

GOD's undivided, *One* in *Persons Three*;
And *Three* in *Inconfused Unity*:
Originall of Essence there is none,
'Twixt God the *Father*, *Holy Ghost*, and *Sonne*:
And though the *Father* be the first of *Three*,
'Tis but by *Order*, not by *Entitie*.

CXCII. UPON WOMAN AND MARY. [1322.]

So long (it seem'd) as *Maries* Faith was small,
Christ did her *Woman*, not her *Mary* call:
But no more *Woman*, being strong in Faith;
But *Mary* cal'd then (as S. *Ambrose* saith.)

CXCIII. NORTH AND SOUTH. [1323.]

THE *Jewes* their beds, and offices of ease,
Plac'd *North* and *South*, for these cleane purposes;
That man's uncomely froth might not molest
Gods wayes and walks, which lie still East and West.

CXCIV. SABBATHS. [1324.]

SABBATHS are threefold, (as S. *Austine* sayes:)
The first of Time, or Sabbath here of Dayes;
The second is a Conscience trespasse-free;
The last the *Sabbath of Eternitie.*

CXCV. THE FAST, OR LENT. [1325.]

NOAH the first was (as Tradition sayes)
That did ordaine the Fast of forty Dayes.

CXCVI. SIN. [1326.]

THERE is no evill that we do commit,
But hath th' extraction of some good from it:
As when we sin; God, the great *Chymist* thence
Drawes out th' *Elixar* of true penitence.

CXCVII. GOD. [1327.]

GOD is more here, then in another place,
Not by his *Essence*, but commerce of *Grace.*

CXCVIII. THIS, AND THE NEXT WORLD. [1328.]

GOD hath this world for many made; 'tis true:
But He hath made the world to come for few.

CXCIX. EASE. [1329.]

GOD gives to none so absolute an Ease,
As not to know, or feel some *Grievances*.

CC. BEGINNINGS AND ENDINGS. [1330.]

PAUL, he began ill, but he ended well;
Judas began well, but he foulely fell:
In godlinesse, not the beginnings, so
Much as the ends are to be lookt unto.

CCI. TEMPORALL GOODS. [1331.]

THESE temp'rall goods God (the most Wise) commends
To th' good and bad, in common, for two ends:
First, that these goods none here may o're esteem,
Because the wicked do partake of them:
Next, that these ills none cowardly may shun;
Being, oft here, the just mans portion.

CCII. HELL FIRE. [1332.]

THE fire of Hell this strange condition hath,
To burn, not shine (as learnèd *Basil* saith.)

CCIII. ABELS BLOUD. [1333.]

SPEAK, did the Bloud of *Abel* cry
To God for vengeance; yes, say I;
Ev'n as the sprinkled bloud cal'd on
God, for an expiation.

CCIV. ANOTHER. [1334.]

THE bloud of *Abel* was a thing
Of such a rev'rend reckoning,
As that the old World thought it fit,
Especially to sweare by it.

CCV. A POSITION IN THE HEBREW DIVINITY. [1335.]

ONE man repentant is of more esteem
With God, then one, that never sin'd 'gainst
Him.

CCVI. PENITENCE. [1336.]

THE Doctors, in the Talmud, say,
That in this world, one onely day
In true repentance spent, will be
More worth, then Heav'ns Eternitie.

CCVII. GOD'S PRESENCE. [1337.]

GOD'S present ev'ry where; but most of all
Present by Union *Hypostaticall:*

God, He is there, where's nothing else (Schooles say)
And nothing else is there, *where He's away.*

CCVIII. The Resurrection possible, and probable. [1338.]

For each one Body, that i'th' earth is sowne,
There's an up-rising but of one for one:
But for each Graine, that in the ground is thrown,
Threescore or fourescore spring up thence for one:
So that the wonder is not halfe so great,
Of ours, as is the rising of the wheat.

CCIX. Christs Suffering. [1339.]

Justly our *dearest Saviour* may abhorre us,
Who hath more suffer'd by us farre, then for us.

CCX. Sinners. [1340.]

Sinners confounded are a twofold way,
Either as when (the learnèd Schoolemen say)
Mens sins destroyed are, when they repent;
Or when, for sins, men suffer punishment.

CCXI. Temptations. [1341.]

No man is tempted so, but may o'recome,
If that he has a will to Masterdome.

CCXII. PITTIE, AND PUNISHMENT. [1342.]

GOD doth embrace the good with love; and gaines
The good by mercy, as the bad by paines.

CCXIII. GODS PRICE, AND MANS PRICE. [1343.]

GOD bought man here with his heart's blood expence;
And man sold God here for base *thirty pence.*

CCXIV. CHRISTS ACTION. [1344.]

CHRIST never did so great a work, but there
His human Nature did, in part, appeare:
Or, ne're so meane a peece, but men might see
Therein some beames of His Divinitie:
So that, in all He did, there did combine
His Human Nature, and His Part Divine.

CCXV. PREDESTINATION. [1345.]

PREDESTINATION is the Cause alone
Of many standing, but of fall to none.

CCXVI. ANOTHER. [1346.]

ART thou not destin'd? then, with hast, go on
To make thy faire *Predestination:*
If thou canst change thy life, God then will please
To change, or call back, His past *Sentences.*

CCXVII. SIN. [1347.]

SIN never slew a soule, unlesse there went
Along with it some tempting blandishment.

CCXVIII. ANOTHER. [1348.]

SIN is an act so free, that if we shall
Say, 'tis not free, 'tis then no sin at all.

CCXIX. ANOTHER. [1349.]

SIN is the cause of death; and sin's alone
The cause of God's *Predestination:*
And from God's *Prescience* of man's sin doth flow
Our *Destination* to eternall woe.

CCXX. PRESCIENCE. [1350.]

GOD's *Prescience makes none sinfull;* but th' offence
Of man's the chief cause of God's *Prescience.*

CCXXI. CHRIST. [1351.]

To all our wounds, here, whatsoe're they be,
Christ is the one sufficient *Remedie.*

CCXXII. CHRISTS INCARNATION. [1352.]

CHRIST took our Nature on Him, not that He
'Bove all things lov'd it, for the puritie:
No, but He drest Him with our humane Trim,
Because our flesh stood most in need of Him.

CCXXIII. HEAVEN. [1353.]

HEAVEN is not given for our good works here:
Yet it is given to the *Labourer*.

CCXXIV. GODS KEYES. [1354.]

GOD has *foure keyes*, which He reserves alone;
The first of *Raine*, the key of *Hell* next known:
With the third key He opes and shuts the wombe;
And with the *fourth key* He unlocks the tombe.

CCXXV. SIN. [1355.]

THERE'S no constraint to do amisse,
Whereas but one enforcement is.

CCXXVI. ALMES. [1356.]

GIVE unto all, lest he, whom thou deni'st,
May chance to be no other man, but *Christ*.

CCXXVII. Hell fire. [1357.]

One onely fire has Hell; but yet it shall
Not after one sort, there excruciate all:
But look, how each transgressor onward went
Boldly in sin, shall [1] feel more punishment.

CCXXVIII. To keep a true Lent. [1358.]

1. Is this a Fast, to keep
The Larder leane?
And cleane
From fat of Veales, and Sheep?

2. Is it to quit the dish
Of Flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with Fish?

3. Is it to faste an houre,
Or rag'd to go,
Or show
A down-cast look, and sowre?

4. No: 'tis a Fast, to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat,
And meat,
Unto the hungry Soule.

5. It is to fast from strife,
From old debate,
And hate;
To circumcise thy life.

6. To shew a heart grief-rent;
To sterve thy sin,
Not Bin;
And that's to keep thy Lent.

[1] An ellipsis, unusual in H., for "and so he shall."

CCXXIX. No time in Eternitie. [1359.]

By houres we all live here, in Heaven is known
No spring of Time, or Times succession.

CCXXX. His Meditation upon Death. [1360.]

Be those few hours, which I have yet to spend,
Blest with the Meditation of my end:
Though they be few in number, I'm content;
If otherwise, I stand indifferent:
Nor makes it matter, *Nestors* yeers to tell,
If man lives long, and if he live not well.
A multitude of dayes still heapèd on,
Seldome brings order, but confusion.
Might I make choice, long life sho'd be withstood;
Nor wo'd I care how short it were, if good:
Which to effect, let ev'ry passing Bell
Possesse my thoughts, next comes my doleful knell:
And when the night perswades me to my bed,
I'le thinke I'm going to be buried:
So shall the Blankets which come over me,
Present those Turfs, which once must cover me:
And with as firme behaviour I will meet
The sheet I sleep in, as my Winding-sheet.
When sleep shall bath his body in mine eyes,
I will believe, that then my body dies:
And if I chance to wake, and rise thereon,
I'le have in mind my Resurrection,
Which must produce me to that *Gen'rall Doome*,
To which the Pesant, so the Prince must come,

To heare the Judge give sentence on the Throne,
Without the least hope of affection.
Teares, at that day, shall make but weake
defence;
When Hell and Horrour fright the Conscience.
Let me, though late, yet at the last, begin
To shun the least Temptation to a sin;
Though to be tempted be no sin, untill
Man to th' alluring object gives his will.
Such let my life assure me, when my breath
Goes theeving from me, I am safe in death;
Which is the height of comfort, when I fall,
I rise triumphant in my Funerall.

CCXXXI. Cloaths for Continuance. [1361.]

Those Garments lasting evermore,
Are works of mercy to the poore,
Which neither Tettar,[1] Time, or Moth
Shall fray that silke, or fret this cloth.

CCXXXII. To God. [1362.]

Come to me God; but do not come
To me, as to the gen'rall Doome,
In power; or come Thou in that state,
When Thou Thy Lawes didst promulgate,
Whenas the Mountains quak'd for dread,
And sullen clouds bound up his head.
No, lay thy stately terrours by,
To talke with me familiarly;

[1] Tetter, properly a skin disease, but the transferred sense is obvious.

For if Thy thunder-claps I heare,
I shall lesse swoone, then die for feare.
Speake Thou of love and I'le reply
By way of *Epithalamie*,
Or sing of *mercy*, and I'le suit
To it my Violl and my Lute:
Thus let Thy lips but love distill,
Then come my God, and hap what will.

CCXXXIII. The Soule. [1363.]

When once the Soule has lost her way,
O then, how restlesse do's she stray!
And having not her God for light,
How do's she erre in endlesse night!

CCXXXIV. The Judgement-day. [1364.]

In doing justice, God shall then be known,
Who shewing mercy here, few priz'd, or none.

CCXXXV. Sufferings. [1365.]

We merit all we suffer, and by far
More stripes, then God layes on the sufferer.

CCXXXVI. Paine and pleasure. [1366.]

God suffers not His Saints, and Servants deere,
To have continuall paine, or pleasure here:
But look how night succeeds the day, so He
Gives them by turnes their grief and jollitie.

CCXXXVII. GODS PRESENCE. [1367.]

GOD is *all-present* to whate're we do,
And as *all-present*, so *all-filling* too.

CCXXXVIII. ANOTHER. [1368.]

THAT there's a God, we all do know,
But what God is, we cannot show.

CCXXXIX. THE POORE MANS PART. [1369.]

TELL me rich man, for what intent
Thou load'st with gold thy vestiment?
Whenas the poore crie out, to us
Belongs all gold superfluous.

CCXL. THE RIGHT HAND. [1370.]

GOD has a Right Hand, but is quite bereft
Of that, which we do nominate the Left.

CCXLI. THE STAFFE AND ROD. [1371.]

Two instruments belong unto our God;
The one a *Staffe* is, and the next a *Rod:*
That if the twig sho'd chance too much to smart,
The staffe might come to play the friendly part.

CCXLII. God sparing in scourging. [1372.]

God still rewards us more then our desert:
But when he strikes, He quarter-acts His part.

CCXLIII. Confession. [1373.]

Confession twofold is (as *Austine* sayes)
The first of *sin* is, and the next of *praise:*
If ill it goes with thee, thy faults confesse:
If well, then chant Gods praise with cheerfulnesse.

CCXLIV. Gods descent. [1374.]

God is then said for to descend, when He
Doth, here on earth, some thing of novitie;
As when, in humane nature He works more
Then ever, yet, the like was done before.

CCXLV. No coming to God without Christ. [1375.]

Good and great God! how sho'd I feare
To come to Thee, if *Christ* not there!
Co'd I but think, He would not be
Present, to plead my cause for me;
To Hell I'd rather run, then I
Wo'd see Thy Face, and He not by.

CCXLVI. ANOTHER, TO GOD. [1376.]

THOUGH Thou beest all that *Active Love*,
Which heats those ravisht Soules above;
And though all joyes spring from the glance
Of Thy most winning countenance;
Yet sowre and grim Thou'dst seem to me;
If through my *Christ* I saw not Thee.

CCXLVII. THE RESURRECTION. [1377.]

THAT *Christ* did die, the *Pagan* saith:
But that He rose, that's *Christians'* Faith.

CCXLVIII. COHEIRES. [1378.]

WE are Coheires with *Christ*; nor shall His own
Heire-ship be lesse, by our adoption:
The number here of Heires, shall from the state
Of His great *Birth-right* nothing derogate.

CCXLIX. THE NUMBER OF TWO. [1379.]

GOD hates the *Duall Number*; being known
The lucklesse number of division:
And when He blest each sev'rall Day, whereon
He did His *curious operation*;
'Tis never read there (as the Fathers say)
God blest His work done on the *second day*:
Wherefore two prayers ought not to be said,
Or by our selves, or from the Pulpit read.

CCL. Hardning of hearts. [1380.]

God's said our hearts to harden then,
Whenas His grace not supples men.

CCLI. The Rose. [1381.]

Before Man's fall, the Rose was born,
(S. *Ambrose* says) without the Thorn:
But, for Man's fault, then was the Thorn,
Without the fragrant Rose-bud, born;
But ne're the Rose without the Thorn.

CCLII. Gods time must end our trouble. [1382.]

God doth not promise here to man, that He
Will free him quickly from his miserie;
But in His own time, and when He thinks fit,
Then He will give a happy end to it.

CCLIII. Baptisme. [1383.]

The strength of *Baptisme*, that's within;
It saves the soule, by drowning sin.

CCLIV. Gold and Frankincense. [1384.]

Gold serves for Tribute to the King;
The *Frankincense* for Gods Offring.

CCLV. To God. [1385.]

God, who me gives a will for to repent;
Will add a power, to keep me innocent;
That I shall ne're that trespasse recommit,
When I have done true Penance here for it.

CCLVI. The chewing the Cud. [1386.]

When well we speak, & nothing do that's good,
We not divide the *Hoof*, but chew the *Cud*:
But when good words, by good works, have their proof,
We then both chew the *Cud*, and cleave the *Hoof*.

CCLVII. Christs twofold coming. [1387.]

Thy former coming was to cure
My soule's most desp'rate *Calenture*;
Thy second *Advent*, that must be
To heale my Earth's infirmitie.

CCLVIII. To God, his gift. [1388.]

As my little Pot doth boyle,
We will keep this *Levell-Coyle*;
That a *Wave*, and I will bring
To my God, a *Heave-offering*.

CCLIX. GODS ANGER. [1389.]

GOD can't be wrathfull; but we may conclude,
Wrathfull He may be, by similitude:
God's wrathfull said to be, when He doth do
That without *wrath*, which wrath doth *force us* to.

CCLX. GODS COMMANDS. [1390.]

IN God's commands, ne're ask the reason why;
Let thy *obedience* be the best Reply.

CCLXI. TO GOD. [1391.]

IF I have plaid the *Truant*, or have here
Fail'd in my part; Oh! Thou that art my *deare*,
My *mild*, my *loving Tutor, Lord and God!*
Correct my errors gently with Thy Rod.
I know, that faults will many here be found,
But where sin swells, there let Thy grace abound.

CCLXII. TO GOD. [1392.]

THE work is done; now let my *Lawrell* be
Given by none, but by Thy selfe, to me:
That done, with Honour Thou dost me create
Thy *Poet*, and Thy *Prophet Lawreat*.

CCLXIII. Good Friday: Rex Tragicus, or Christ going to His Crosse. [1393.]

Put off Thy Robe of *Purple*, then go on
To the sad place of execution:
Thine houre is come; and the Tormentor stands
Ready, to pierce Thy tender Feet, and Hands.
Long before this, the base, the dull, the rude,
Th' inconstant, and unpurgèd Multitude
Yawne for Thy coming; some e're this time
crie,
How He deferres, how loath He is to die!
Amongst this scumme, the Souldier with his
speare,
And that sowre Fellow, with his *vineger*,
His *spunge*, and *stick*, do ask why Thou dost
stay?
So do the *Skurfe* and *Bran*[1] too: Go Thy way,
Thy way, Thou guiltlesse man, and satisfie
By Thine approach, each their beholding eye.
Not as a Thief, shalt Thou ascend the mount,
But like a Person of some high account:
The *Crosse* shall be Thy *Stage*; and Thou shalt
there
The spacious field have for Thy *Theater*.
Thou art that *Roscius*, and that markt-out man,
That must this day act the Tragedian,
To wonder and affrightment: Thou art He,
Whom all the flux of Nations comes to see;
Not those poor Theeves that act their parts
with Thee:
Those act without regard, when once a *King*,
And *God*, as Thou art, comes to suffering.

[1] Scurf and Bran, of the people; as we more commonly say, "scum."

No, No, this *Scene* from Thee takes life and
sense,
And soule and spirit, plot and excellence.
Why then begin, great King! ascend Thy
Throne,
And thence proceed to act Thy Passion
To such an height, to such a period rais'd,
As Hell, and Earth, and Heav'n may stand
amaz'd.
God, and good Angells guide Thee; and so
blesse
Thee in Thy severall parts of bitternesse:
That those, who see Thee nail'd unto the Tree,
May (though they scorn Thee) praise and pitie
Thee.
And we (Thy Lovers) while we see Thee keep
The Lawes of Action, will both sigh, and weep;
And bring our Spices, to embalm Thee dead;
That done, wee'l see Thee sweetly buried.

CCLXIV. His words to Christ, going to the Crosse. [1394.]

When Thou wast taken, Lord, I oft have read,
All Thy Disciples Thee forsook, and fled.
Let their example not a pattern be
For me to flie, but now to follow Thee.

CCLXV. Another, to his Saviour. [1395.]

If Thou beest taken, *God* forbid,
I flie from Thee, as others did:
But if Thou wilt so honour me,

As to accept my companie,
I'le follow Thee, hap hap what shall,
Both to the *Judge*, and *Judgment-Hall*:
And, if I see Thee posted there,
To be all-flayd with whipping-cheere,
I'le take my share; or els, my God,
Thy stripes I'le kisse, or burn the *Rod*.

CCLXVI. His Saviours words, going to the Crosse. [1396.]

Have, have ye no regard, all ye
Who passe this way, to pitie me,
Who am a man of miserie!

A man both bruis'd, and broke, and one
Who suffers not here for mine own,
But for my friends *transgression!*

Ah! *Sion's Daughters*, do not feare
The *Crosse*, the *Cords*, the *Nailes*, the *Speare*,
The *Myrrhe*, the *Gall*, the *Vineger*,

For *Christ*, your loving Saviour, hath
Drunk up the wine of Gods fierce wrath;
Onely, there's left a little froth,

Lesse for to tast, then for to shew,
What bitter cups had been your due,
Had He not drank them up for *you*.

CCLXVII. His Anthem, to Christ on the Crosse. [1397.]

When I behold Thee, almost slain,
With one, and all parts, full of pain:
When I Thy gentle heart do see
Pierc'd through, and dropping bloud, for me,
I'le call, and cry out, Thanks to Thee.

Vers. But yet it wounds my soule, to think,
That for my sin, Thou, Thou must drink,
Even Thou alone, the *bitter cup*
Of *furie*, and of *vengeance* up.

Chor. Lord, I'le not see Thee to drink all
The *Vineger*, the *Myrrhe*, the *Gall:*

Ver. Chor. But I will sip a little wine;
Which done, Lord say, *The rest is mine.*

This Crosse-Tree here
Doth JESUS *beare,*
Who sweet'ned first,
The Death accurs't.

HERE all things ready are, make hast, make hast away;
For long this work wil be, & very short this Day.
Why then, go on to act: Here's wonders to be done,
Before the last least sand of Thy ninth houre be run;
Or e're dark Clouds do dull, or dead the Mid-dayes Sun.

Act when Thou wilt,
Bloud will be spilt;
Pure Balm, that shall
Bring Health to All.
Why then, Begin
To powre first in
Some Drops of Wine,
In stead of Brine,
To search the Wound,
So long unsound:
And, when that's done,
Let Oyle, next, run,
To cure the Sore
Sinne made before.
And O! Deare Christ,
E'en as Thou di'st,
Look down, and see
Us weepe for Thee.
And tho (Love knows)
Thy dreadfull Woes
Wee cannot ease;
Yet doe Thou please,
Who Mercie art,
T'accept each Heart,
That gladly would
Helpe, if it could.
Meane while, let mee,
Beneath this Tree
This Honour have,
To make my grave.

CCLXVIII. To his Saviours Sepulcher: his Devotion. [1398.]

Haile holy, and all-honour'd Tomb,
By no ill haunted; here I come,
With shoes put off, to tread thy Roome.
I'le not prophane, by soile of sin,
Thy Doore, as I do enter in:
For I have washt both hand and heart,
This, that, and ev'ry other part;
So that I dare, with farre lesse feare,
Then full affection, enter here.
Thus, thus I come to kisse Thy Stone
With a warm lip, and solemne one:
And as I kisse, I'le here and there
Dresse Thee with flowrie Diaper.
How sweet this place is! as from hence
Flow'd all *Panchaia's* Frankincense;
Or rich *Arabia* did commix,
Here, all her rare *Aromaticks.*
Let me live ever here, and stir
No one step from this *Sepulcher.*
Ravisht I am! and down I lie,
Confus'd, in this brave Extasie.
Here let me rest; and let me have
This for my *Heaven*, that was Thy *Grave:*
And, coveting no higher sphere,
I'le my Eternitie spend here.

CCLXIX. His Offering, with the rest, at the Sepulcher. [1399.]

To joyn with them who here confer
Gifts to my Saviour's Sepulcher;
Devotion bids me hither bring

Somewhat for my Thank-Offering.
Loe! thus I bring a Virgin-Flower,
To dresse my Maiden-Saviour.

CCLXX. His coming to the Sepulcher. [1400.]

Hence they have born my Lord; Behold! the Stone
Is rowl'd away, and my sweet Saviour's gone.
Tell me, white Angell, what is now become
Of Him we lately seal'd up in this Tombe?
Is He, from hence, gone to the shades beneath,
To vanquish Hell, as here he conquer'd Death?
If so, I'le thither follow, without feare,
And live in Hell, if that my *Christ* stayes there.

CCLXXI. [1401.]

Of all the good things whatsoe're we do,
God is the ΑΡΧΗ, and the ΤΕΛΟΣ too.

APPENDIX.

Poems attributed to Herrick, but not published in "Hesperides."

PREFATORY NOTE TO APPENDIX POEMS.

THE poems here printed as an appendix were recovered and collated in their various forms from the books, monuments, or MSS. where they occur, by the successive diligence of Mr. Hazlitt, Dr. Grosart, and Mr. Pollard. To the first-named belongs the credit of first printing, or reprinting, them; to the second, that of pointing out that the large number of sixty-two pieces included in the "Hesperides" occur in the Poetical Miscellany called "Wit's Recreations"; and to the third, the very important correction that these poems, though "Wit's Recreations" first appeared in 1640, eight years *before* the "Hesperides," were not included in it till the edition of 1650, two years *after* Herrick's authorized versions were published. The variations of text are considerable, but become of little interest now that it is tolerably certain that they must represent either imperfect or, at any rate, not final copies. As for the matter which follows, it also is subject to the drawback that, though in all but one instance it was pretty certainly written before the "Hesperides" appeared, it must have been, for this reason or that, deliberately excluded by the poet. Indeed, I am by no means sure that I should have given it a place here if I had not (as in the case of the Variants printed at the end of vol. i.) thought that its absence might seem to some to make the edition comparatively imperfect. The poems are not unworthy of Herrick, and, in a few places, have some biographical interest; but they add nothing to our idea of his poetical faculty, and they were clearly not intended by him for republication in their present form.

Their origin was as follows:—i. occurs in "Wit's Recreations," and, with some thirty additional lines, in Ashmole MS. 38; ii. in the same MS.; iii. in the same MS. and in another in the British Museum; iv. in Ashmole MS. 36, 208; v. in a British Museum MS. (Add. 11, 811); vi. in Brit. Mus. Harl. 6917; vii. in Beaumont and Fletcher's Works (1647); viii. in "Lachrymæ Musarum," the somewhat famous *tombeau* on young Lord Hastings (1649); and ix. on a monument in Dean Prior Church, from which Dr. Grosart first copied and printed it. Some variants necessarily occur in those poems which exist in print and MS., or in more MSS. than one; but none seems to require notice except that both MSS. in iii. read 'guess," which editors have corrected to "kiss": and that earlier in the same poem "number of nine" has the variant "wine." The fullest or Ashmole version is given of Number i. It may be guessed that, in line 66, "permanent" should be "firmament."

APPENDIX.

Poems attributed to Herrick, but not published in "Hesperides."

i. The Discription of a Woman. [1402.]

Whose head befringèd with be-scatterèd tresses,
Shews like *Apolloes*, when the morn he dresses:
Or like *Aurora* when with Pearle she sets
Her long disheveld Rose-crown'd Trammelets:
Her forehead smooth, full polish'd, bright and high,
Bears in itself a gracefull Majesty;
Under the which, two crawling eye-brows twine
Like to the tendrills of a flatt'ring Vine:
Under whose shade, two starry sparkling eyes
Are beautifi'd with fair fringd Canopies.
Her comely nose with uniformall grace,
Like purest white, stands in the middle place,
Parting the paire, as wee may well suppose,
Each cheek resembling still a damaske Rose:
Which like a Garden manifestlye shew
How Roses, Lillies, and Carnations growe;
Which sweetly mixèd both with white and red,
Like Rose leaves, white and redd, seem minglèd.
Then nature, for a sweet allurement sets
Two smelling, swelling, bashfull Cherrylets;
The which with ruby-rednesse being tip'd,
Do speake a Virgin, merry, Cherry-lip'd.
Over the which a neate sweet skin is drawne,
Which makes them shew like Roses under Lawne;
These be the Ruby-portals, and divine,
Which ope themselues, to shew a holy shrine,
Whose breath is rich perfume, that to the sense
Smells like the burn'd *Sabean* Frankinsense;
In which the tongue, though but a member small,

Stands guarded with a Rosie-hilly-wall;
And her white teeth, which in her gums are set,
Like Pearl and Gold, make one rich Cabinet.
Next doth her chin, with dimpled beauty strive
For his white, plump, and smooth, prerogative;
At whose faire top, to please the sight there grows
The fairest image of a blushing rose;
Mou'd by the chin, whose motion causeth this,
That both her lips do part, do meet, do kiss.
Her ears, which like two labyrinths are plac'd
On eyther side, with rich rare Jewels grac'd:
Mouing a question, whether that by them,
The Jem is grac'd, or they grac'd by the Jem.
But the foundation of the Architect
Is the Swan-staining, faire, rare, stately neck,
Which with ambitious humblenesse stands under,
Bearing aloft this rich round world of wounder.
Jn which the veynes jmplanted, seeme to lye
Lyke louing vines hidde vnder juorie;
So full of clarrett, that whosoe prickes this vine
May see itt sprout forth streames lyke Muskadine.
Her breast, a place for beauties throne most fit,
Bears up two Globes, where love and pleasure sitt;
Which, headed with two rich round Rubies, show
Like wanton Rose-buds growing out of Snow,
And in the milky valley that's between,
Sits *Cupid*, kissing of his mother Queen:
Ffingering the papps that feele like sleuèd silke,
And prest a little, thay will weep pewr milke.
Then comes the belly, seated next below,
Like a faire mountain of *Riphean* snow;
Whear Nature, in a whitenesse without spot,
Hath in the middle tide a Gordian knott;
Or else that she in that white waxen hill
Hath seald the primrose of her vttmost skill;
But now my muse hath spied a darke descent
Ffrom this soe pretious pearly permanent,
A milkye highe-way that direction yelds
Vnto the port-mouth of the Elizean feilds:
A place desired of all, but gott by these
Whom loue admitts to the Hesperides;
Hers, goulden fruitt, that doth excede all price

Growing in this Loue-guarded parradice;
Aboue the entrance, theire is wrighten this,
This is the portail to the bower of blisse,
Turough mid'st whearof, a christall streame there flowes
Passing the sweete-sweete of a muskie rose.
Now Loue invites me to survey hur thighes,
Swelling in likenesse like to Crystall skyes,
With plump softe flesh, of mettall pure and fine,
Resembling sheildes, both pure and christaline.
Hence rise those two ambitious hills, that looke
Jnto y^e^ middle sweet sight-stealing crooke,
Which for the better bewtifing shrowds
Its humble selfe 'twixt two aspiring cloudes;
Which to the knees by nature fastned on,
Deriue their ever well 'greed motion.
Her legs with two clear calves, like siluer try'd,
Kindly swell up, with little pretty pride,
Leaving a distance for the comely smaid
To beautifie the leg and foot withall.
Then lowly, yet most lovely stand the feet,
Round, short and clear, lyke pounded Spices sweet;
And whatsoever thing they tread upon
They make it scent like bruisèd Cinnamon.
The lovely shoulders now allure the eye,
To see two Tablets of pure ivorie:
From which two arms like branches seem to spread,
With tender vein'd and siluer colouerèd;
With little hands and fingers long and small,
To grace a Lute, a Violl, Virginall.
In length each finger doth his next excell,
Each richly headed with a pearly shell;
Richer then that fayre, pretious, vertuous horne
That armes the forehead of the unicorne.
Thus euery parte in contrariety
Meet in the whole and make an harmony;
As divers strings do singly disagree,
But form'd by Number, make sweet melodie.
Vnto the jdoll of the worke deuine
J consecrate this louing life of myne,
Bowing my lipps vnto that stately roote
Wheare bewtye springs; and thus j kiss (her) foote.

ii. Mr. Hericke his Daughters Dowrye. [1403.]

Ere J goe hence and bee noe more
Seene to the world, J'le giue the skore
J owe vnto a female child,
And that is this, a nerse jnstylde
My daughters dowrye; haueing which,
J'le leaue the then compleatly riche;
Jnsteade of gould, pearle, rubies, bonds,
Longe forfaite pawnèd diamonds,
Or antique pledges, house or lande;
J giue thee this that shall withstande
The blow of ruine and of chance:
Theis hurte not thyne jnheritance,
For 'tis flee simple, and noe rent
Thou fortune ow'st for tenement;
Howeuer after tymes will praise,
This portion, my prophetique bayes,
Cannot deliuer vpp to th' rust,
Yet J keepe peacefull in my dust.
As for thy birth, and better seeds
(Those which must growe to vertuous deeds:
Thou didst deriue from that old steem
Loue and Mercie, cherish them),
Which, like a vestall virgine ply
With holye fier, least that itt dye.
Growe vpp with mylder lawes to knowe
Att what tyme to say I or noe;
Lett manners teach thee whear to bee
More comely flowing, where les free:
Theis bringe thy husband, like to those
Old coynes and meddalls wee expose
To th' shew, but neuer part with; next
As jn a more conspicuous text,
(Thy forehead) lett therin bee sign'd
The mayden candour of thy mynde;
And vnder it two chast-born spyes
To barr our bolde adulteryes:
Ffor through these optickes, fly the dartes
Of lust, which sette on fier our hartes.
On eyther side of theis, quicke eares

Ther must bee plac'd, for seasoned feares,
Which sweeten loue, yett ne're come nighe
The plague of wilder jelousie.
Then lett each cheeke of thyne, intice
His soule as to a bedd of spice;
Wheare hee may roule, and loose his sence
As in a bedd of frankensence:
A lipp jnkyndlèd with that coale,
With which Loue chafes and warmes the soule
Bringe to hym next, and in it shew
Loues cherries; from such fyers growe,
And haue their haruest, which must stand
The gathering of the lipp, not hand;
Then vnto theis, bee it thy care
To cloath thy words in gentle ayre,
That smooth as oyle, sweet, softe and cleane
As is the childish bloome of beane,
They may fall downe and stroake (as the
Beames of the sunn the gracefull sea):
With handes as smooth as mercies, bring
Hym for his better cherrishing.
That when thou doest his necke jnsnare,
Or with thy wrist, or fluttering hayre,
Hee may (a prisoner) ther discrye
Bondage more loued then lybertye;
A nature, soe well form'd, soe wrought,
To calme and tempest, lett bee brought
With thee, that should hee but jnclyne
To roughnes, claspe hym lyke a vine;
Or lyke as woole meetes steele, giue way
Vnto the passion, not to stay;
Wrath yf resisted ouer-boyles,
Jff not, it dyes, or eles recoyles;
And lastly, see you bring to hym,
Somewhat peculiar to each lymm;
And j charge thee to bee knowne
By n' other face, but by thyne owne.
Lett itt (in Loues name) bee keept sleeke
Yett to bee found when hee shall seeke
Jt, and not jnstead of [to] saint,
Giue vpp his worth vnto the painte;
Ffor (trust me girle) shee ouer-does

Who by a double proxie woes:
But least j should forgett his bedd,
Bee sure thou bringe a mayden-head,
That is a Margarite, which lost,
Thou bring'st vnto his bedd a frost
Or a colde poyson, which his blood
Benummes like the forgettfull floode
Now for some jewells to supplye
The wante of eare-rings brauerye,
Ffor publike eyes; take onlye theis,
Ne're broughte far beyonde the seas;
Theyre nobly-home-bred, yett haue price
Beyound the fare-fetch marchandize.
Obedience, wise-distrust, peace, shey
Distance, and sweet vrbanitie:
Safe modestie, lou'd patience, feare
Of offending, temperance, deare
Constancie, bashfullnes, and all
The vertues lesse, or cardinall,
Take with my blessinge; and goe forth
Injewelld with thy natiue worthe.
And now yf ther a man bee founde,
That lookes for such preparèd grownd,
Lett hym, but with indifferent skill,
Soe good a soile bee-stocke and till;
Hee may ere longe haue such a wyfe,
Nourish in's breast, a Tree of Life.

iii. Mr. Robert Hericke his Farwell vnto Poetrie. [1404.]

I haue behelde two louers, in a night
Hatcht o're with moone-shine, from their stolen delight,—
When this to that, and that to this, had giuen
A kisse to such a jewell of the heuen:
Or while that each from other's breath did drincke
Healthes to the rose, the violet, or pinke,—
Call'd on the suddayne by the jealouse mother,
Some strickter Mrs. or suspitious other,

Vrging diuorcement (woorse then death to theis)
By the soone gingling of some sleepy keyes
Parte with a hastye kisse; and in that shew
How stay thay would, yet forc't thay are to goe.
Euen such are wee: and in our parting, doe
Noe otherwise then as those former two;
Natures like ours, wee who haue spent our tyme
Both from the morning to the euening chyme;
Nay, till the bell-man of the night had tould
Past noone of night, yett weare the howers not old,
Nor dull'd with yron sleeps, but haue out-worne
The fresh and fayrest flourish of the morne
With flame, and rapture; driincking to the ode
Number of wyne, which makes vs full with God,
And yn that misticke frenzie, wee haue hurl'de,
(As with a tempeste) nature through the worlde,
And yn a whirl-wynd twirl'd her home, agast
Att that which in her extasie had past;
Thus crownd with rose budds, sacke, thou mad'st
mee flye
Like fier-drakes, yett didst me no harme therby.
O thou allmightye nature, who did'st giue
True heate, whearwith humanitie doth liue
Beyond its stinted circle; giueing foode
White fame, and resurrection to the good;
Soaring them vpp, boue ruyne, till the doome
The generall Aprill of the worlde dothe come,
That makes all æquall. Manye thowsands should
(Wert not for thee) haue crumbled ynto mould,
And with thayr eareclothes rotted, not to shew
Whether the world such sperritts had or noe,
Whearas by thee, those, and a million since,
Nor fate, nor enuye, cann theyr fames conuince.
Homer, Musæus, Ouid, Maro, more,
Of those god-full prophetts longe before
Helde there eternall fiers; and ours of late
(Thy mercie helping) shall resist stronge fate,
Nor stoope to th' center, but suruiue as longe
As fame or rumour, hath or trumpe or tongue;
But vnto mee, bee onlye hoarse, since now
(Heauen and my soule beare record of my vowe)
I, my desires screw from thee, and directe

Them and my thoughts to that sublim'd respecte
And conscience vnto priesthood; tis not need
(The skarcrow vnto mankinde) that doth breed
Wiser conclusions in mee, since I knowe
I've more to beare my chardges, then way to goe;
Or had I not, I'de stopp the spreading itch
Off craueing more: soe yn conceipt be ritch;
But tis the god of nature who yntends,
And shaps my function for more glorious ends:
Kisse, soe departe; yett stay awhile to see
The lines of sorrowe, that lye drawne in mee
Yn speach, in picture; noe otherwise then when,
(Judgment and death, denounc'd gainst guilty men),
Each takes a weeping farewell, rackt in mynde
With joyes before, and pleasures left behind:
Shakeing the head, whilst each to each dothe mourne
With thought thay goe, whence thay must ner returne.
Soe with like lookes, as once the ministrell
Cast, leading his Euredice through hell,
I stricke thy loues, and greedyly persue
Thee, with myne eyes, or in, or out, of view.
Soe look't the Grecian oratour when sent
Ffroms natiue cuntrye, into banishment,
Throwing his eye-balls backward to suruaye
The smoake of his belouèd Attica:
Soe Tullye look't, when from the brooks of Rome
The sad soule went, not with his loue, but doome:
Shooting his eye-darts 'gainst it, to surprise
Yt, or to drawe the cittie to his eyes.
Such is my parting with thee; and to proue
Ther was not varnish (only) in my loue,
But substance, lo! receaue this pearlye teare
Ffrozen with greife, and place it in thyne eare,
Then parte in name of peace; and softely on
With numerous feete to Hoofy Helicon;
And when thou art vppon that sacred hill
Amongest the thrice three sacred virgins, fill
A full brimm'd bowle of furye and of rage,
And quafe it to the prophets of our age;
When drunck with rapture, curse the blind and lame

Base ballad-mongers, who vsurpe thy name
And fowle thy altar; charme some ynto froggs,
Some to bee ratts, and others to bee hoggs;
Ynto the loathsoms ['t] shapps thou canst deuise
To make ffooles hate them, onlye by disguise;
Thus with a kisse of warmth, and loue, I parte
Not soe, but that some relique yn my harte
Shall stand for euer, though I doe addresse
Chiefelye my selfe to what I must proffess:
Knowe yet (rare soule) when my diuiner muse
Shall want a hand-mayde (as she ofte will vse),
Bee readye, thou for mee, to wayte vppon her,
Thoughe as a seruant, yet a mayde of honor.
The crowne of dutye is our dutye: well
Doing's, the fruite of doinge well. Farewell.

iv. A Charroll presented to Dr. Williams, Bp. of Lincolne, as a Newyeares Guift. [1405.]

Hye hence, pale Care, noe more remember
Past sorrowes with the fled December,
But let each plesant cheeke appeare
Smooth as the childhood of the yeare,
And sing a carroll here.
'Twas braue, 'twas braue could we comand the hand
Of Youths swift watch to stand
As you haue done your day,
Then should we not decay,
But all we wither, & our light
Is spilt in euerlasting night,
When as your sight
Shewes like the heavens aboue y^e^ moone
Like an eternall noone,
That sees no setting sunn.

Keepe vp those flames, & though you shroud
Awhile your forehead in a cloude,
Doe it like the sun to write

I'th ayre, a greater text of light;
Welcome to all our vowes,
And since you pay
To vs the day
Soe longe desir'd,
See we haue fyr'd
Our holy spicknard, and ther's none
But brings his stick of cynamon,
His eager eye, or smoother smyle;
And layes it gently on the pyle,
Which thus enkindled, we invoke
Your name amidst the sacred smoke.

Chorus. Come then, greate Lord,
And see our Alter burne
With love of your returne,
And not a man here but consumes
His soule to glad you in perfumes.

v. Song. His Mistris to him at his Farwell. [1406.]

You may vow Ile not forgett
To pay the debt,
Which to thy Memorie stands as due
As faith can seale It you:
Take then tribute of my teares,
So lorg as I haue feares
To prompt mee, I shall euer
Languish and looke, but thy returne see neuer:
Oh then to lessen my dispaire,
Print thy lips Into the ayre,
So by this
Meanes, I may kisse thy kisse,
whenas some kinde
winde
shall hither waft it; and In leiw,
My lipps shall send a 1000 back to you.

vi. Vpon Parting. [1407.]

Goe hence away, and in thy parting know
'tis not my voice, but heauens that bidds thee goe;
Spring hence thy faith, nor thinke it ill desart
I finde in thee, that makes me thus to part.
But voice of fame, and voice of heauen haue thunderd
we both were lost, if both of us not sunderd:
fould now thine armes, and in thy last looke reare
one Sighe of loue, and coole it with a teare:
since part we must, let's kisse; that done, retire
with as cold frost, as erst we mett with fire;
with such white vowes as fate can nere dissever
but truth knitt fast; and so farewell for euer.

vii. Upon Master Fletcher's Incomparable Playes. [1408.]

Apollo sings, his harpe resounds: give roome,
For now behold the golden Pompe is come,
Thy Pompe of playes, which thousands come to see,
With admiration both of them and thee.
O Volume worthy, leafe by leafe, and cover,
To be with juice of Cedar wash't all over;
Here's words with lines, and lines with scenes consent,
To raise an Act to full astonishment;
Here melting numbers, words of power to move
Young men to swoone, and Maides to dye for love.
Love lyes a bleeding here, Evadne, there
Swells with great rage, yet comely every where;
Here's a *mad lover*, there that high designe
Of *King and no King*, (and the rare Plott thine.)
So that whene'ere wee circumvolve our Eyes,
Such rich, such fresh, such sweet varietyes,
Ravish our spirits, that entranc't wee see
None writes lov's passion in the world, like thee.

viii. THE NEW CHARON,

Upon the Death of Henry Lord Hastings. [1409.]

The Musical part being set by M. Henry Lawes.

The Speakers,
Charon and *Eucosmeia.*

Euc. Charon, O Charon, draw thy Boat to th' Shore,
And to thy many, take in one soul more.
Cha. Who calls? who calls? *Euc.* One overwhelm'd with ruth;
Have pity either on my tears or Youth,
And take me in, who am in deep Distress;
But first cast off thy wonted Churlishness.
Cha. I will be gentle as that Air which yeelds
A breath of Balm along th' *Elizean* fields.
Speak, what art thou? *Euc.* One once that had a lover,
Then which, thy self ne'er wafted sweeter over.
He was—— *Cha.* Say what. *Euc.* Ay me, my woes are deep.
Cha. Prethee relate, while I give ear and weep.
Euc. He was an *Hastings*; and that one Name has
In it all good, that is, and ever was.
He was my Life, my Love, my Joy; but di'd
Some hours before I shou'd have been his Bride.
Chorus. *Thus, thus the gods celestial still decree,*
For Humane Joy, Contingent Misery.
Euc. The *hallowed Tapers* all preparèd were,
And *Hymen* cail'd to bless the Rites. *Cha.* Stop there.
Euc. Great are my woes. *Cha.* And great must that Grief be,
That makes grim *Charon* thus to pity thee.
But now come in. *Euc.* More let me yet relate.
Cha. I cannot stay; more souls for waftage wait,
And I must hence. *Euc.* Yet let me thus much know,

Departing hence, where Good and Bad souls go.

Cha. Those souls which ne'er were drencht in pleasures stream,
The Fields of *Pluto* are reserv'd for them;
Where, drest with garlands, there they walk the ground,
Whose blessèd Youth with endless flow'rs is crown'd.
But such as have been drown'd in this wilde sea,
For those is kept the Gulf of Hecatè;
Where, with their own contagion they are fed;
And there do punish, and are punishèd.
This known, the rest of thy sad story tell,
When on the Flood that nine times circles Hell.

Chorus. *We sail along, to visit mortals never;*
But there to live, where Love shall last for ever.

ix. Epitaph on the Tomb of Sir Edward Giles & his wife in the South Aisle of Dean Prior Church, Devon. [1410.]

No trust to Metals nor to Marbles, when
These have their Fate, and wear away as Men;
Times, Titles, Trophies, may be lost and Spent;
But Vertue Rears the eternal Monument.
What more than these can Tombs or Tomb-stones Pay?
But here's the Sun-set of a Tedious day:
These Two asleep are: I'll but be Vndrest
And so to Bed: Pray wish us all Good Rest.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

	VOL.	PAGE
A bachelour I will	i	16
About the sweet bag of a Bee	i	39
Abundant plagues I late have had . . .	ii	184
A Christall Violl *Cupid* brought	ii	11
Adverse and prosperous Fortunes both work on	ii	178
Adversity hurts none, but onely such . .	ii	34
Afflictions bring us joy in times to come .	ii	178
Afflictions they most profitable are . . .	ii	171
After the Feast (my *Shapcot*) see	i	214
After the rare Arch-Poet JOHNSON dy'd .	i	193
After this life, the wages shall	ii	219
After thy labour take thine ease	ii	160
After true sorrow for our sinnes, our strife	ii	196
A funerall stone.	i	38
Against diseases here the strongest fence .	ii	159
A golden Flie one shew'd to me	i	241
A *Gyges* Ring they beare about them still.	ii	48
Ah *Ben!*	ii	99
Ah *Biancha!* now I see	ii	123
Ah, cruell Love! must I endure	i	95
Ah! *Lycidas*, come tell me why	i	238
Ah my *Anthea!* Must my heart still break?	i	31
Ah! my *Perilla!* do'st thou grieve to see .	i	10
Ah *Posthumus!* Our yeares hence flye . .	i	170
Ai me! I love, give him your hand to kisse	ii	79
A just man's like a Rock that turnes the wroth	i	196
Alas! I can't, for tell me how	ii	153
A little mushroome-table spred	i	154
A little Saint best fits a little Shrine . .	ii	47
All are not ill Plots, that doe sometimes faile	ii	156
All has been plundered from me, but my wit	ii	77

	VOL.	PAGE
All I have lost, that co'd be rapt from me .	ii	207
All things are open to these two events . .	i	236
All things decay with Time: The Forrest sees	i	29
All things o'r-rul'd are here by Chance . .	i	257
All things subjected are to Fate	i	272
Along, come along	ii	140
A long-lifes-day I've taken paines . . .	i	277
Along the dark, and silent night	ii	209
Although our suffering meet with no reliefe	ii	159
Although we cannot turne the fervent fit .	ii	187
A Man prepar'd against all ills to come .	i	165
A mans transgression God do's then remit .	ii	192
A Master of a house (as I have read) . .	ii	59
Am I despis'd, because you say	i	80
Among disasters that discention brings . .	ii	61
Among the *Mirtles*, as I walkt	i	136
Among these Tempests great and manifold	ii	139
Among thy Fancies, tell me this	i	167
And as time past when *Cato* the Severe .	ii	114
And Cruell Maid, because I see	i	77
And must we part, because some say . .	i	63
Angells are called Gods; yet of them, none	ii	218
Angry if *Irene* be	i	265
An old, old widow *Greedy* needs wo'd wed .	i	166
Anthea bade me tye her shooe	i	16
Anthea I am going hence	ii	83
Anthea laught, and fearing lest excesse .	ii	128
Apollo sings, his harpe resounds: give roome	ii	265
A prayer, that is said alone	ii	221
A Rowle of Parchment *Clunn* about him beares	ii	107
Art quickens Nature: Care will make a face	i	125
Art thou not destin'd? then, with hast, go on	ii	233
As Gilly flowers do but stay	i	162
As in our clothes, so likewise he who lookes	i	263
As is your name, so is your comely face .	ii	124
As *Julia* once a-slumb'ring lay	i	90
Aske me what hunger is, and Ile reply . .	ii	105
Aske me, why I do not sing	i	168
Aske me why I send you here	i	271
As lately I a Garland bound	i	123
As many Lawes and Lawyers do expresse .	ii	40
As my little Pot doth boyle	ii	245

	VOL.	PAGE
As oft as Night is banish'd by the Morne	i	33
As shews the Aire, when with a Rain-bow grac'd	i	52
As sun-beames pierce the glasse, and streaming in	ii	227
As thou deserv'st, be proud; then gladly let	i	253
As wearied *Pilgrims*, once possest	i	282
A sweet disorder in the dresse	i	35
At Draw-Gloves we'l play	i	127
At my homely Country-seat	i	197
At Post and Paire, or Slam, *Tom Tuck* would play	ii	31
At Stool-ball, *Lucia*, let us play	ii	32
Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt	ii	129
A wanton and lascivious eye	ii	53
A way enchac't with glasse & beads	i	116
Away with silks, away with Lawn	i	199
A wearied Pilgrim, I have wandred here	ii	151
A willow Garland thou did'st send	i	209
Bacchus, let me drink no more	i	157
Bad are all surfeits; but Physitians call	ii	95
Barre close as you can, and bolt fast too your doore	i	124
Batt he gets children, not for love to reare 'em	i	91
Beauti's no other but a lovely Grace	ii	80
Beauty, no other thing is, then a Beame	i	42
Be bold, my Booke, nor be abasht, or feare	i	277
Before Mans fall, the Rose was born	ii	243
Before the Press scarce one co'd see	ii	96
Beginne with *Jove;* then is the worke halfe done	i	164
Begin to charme, and as thou stroak'st mine eares	i	86
Begin with a kisse	ii	44
Bell-man of Night, if I about shall go	ii	178
Be not dismaide, though crosses cast thee downe	ii	128
Be not proud, but now encline	i	124
Besides us two, i' th' Temple here's not one	i	218
Be the Mistresse of my choice	ii	23
Be those few hours, which I have yet to spend	ii	237

	VOL.	PAGE
Biancha, Let	i	37
Bice laughs, when no man speaks; and doth protest	ii	67
Bid me to live, and I will live	i	139
Bind me but to thee with thine haire . .	ii	105
Blanch swears her Husband's lovely; when a scald	i	42
Blessings, in abundance come	i	160
Blisse (last night drunk) did kisse his mothers knee	ii	108
Boreman takes tole, cheats, flatters, lyes; yet *Boreman*	ii	134
Borne I was to meet with Age	i	249
Born I was to be old	i	256
Both you two have	i	143
Break off Delay, since we but read of one .	ii	50
Breathe, *Julia*, breathe, and I'le protest .	i	89
Bright Tulips, we do know	i	2 9
Bring me my Rose-buds, Drawer come . .	i	272
Bring the holy crust of Bread	ii	92
Brisk methinks I am, and fine	ii	125
Broomsted a lamenesse got by cold and Beere	i	261
Brown bread *Tom Pennie* eats, and must of right	ii	126
Buggins is Drunke all night, all day he sleepes	ii	129
Bungie do's fast; looks pale; puts Sack-cloth on	i	157
Burne, or drowne me, choose ye whether .	ii	54
Burr is a smell-feast, and a man alone . .	ii	108
But borne, and like a short Delight . . .	i	89
By Dream I saw, one of the three . . .	i	198
By houres we all live here, in Heaven is known	ii	2 7
By so much, vertue is the lesse	ii	53
By the next kindling of the day	ii	75
By the weak'st means things mighty are o'rethrown	ii	35
By those soft *Tods* of wooll	ii	58
By Time, and Counsell, doe the best we can	i	154
Call me no more	i	185
Can I not come to Thee, my God, for these	ii	182
Can I not sin, but thou wilt be	ii	188

	VOL.	PAGE
Care keepes the Conquest; 'tis no lesse renowne	ii	123
Case is a Lawyer, that near pleads alone	ii	118
Center is known weak sighted, and he sells	i	199
Charm me asleep, and melt me so	i	122
Charms, that call down the moon from out her sphere	i	127
Charon, O Charon, draw thy Boat to th' Shore	ii	266
Charon! O gentle *Charon!* let me wooe thee	ii	45
Cherrie-ripe, Ripe, Ripe, I cry	i	24
Choose me your Valentine	i	40
Christ, He requires still, wheresoere He comes	ii	188
Christ, I have read, did to His Chaplains say	ii	216
Christ never did so great a work, but there	ii	233
Christ took our Nature on Him, not that He	ii	235
Christ was not sad, i'th garden, for His own	ii	222
Christ, when He hung the dreadfull Crosse upon	ii	223
Cleere are her eyes	i	252
Close keep your lips, if that you meane	ii	48
Cob clouts his shooes, and as the story tells	ii	16
Cock calls his Wife his Hen: when *Cock* goes too't	i	279
Come and let's in solemn wise	ii	87
Come, *Anthea*, know thou this	ii	28
Come *Anthea* let us two	ii	55
Come blithefull Neatherds, let us lay	ii	38
Come, bring with a noise	ii	64
Come bring your *sampler*, and with Art	i	12
Come come away	i	175
Come down, and dance ye in the toyle	i	11
Come guard this night the Christmas-Pie	ii	65
Come, leave this loathèd Country-life, and then	i	223
Comely Acts well; and when he speaks his part	ii	68
Come pitie us, all ye, who see	ii	210
Come sit we by the fires side	ii	7
Come sit we under yonder Tree	i	281
Come, skilfull *Lupo*, now, and take	i	49
Come, Sons of Summer, by whose toile	i	129

	VOL.	PAGE
Come then, and like two Doves with silv'rie wings	i	267
Come thou not neere those men, who are like *Bread*	i	8
Come thou, who art the Wine, and wit	i	246
Come to me God; but do not come	ii	238
Come with the Spring-time forth Fair Maid, and be	i	179
Command the Roofe, great *Genius*, and from thence	ii	42
Confession twofold is (as *Austine* sayes)	ii	241
Conformity gives comelinesse to things	ii	138
Conformity was ever knowne	i	32
Conquer we shall, but we must first contend	ii	105
Consider sorrowes, how they are aright	ii	71
Consult ere thou begin'st, that done, go on	ii	51
Crab faces gownes with sundry Furres; 'tis known	ii	25
Craw cracks in sirrop; and do's stinking say	i	210
Crooked you are, but that dislikes not me	i	127
Cuffe comes to church much; but he keeps his bed	i	50
Cupid as he lay among	i	64
Curse not the mice, no grist of thine they eat	i	181
Cynthius pluck ye by the eare	i	63
Dead falls the Cause, if once the Hand be mute	i	158
Dean-bourn, farewell; I never look to see	i	37
Deare *Perenna*, prethee come	i	115
Dearest of thousands, now the time drawes neere	ii	6
Deare, though to part it be a Hell	i	43
Deer God	ii	196
Despaire takes heart, when ther's no hope to speed	ii	126
Dew sate on *Julia's* haire	i	235
Did I or love, or could I others draw	i	262
Die ere long, I'm sure, I shall	ii	143
Discreet and prudent we that Discord call	ii	51
Display thy breasts, my *Julia*, there let me	i	123
Doll she so soone began the wanton trade	i	193

	VOL.	PAGE
Do's Fortune rend thee? Beare with thy hard Fate	ii	73
Do with me, God! as Thou didst deal with *Iohn*	ii	171
Down with the Rosemary and Bayes.	ii	93
Down with the Rosemary, and so	ii	120
Dread not the shackles: on with thine intent	ii	136
Drinke up	ii	123
Drink Wine, and live here blithefull, while ye may	ii	18
Droop, droop no more, or hang the head	i	8
Drowning, drowning, I espie	ii	116
Dry your sweet cheek, long drown'd with sorrows raine	i	135
Dull to my selfe, and almost dead to these	i	279
Dundrige his issue hath; but is not styl'd	i	254
Each must, in vertue, strive for to excell	i	155
Eaten I have; and though I had good cheere	i	256
Eeles winds and turnes, and cheats and steales; yet *Eeles*	i	198
E'ene all Religious courses to be rich	ii	68
Empires of Kings, are now, and ever were	i	211
End now the White-loafe, & the Pye	ii	95
Ere J goe hence and bee noe more	ii	258
Every time seemes short to be	i	211
Evill no Nature hath; the losse of good	ii	202
Examples lead us, and wee likely see	ii	54
Excesse is sluttish: keepe the meane; for why?	ii	157
Fain would I kisse my *Julia's* dainty Leg	i	178
Faire and foule dayes trip Crosse and Pile; The faire	i	246
Faire Daffadills, we weep to see	i	161
Faire pledges of a fruitfull Tree	i	229
Faire was the Dawne; and but e'ne now the Skies	i	104
Faith is a thing that's four-square; let it fall	ii	103
Fame's pillar here, at last, we set	ii	162
Farewell thou Thing, time-past so knowne, so deare	i	58

	VOL.	PAGE
Fat be my Hinde; unlearned be my wife .	ii	106
Feucie (some say) doth wash her clothes i'th' Lie	i	231
Fie, (quoth my Lady) what a stink is here?	i	276
Fight thou with shafts of silver, and o'rcome	i	26
Fill me a mighty Bowle	ii	18
Fill me my Wine in Christall; thus, and thus	i	242
First, *April*, she with mellow showrs . .	i	29
First, for Effusions due unto the dead . .	i	30
First, for your shape, the curious cannot shew	i	245
First, *Jollies* wife is lame; then next, loose-hipt	i	80
First, may the hand of bounty bring . . .	ii	102
First offer Incense, then thy field and meads	i	184
Fled are the Frosts, and now the Fields appeare	ii	14
Flood, if he has for him and his a bit . .	ii	157
Fly me not, though I be gray	i	252
Fly to my Mistresse, pretty pilfring Bee .	i	129
Fold now thine armes; and hang the head.	i	61
Fone sayes, those mighty whiskers he do's weare	i	50
Fooles are they, who never know	i	123
For a kiss or two, confesse	ii	121
For all our workes, a recompence is sure .	ii	81
For all thy many courtesies to me . . .	ii	69
For being comely, consonant, and free . .	i	274
For brave comportment, wit without offence	ii	109
For civill, cleane, and circumcised wit . .	i	252
For each one Body, that i'th earth is sowne	ii	232
For my embalming, Julia, do but this . .	i	166
For my neighbour Ile not know	i	107
For my part I never care	i	104
For one so rarely tun'd to fit all parts . .	i	156
For punishment in warre, it will suffice .	i	169
For ropes of pearle, first Madam *Vrsly* showes	ii	24
For second course, last night, a Custard came	i	61
For sport my *Julia* threw a Lace	i	150
For thirty yeares, *Tubbs* has been proud and poor	ii	117
For Those my unbaptized Rhimes . . .	ii	165

	VOL.	PAGE
For truth I may this sentence tell	ii	143
Fortune did never favour one	i	249
Fortune no higher Project can devise	i	255
Fortune's a blind profuser of her own	ii	32
Franck ne'r wore silk she sweares; but I reply	i	271
Franck wo'd go scoure her teeth; and setting to't	ii	44
Fresh strowings allow	ii	55
Frollick Virgins once these were	i	196
From me my *Silvia* ranne away	ii	98
From noise of Scare-fires rest ye free	i	155
From the dull confines of the drooping West	ii	37
From the Temple to your home	ii	8
From this bleeding hand of mine	i	113
Gather ye Rose-buds while ye may	i	107
Get up, get up for shame, the Blooming Morne	i	86
Give house-roome to the best; *'Tis never known*	ii	105
Give, if thou canst, an Almes; if not, afford	ii	188
Give me a Cell	ii	59
Give me a man that is not dull	ii	138
Give me a reason why men call	ii	77
Give me Honours! what are these	ii	186
Give me one kisse	i	255
Give me that man, that dares bestride	i	39
Give me the food that satisfies a Guest	ii	67
Give me wine, and give me meate	ii	4
Give unto all, lest he, whom thou deni'st	ii	235
Give *Want* her welcome if she comes; we find	i	278
Give way, and be ye ravisht by the Sun	i	255
Give way, give way, now, now my *Charles* shines here	ii	30
Give way, give way ye Gates, and win	i	231
Glasco had none, but now some teeth has got	i	60
Glasse, out of deepe, and out of desp'rate want	i	195
Glide, gentle streams, and beare	i	55
Glory be to the Graces!	ii	61
Glory no other thing is (*Tullie* sayes)	ii	36
God, as He is most Holy knowne	ii	171

	VOL.	PAGE
God, as He's potent, so He's likewise known	ii	217
God (as the learnèd *Damascen* doth write) .	ii	222
God brought man here with his heart's blood expence	ii	233
God can do all things, save but what are known	ii	222
God can't be wrathfull; but we may conclude	ii	245
God co'd have made all rich, or all men poore	ii	188
Goddesse, I begin an Art	i	253
Goddesse, I do love a Girle	i	175
Goddesse of Youth, and Lady of the Spring	i	137
God did forbid the Israelites, to bring . .	ii	225
God doth embrace the good with love; & gaines	ii	232
God doth not promise here to man, that He	ii	243
God from our eyes all teares hereafter wipes	ii	218
God gives not onely corne, for need . . .	ii	187
God gives to none so absolute an Ease . .	ii	230
God had but one Son free from sin; but none	ii	217
God has a Right Hand, but is quite bereft .	ii	240
God has *foure keyes*, which He reserves alone	ii	235
God has His whips here to a twofold end .	ii	171
God hates the *Duall Number*; being known	ii	242
God hath this world for many made; 'tis true	ii	230
God hath two wings, which He doth ever move	ii	167
God heares us when we pray, but yet defers	ii	172
God He refuseth no man; but makes way .	ii	216
God He rejects all Prayers that are sleight.	ii	168
God hides from man the reck'ning Day, that He	ii	218
God in His own Day will be then severe .	ii	221
God, in the *holy Tongue*, they call . . .	ii	227
God is above the sphere of our esteem . .	ii	166
God is all fore-part; for, we never see . .	ii	170
God is *all-present* to whate're we do . . .	ii	240
God is all-suffrance here; here He doth show	ii	189
God, is His Name of Nature; but that word	ii	218
God is *Jehovah* cal'd; which name of His .	ii	227
God is more here, then in another place .	ii	229
God is not onely mercifull, to call . . .	ii	170

	VOL.	PAGE
God is not onely said to be	ii	166
God is so potent, as His Power can	ii	225
God is then said for to descend, when He	ii	241
God loads, and unloads, (thus His work begins)	ii	168
God makes not good men wantons, but doth bring	ii	206
God n'ere afflicts us more then our desert	ii	167
God on our Youth bestowes but little ease	ii	224
God pardons those, who do through frailty sin	ii	173
Gods boundlesse mercy is (to sinfull man)	ii	168
Gods Bounty, that ebbs lesse and lesse	ii	190
God scourgeth some severely, some He spares	ii	170
God's evident, and may be said to be	ii	227
Gods Grace deserves here to be daily fed	ii	216
Gods hands are round, & smooth, that gifts may fall :	ii	220
God's *Prescience makes none sinfull ;* but th' offence.	ii	294
God's present ev'ry where ; but most of all.	ii	231
God's Rod doth watch while men do sleep, & then.	ii	170
God's said our hearts to harden then	ii	243
God's said to dwell there, wheresoever He	ii	228
God's said to leave this place, and for to come	ii	227
God still rewards us more then our desert	ii	241
God strikes His Church, but 'tis to this intent	ii	173
God suffers not His Saints, and Servants deere	ii	239
God's undivided, *One* in *Persons Three*	ii	228
God tempteth no one (as S. *Aug'stine* saith)	ii	220
God then confounds man's face, when He not hears	ii	223
God ! to my little meale and oyle	ii	216
God when for sin He makes His Children smart	ii	170
God when He's angry here with any one	ii	167
God when He takes my goods and chattels hence	ii	195
God, who me gives a will for to repent	ii	244
God, who's in Heav'n, will hear from thence	ii	222
God will have all, or none; serve Him, or fall.	ii	183

	VOL.	PAGE
Goe, happy Rose, and enterwove	i	126
Goe hence away, and in thy parting know .	ii	265
Goe, perjur'd man ; and if thou ere return .	i	64
Goes the world now, it will with thee goe hard	i	28
Goe thou forth, my booke, though late . .	ii	161
Go hence, and with this parting kisse . .	i	226
Go I must ; when I am gone	i	259
Gold I have none, but I present my need .	ii	204
Gold I've none, for use or show	i	113
Gold serves for Tribute to the King . . .	ii	213
Gone she is a long, long way	ii	81
Good and great God ! how sho'd I feare . .	ii	242
Good day, *Mirtillo*. *Mirt.* And to you no lesse	i	109
Good morrow to the day so fair.	i	202
Good Precepts we must firmly hold . . .	i	243
Good princes must be pray'd for : for the bad	i	41
Good speed, for I this day.	i	111
Good things, that come of course, far lesse doe please	i	158
Go on, brave *Hopton*, to effectuate that. .	ii	127
Go prettie child, and beare this Flower . .	ii	185
Go wooe young *Charles* no more to looke .	i	279
Great Cities seldome rest : If there be none .	ii	136
Great men by small meanes oft are overthrown	i	236
Grow for two ends, it matters not at all .	ii	24
Grow up in Beauty, as thou do'st begin . .	ii	119
Groynes, for his fleshly *Burglary* of late .	i	136
Grubs loves his Wife and Children, while that they	ii	148
Grudgings turnes bread to stones, when to the Poore	ii	8
Gryll eats, but ne're sayes Grace ; To speak the troth	i	62
Gubbs calls his children *Kitlings :* and wo'd bound	i	102
Guesse cuts his shooes, and limping, goes about	i	126
Haile holy, and all-honour'd Tomb . . .	ii	251
Hanch, since he (lately) did interre his wife	ii	80
Hang up Hooks, and Sheers to scare . . .	ii	93
Hansome you are, and Proper you will be .	ii	113
Happily I had a sight	ii	132

	VOL.	PAGE
Happy's that man, to whom God gives . .	ii	181
Hard are the two first staires unto a Crowne	ii	103
Haste is unhappy; what we Rashly do . .	ii	71
Hast thou attempted greatnesse? then go on	ii	51
Hast thou begun an act? ne're then give o're	ii	29
Have, have ye no regard, all ye	ii	248
Have I not blest Thee? Then go forth; nor fear	i	200
Have ye beheld (with much delight) . . .	i	213
Health is no other (as the learned hold) .	ii	29
Health is the first good lent to men . . .	i	55
Heare, ye Virgins, and Ile teach	i	155
Heaven is not given for our good works here	ii	235
Heav'n is most faire; but fairer He . . .	ii	222
Hell is no other, but a soundlesse pit . .	ii	209
Hell is the place where whipping-cheer abounds	ii	209
Helpe me! helpe me! now I call	i	12
Help me, *Julia*, for to pray	ii	146
Hence a blessed soule is fled	i	275
Hence, hence, profane; soft silence let us have	i	114
Hence, hence prophane, and none appeare .	ii	200
Hence they have born my Lord; behold! the Stone	ii	252
Here a little child I stand	ii	197
Here a pretty Baby lies	ii	13
Here a solemne Fast we keepe	i	220
Here down my wearyed limbs Ile lay . .	i	157
Here, here I live	i	222
Here, here I live with what my Board . .	i	260
Here I my selfe might likewise die . . .	ii	67
Here lies a Virgin, and as sweet	ii	57
Here lyes *Johnson* with the rest	ii	99
Here she lies, a pretty bud	i	159
Here she lyes (in Bed of Spice)	ii	79
Here we are all, by day: By night w'are hurl'd	i	26
Here we securely live, and eate	i	257
Her Eyes the Glow-worme lend thee . .	ii	4
Her pretty feet	i	252
He that ascended in a cloud, shall come .	ii	222
He that is hurt seeks help: sin is the wound	ii	221
He that may sin, sins least; Leave to transgresse	i	140

	VOL.	PAGE
He that will live of all cares dispossest . .	ii	120
He that will not love, must be	i	131
He who commends the vanquisht, speaks the Power	i	261
He, who has suffer'd Ship-wrack, feares to saile	i	277
He who wears Blacks, and mournes not for the Dead	ii	140
Hog has a place i'th' Kitchen, and his share	ii	148
Holy-rood come forth and shield	i	230
Holy Water come and bring	ii	59
Holy waters hither bring	ii	118
Honour thy Parents; but good manners call	ii	197
Honour to you who sit	ii	62
Horne sells to others teeth; but has not one	i	275
How am I bound to Two! God who doth give	ii	186
How am I ravisht! when I do but see . .	i	178
How can I choose but love, and follow her.	i	235
How co'd *Luke Smeaton* weare a shoe, or boot	ii	35
How dull and dead are books, that cannot show		181
How fierce was I, when I did see	ii	106
How long, *Perenna*, wilt thou see . . .	i	230
How Love came in, I do not know . . .	i	30
How rich a man is, all desire to know . .	i	166
How rich and pleasing thou, my *Julia* art.	i	38
How well contented in this private *Grange*	ii	127
Humble we must be, if to Heaven we go .	ii	195
Huncks ha's no money (he do's sweare, or say)	i	225
Hye hence, pale Care, noe more remember.	ii	263
I abhor the slimie kisse	ii	90
I a *Dirge* will pen for thee	ii	119
I am holy, while I stand	ii	17
I am of all bereft	i	225
I am Sive-like, and can hold	i	150
I am zeallesse; prethee pray	ii	83
I askt my *Lucia* but a kisse.	i	277
I ask't thee oft, what Poets thou hast read	i	85
I beginne to waine in sight	i	234
I brake thy Bracelet 'gainst my will . . .	ii	35

	VOL.	PAGE
I bring ye Love. *Quest.* What will love do?	ii	126
I burn, I burn; and beg of you	i	65
I call, I call: who doe ye call?	i	143
I can but name thee, and methinks I call	i	168
I cannot love, as I have lov'd before	ii	58
I cannot pipe as I was wont to do	i	267
I cannot suffer; and in this, my part	i	219
I co'd but see thee yesterday	ii	76
I co'd never love indeed	i	237
I could wish you all, who love	i	151
I crawle, I creep; my *Christ*, I come	ii	215
I dare not ask a kisse	ii	23
I dislikt but even now	i	201
I do believe, that die I must	ii	191
I doe love I know not what	i	273
I do not love, nor can it be	i	201
I do not love to wed	i	208
I dream'd this mortal part of mine	i	20
I dream'd we both were in a bed	i	25
I dreamt, last night, Thou didst transfuse	ii	189
I dreamt the Roses one time went	i	9
If Accusation onely can draw blood	i	253
If after rude and boystrous seas	i	121
If all transgressions here should have their pay	ii	172
If any thing delight me for to print	ii	186
If, deare *Anthea*, my hard fate it be	i	13
I feare no Earthly Powers	i	83
If felt and heard, (unseen) thou dost me please	ii	157
If hap it must, that I must see thee lye	ii	113
If I dare write to You, my Lord, who are	i	243
If I have plaid the *Truant*, or have here	ii	245
If I kisse *Anthea's* brest	i	75
If I lye unburied Sir	ii	74
If Kings and kingdomes, once distracted be	ii	156
If little labour, little are our gaines	ii	52
If meat the Gods give, I the steame	i	28
If men can say that beauty dyes	i	265
If 'mongst my many Poems, I can see	i	81
If Nature do deny	ii	13
If nine times you your Bride-groome kisse	i	272
I freeze, I freeze, and nothing dwels	i	10
If so be a Toad be laid	i	273
If that my Fate has now fulfill'd my yeere	ii	84

	VOL.	PAGE
If thou aske me (Deare) wherefore . . .	i	242
If Thou beest taken, *God* forbid	ii	247
If thou dislik'st the Piece thou light'st on first	i	7
If thou hast found an honie-combe . . .	ii	99
If warre, or want shall make me grow so poore	ii	176
If well the Dice runne, lets applaud the cast	ii	5
If well thou hast begun, goe on fore-right .	i	158
If when these Lyricks (CESAR) You shall heare	i	137
If wholsome Diet can re-cure a man . . .	ii	140
If wounds in clothes, *Cuts* calls his rags, 'tis cleere	i	186
If ye feare to be affrighted	ii	144
If ye will with *Mab* find grace	i	261
I haue beheldе two louers, in a night . .	ii	260
I have a leaden, thou a shaft of gold . .	ii	159
I have been wanton. and too bold I feare .	ii	153
I have lost, and lately, these	i	19
I have my Laurel Chaplet on my head . .	ii	143
I have seen many Maidens to have haire .	i	267
I heard ye co'd coole heat; and came . .	i	203
I held Love's head while it did ake . . .	i	245
I lately fri'd, but now behold	ii	101
I'le come, I'le creep, (though Thou dost threat)	ii	179
Ile come to thee in all those shapes . . .	i	75
I'le do my best to win, when'ere I wooe .	i	39
Ile get me hence	i	279
I'le hope no more	ii	203
Ile sing no more, nor will I longer write .	ii	19
Ile to thee a Simnell bring	ii	30
Ile write, because Ile give	i	41
Il'e write no more of Love; but now repent	ii	161
I make no haste to have my Numbers read	ii	5
I'm free from thee; and thou no more shalt heare	i	21
Immortall clothing I put on	ii	73
Imparitie doth ever discord bring	ii	71
I'm sick of Love; O let me lie	i	205
I must	ii	124
In a Dreame, Love bad me go	ii	7
In all our high designments, 'twill appeare	ii	103
In all thy need, be thou possest	ii	43

	VOL.	PAGE
In Battailes what disasters fall	ii	100
In Den'-shire Kerzie *Lusk* (when he was dead)	ii	158
In desp'rate cases. all, or most are known .	ii	76
In doing justice, God shall then be known.	ii	239
In Gods commands, ne're ask the reason why	ii	245
In God there's nothing, but 'tis known to be	ii	223
In holy meetings, there a man may be . .	i	212
In man, Ambition is the common'st thing .	i	26
In Numbers, and but these few	ii	173
In Prayer the Lips nee'r act the winning part	ii	174
In sober mornings, doe not thou reherse .	i	8
Instead of Orient Pearls, of Jet	i	16
Instruct me now, what love will do . . .	ii	147
In's *Tusc'lanes*, *Tullie* doth confesse . . .	ii	158
In the hope of ease to come	ii	134
In the houre of my distresse	ii	176
In the morning when ye rise	ii	144
In the old Scripture I have often read . .	ii	174
In things a moderation keepe	ii	62
In this little Urne is laid	ii	63
In this little Vault she lyes	i	67
In this misfortune Kings doe most excell .	ii	104
In this world (the *Isle of Dreames*) . . .	ii	215
In time of life, I grac't ye with my Verse .	i	177
In vain our labours are, whatsoe're they be	ii	218
In wayes to greatnesse, think on this . .	ii	20
I plaid with Love, as with the fire . . .	i	264
I prest my *Julia's* lips, and in the kisse .	ii	34
I saw about her spotlesse wrist	i	82
I saw a Cherry weep, and why?	i	13
I saw a Flie within a Beade	ii	72
I send, I send here my supremest kiss . .	ii	135
I sing of *Brooks*, of *Blossomes*, Birds, and *Bowers*	i	5
I sing thy praise *Iacchus*	ii	60
Is this a Fast, to keep	ii	236
Is this a life, to break thy sleep	ii	25
Is *Zelot* pure? he is: ye see he weares . .	ii	24
It is sufficient if we pray	i	75
It was, and still my care is	ii	27
I've paid Thee, what I promis'd; that's not All	i	213

	VOL.	PAGE
I who have favour'd many, come to be . .	i	183
I will be short, and having quickly hurl'd .	ii	111
I will confesse	ii	108
I will no longer kiss	ii	152
I would to God, that mine old age might have	ii	208
Jacob God's Beggar was; and so we wait .	ii	224
Jealous Girles these sometimes were . . .	i	243
Jehovah, as *Boëtius* saith	ii	223
Jolly and *Jilly*, bite and scratch all day .	i	202
Jone is a wench that's painted	ii	20
Jone wo'd go tel her haires; and well she might	i	253
Jove may afford us thousands of reliefs . .	i	198
Judith has cast her old-skin, and got new .	i	180
Julia and I did lately sit	i	23
Julia, I bring	i	83
Julia, if I chance to die	i	26
Jvlia was carelesse, and withall	i	15
Julia, when thy *Herrick* dies	i	242
Justly our *dearest Saviour* may abhorre us	ii	232
Kindle the Christmas Brand and then . .	ii	94
Kings must be dauntlesse: Subjects will contemne	ii	154
Kings must not oft be seen by publike eyes	ii	29
Kings must not only cherish up the good .	ii	61
Kings must not use the Axe for each offence	ii	126
Kissing and bussing differ both in this . .	i	246
Knew'st thou, one moneth wo'd take thy life away	ii	36
Know when to speake; for many times it brings	ii	138
Labour we must, and labour hard . . .	ii	220
Laid out for dead, let thy last kindnesse be	i	23
Lasciviousnesse is known to be	ii	217
Last night I drew up mine Account . . .	ii	205
Last night thou didst invite me home to eate	i	209
Lay by the good a while; a resting field .	ii	103
Learn this of me, where e'r thy Lot doth fall	i	198
Leech boasts, he has a Pill, that can alone.	i	160

	VOL.	PAGE
Let all chaste Matrons, when they chance to see	i	75
Let but thy voice engender with the string	i	131
Letcher was Carted first about the streets	i	254
Let faire or foule my Mistresse be	i	271
Let Kings and Rulers learne this line from me	ii	117
Let Kings Command, and doe the best they may	i	177
Let me be warme; let me be fully fed	i	40
Let me not live, if I not love	ii	150
Let me sleep this night away	i	259
Let moderation on thy passions waite	ii	138
Let not that Day God's Friends and Servants scare	ii	214
Let not thy Tomb-stone er'e be laid by me	ii	89
Let others looke for Pearle and Gold	ii	185
Let others to the Printing Presse run fast	ii	132
Let's be jocund while we may	ii	13
Lets call for *Hymen* if agreed thou art	ii	62
Let's live in hast; use pleasures while we may	i	222
Let's live with that smal pittance that we have	i	278
Lets now take our time	ii	70
Let's strive to be the best; the Gods, we know it	ii	126
Let there be Patrons; Patrons like to thee	i	53
Let the superstitious wife	ii	93
Let us now take time, and play	ii	32
Let us (though late) at last (my *Silvia*) wed	i	9
Life is the Bodie's light; which once declining	i	270
Life of my life, take not so soone Thy flight	i	93
Like those infernall Deities which eate	ii	75
Like to a Bride, come forth, my Booke, at last	i	97
Like to the Income must be our expence	i	151
Like will to like, each Creature loves his kinde	ii	139
Lillies will languish; Violets look ill	i	54
Linnit playes rarely on the Lute, we know	i	193
Little you are; for Womans sake be proud	i	277
Live by thy Muse thou shalt; when others die	i	275

	VOL.	PAGE
Live, live with me, and thou shalt see . .	i	249
Live with a thrifty, not a needy Fate . .	i	15
Long Locks of late our Zelot *Peason* weares	ii	80
Looke in my Book, and herein see . . .	ii	98
Look how our foule Dayes do exceed our faire	ii	165
Look, how the *Rainbow* doth appeare . .	i	179
Look upon *Sapho's* lip, and you will swear .	ii	122
Lord, do not beat me	ii	181
Lord, I am like to *Mistletoe*	ii	207
Lord, I confesse, that Thou alone art able .	ii	189
Lord, Thou hast given me a cell	ii	179
Lost to the world; lost to my selfe; alone .	ii	111
Loth to depart, but yet at last, each one .	i	181
Love and my selfe (beleeve me) on a day .	i	21
Love and the *Graces* evermore do wait . .	ii	55
Love bade me aske a gift	i	129
Love brought me to a silent Grove . . .	ii	85
Love he that will; it best likes me . . .	i	201
Love, I have broke	i	223
Love in a showre of Blossomes came . . .	ii	91
Love, I recant	i	128
Love is a Circle, and an Endlesse Sphere .	ii	79
Love is a circle that doth restlesse move .	i	15
Love is a kind of warre: Hence those who feare	ii	88
Love is a Leven, and a loving kisse . . .	ii	110
Love is a sirrup; and who er'e we see . .	ii	111
Love is maintain'd by wealth; when all is spent	ii	28
Love, like a Beggar, came to me	ii	107
Love, like a Gypsie, lately came	i	81
Love love begets; then never be	ii	51
Love, love me now, because I place . . .	ii	84
Love on a day (wise Poets tell)	i	135
Love's a thing, (as I do heare)	i	150
Love scorch'd my finger, but did spare . .	i	36
Love-sick I am, and must endure	i	77
Love's of itself too sweet; the best of all .	ii	150
Luggs by the Condemnation of the Bench .	i	103
Lulls swears he is all heart; but you'l suppose	ii	92
Lungs (as some say) ne'r sets him down to eate	ii	12
Lupes for the outside of his suite has paide	ii	117

	VOL.	PAGE
Magot frequents those houses of good-cheere	i	248
Maidens tell me I am old	ii	82
Maids nay's are nothing, they are shie	ii	48
Make haste away, and let one be	ii	80
Make, make me Thine, my gracious God	ii	181
Make me a heaven; and make me there	i	61
Man is a Watch, wound up at first, but never	i	263
Man is compos'd here of a two-fold part	i	197
Man knowes where first he ships himselfe; but he	i	229
Man may at first transgress, but next do well	ii	132
Man may want Land to live in; but for all	ii	70
Man must do well out of a good intent	ii	101
Man's disposition is for to requite	ii	103
Many we are, and yet but few possesse	i	230
May his pretty Duke-ship grow	i	138
Mease brags of Pullets which he eats: but Mease	i	182
Megg yesterday was troubled with a Pose	ii	108
Men are not born Kings, but are men renown'd	ii	36
Men are suspicious; prone to discontent	ii	103
Men must have Bounds how farre to walke; for we	ii	123
Men say y'are faire; and faire ye are, 'tis true	i	127
Mercy, the wise Athenians held to be	ii	219
Me thought I saw (as I did dreame in bed)	ii	131
Me thought (last night) Love in an anger came	i	19
Mighty *Neptune*, may it please	i	166
Milk stil your Fountains, and your Springs, for why?	ii	77
Mine eyes, like clouds, were drizling raine	ii	31
Mon. Bad are the times. *Sil.* And wors then they are we	i	205
Mony thou ow'st me; Prethee fix a day	i	106
Moon is an Usurer, whose gain	i	184
Mop-ey'd I am, as some have said	i	125
More discontents I never had	i	24
More white than whitest Lillies far	i	43
Much-more, provides, and hoords up like an Ant	i	94
Mudge every morning to the Postern comes	ii	115

	VOL.	PAGE
Musick, thou *Queen of Heaven*, Care-charming spel	i	132
My dearest Love, since thou wilt go	ii	145
My faithful friend, if you can see	i	101
My God, I'm wounded by my sin	ii	169
My God! looke on me with Thine eye	ii	172
My head doth ake	i	274
My *Lucia* in the deaw did go	ii	44
My many cares and much distress	ii	131
My Muse in Meads has spent her many houres	i	120
My soule would one day goe and seeke	ii	89
My wearied Barke, O let it now be Crown'd!	ii	161
My wooing's ended: now my weddings neere	i	234
Naught are all Women; I say no	ii	92
Need is no vice at all; though here it be	ii	34
Nero commanded; but withdrew his eyes	ii	28
Never my Book's perfection did appeare	i	128
Never was Day so over-sick with showres	i	67
Next is your lot (Faire) to be number'd one	i	243
Night hath no wings, to him that cannot sleep	ii	190
Night hides our thefts; all faults then pardon'd be	i	273
Night makes no difference 'twixt the Priest and Clark	ii	86
Nis, he makes Verses; but the Lines he writes	ii	95
Noah the first was (as Tradition sayes)	ii	229
No fault in women to refuse	i	152
No grief is grown so desperate, but the ill	ii	140
No man comes late unto that place from whence	ii	19
No man is tempted so, but may o'recome	ii	232
No man so well a Kingdom Rules, as He	ii	147
No man such rare parts hath, that he can swim	ii	111
No more my *Silvia*, do I mean to pray	i	266
No more shall I, since I am driven hence	i	169
No news of Navies burnt at Seas	i	162
None goes to warfare, but with this intent	i	54
Noone-day and Midnight shall at once be seene	i	76

	VOL.	PAGE
No question but *Dols* cheeks wo'd soon rost dry	ii	148
Nor art thou lesse esteem'd, that I have plac'd	ii	56
Nor is my Number full, till I inscribe	i	258
Nor thinke that Thou in this my Booke art worst	ii	153
Not all thy flushing Sunnes are set	i	92
Nothing can be more loathsome, then to see	i	276
Nothing comes Free-cost here; *Jove* will not let	i	229
Nothing hard, or harsh can prove	ii	35
Nothing is New; we walk where others went	i	179
No trust to Metals nor to Marbles, when	ii	267
Now, if you love me, tell me	ii	142
Now is the time for mirth	i	103
Now is the time, when all the lights wax dim	i	25
Now is your turne (my Dearest) to be set	ii	66
Now, now's the time; so oft by truth	i	69
Now, now the mirth comes	ii	137
Now *Patrick* with his footmanship has done	i	205
No wrath of Men, or rage of Seas	i	280
Now thou art dead, no eye shall ever see	ii	116
O Earth! Earth! Earth! heare thou my voice, and be	i	24
Of all our parts, the eyes expresse	i	156
Of all the good things whatsoe're we do	ii	252
Of all those three-brave-brothers, faln i' th' Warre	i	220
Of both our Fortunes good and bad we find	ii	57
Offer thy gift; but first the Law commands	ii	112
Of Flanks and Chines of Beefe doth *Gorrell* boast	i	115
Of fourre teeth onely *Bridget* was possest	i	205
Of Pushes *Spalt* has such a knottie race	i	275
Oft bend the Bow, and thou with ease shalt do	ii	41
Oft have I heard both Youths and Virgins say	i	193
O Jealousie, that art	i	221
O *Jupiter*, sho'd I speake ill	ii	49
Old Parson *Beanes* hunts six dayes of the week	i	212

	VOL.	PAGE
Old Widdow *Prouse* to do her neigbbours evill	ii	68
Old Widow *Shopter*, whensoere she cryes	ii	157
Old wives have often told, how they	i	22
On, as thou hast begunne, brave youth, and get	i	194
Once on a Lord-Mayors day, in Cheapside, when	i	260
One ask'd me where the roses grew?	i	22
One Birth our Saviour had; the like none yet	ii	226
One Eare tingles; some there be	ii	154
One feeds on Lard, and yet is leane	i	225
One man repentant is of more esteem	ii	231
One more by Thee, Love, and Desert have sent	i	248
One night i' th' yeare, my dearest Beauties, come	ii	11
One of the five straight branches of my hand	i	265
One onely fire has Hell; but yet it shall	ii	236
One silent night of late	i	33
One silver spoon shines in the house of *Croot*	ii	157
Onely a little more	i	108
On with thy worke, though thou beest hardly prest	ii	129
Open thy gates	ii	206
Or lookt I back unto the Times hence flown	ii	26
Orpheus he went (as Poets tell)	ii	67
Other mens sins wee ever beare in mind	ii	52
O Thou, the wonder of all dayes!	ii	192
O! Times most bad	i	276
Our Bastard-children are but like to Plate	ii	130
Our Crosses are no other then the rods	ii	85
Our Honours, and our Commendations be	i	155
Our *Houshold-gods* our Parents be	ii	16
Our mortall parts may wrapt in Seare-cloths lye	i	259
Our present Teares here (not our present laughter)	ii	196
Out of the world he must, who once comes in	i	259
O Yeares! and Age! Farewell	ii	184
O! you the Virgins nine!	ii	19

	VOL.	PAGE
Pagget, a School-boy, got a Sword, and then	i	83
Paradise is (as from the Learn'd I gather) .	ii	225
Pardon me God, (once more I Thee intreat)	ii	207
Pardon my trespasse (Silvia,) I confesse .	ii	105
Parrat protests 'tis he and only he . . .	i	242
Partly worke and partly play	ii	134
Part of the worke remaines ; one part is past	ii	161
Paske, though his debt be due upon the day	i	183
Paul, he began ill, but he ended well . .	ii	230
Pauls hands do give ; what give they, bread or meat	ii	46
Peapes he do's strut, and pick his Teeth, as if	ii	78
Permit me, *Julia*, now to goe away . . .	i	76
Permit mine eyes to see	ii	204
Phœbus ! when that I a Verse	i	157
Physitians fight not against men ; but these	ii	16
Physitians say Repletion springs	ii	110
Pievish doth boast, that he's the very first .	i	202
Play I co'd once ; but (gentle friend) you see	i	108
Play, *Phœbus* on thy Lute	i	196
Play their offensive and defensive parts .	ii	206
Please your Grace, from out your Store .	ii	12
Ponder my words, if so that any be . . .	ii	100
Praise they that will Times past, I joy to see	ii	104
Prat he writes Satyres; but herein's the fault	ii	33
Prayers and Praises are those spotlesse two	ii	167
Predestination is the Cause alone	ii	233
Prepare for Songs ; He's come, He's come .	ii	199
Preposterous is that Government, (and rude)	i	255
Prepost'rous is that order, when we run .	ii	36
Prickles is waspish, and puts forth his sting	ii	97
Prig now drinks Water, who before drank Beere	i	91
Prigg when he comes to houses, oft doth use	i	184
Princes and Fav'rites are most deere, while they	ii	54
Prue, my dearest Maid, is sick	i	156
Pusse and her Prentice both at Draw-gloves play	ii	60
Put off Thy Robe of *Purple* ; then go on .	ii	246
Put on thy *Holy Fillitings*, and so . . .	ii	95
Put on your silks ; and piece by piece . .	i	25
Putrefaction is the end	i	211

	VOL.	PAGE
Ralph pares his nayles, his warts, his cornes, and *Ralph*	ii	113
Rapine has yet tooke nought from me	ii	213
Rare are thy cheeks *Susanna*, which do show	i	251
Rare is the voice itselfe; but when we sing	ii	155
Rare Temples thou hast seen, I know	i	116
Raspe playes at Nine-holes; and 'tis known he gets	i	199
Reach, with your whiter hands, to me	i	240
Readers, wee entreat ye pray	ii	72
Read thou my Lines, my *Swetnaham*, if there be	ii	151
Reape's eyes so rawe are, that (it seemes) the flyes	ii	90
Reproach we may the living; not the dead	ii	5
Rise, Houshold-gods, and let us goe	i	142
Roaring is nothing but a weeping part	ii	220
Rook he sells feathers, yet he still doth crie	i	212
Root had no money; yet he went o'th score	i	210
Roses at first were white	i	134
Roses, you can never die	ii	146
Rumpe is a Turne-broach, yet he seldome can	ii	156
Rush saves his shooes, in wet and snowie wether	ii	158
Sabbaths are threefold, as S. *Austine* sayes	ii	229
Sadly I walk't within the field	i	93
Sapho, I will chuse to go	ii	69
Science in God, is known to be	ii	217
Science puffs up, sayes *Gut*, when either Pease	ii	150
Scobble for Whoredome whips his wife; and cryes	i	57
Sea-born Goddesse, let me be	i	177
Seeal'd up with Night-gum, Loach each morning lyes	ii	72
See, and not see; and if thou chance t'espie	i	40
See how the poore do waiting stand	i	178
Seeing thee *Soame*, I see a Goodly man	i	228
See'st thou that Cloud as silver cleare	i	178
Seest thou that Cloud that rides in State	ii	72
Seest thou those *Diamonds* which she weares	i	167
Shall I a daily Begger be	ii	130
Shall I go to Love and tell	ii	78

	VOL.	PAGE
Shame checks our first attempts; but then 'tis prov'd	ii	195
Shame is a bad attendant to a State	i	236
Shapcot! to thee the Fairy State	i	154
Shark when he goes to any publick feast	i	153
She by the River sate, and sitting there	ii	50
She wept upon her cheeks, and weeping so	ii	49
Shew me thy feet; shew me thy legs, thy thighes	i	199
Shift now has cast his clothes; got all things new	i	186
Sho'd I not put on Blacks, when each one here	ii	98
Shut not so soon; the dull-ey'd night	i	213
Sibb when she saw her face how hard it was	ii	46
Sick is *Anthea*, sickly is the spring	ii	142
Since for thy full deserts (with all the rest)	i	197
Since *Gander* did his prettie Youngling wed	ii	12
Since *Jack* and *Jill* both wicked be	i	211
Since shed or Cottage I have none	ii	142
Since to th' Country first I came	i	236
Sing me to death; for till thy voice be cleare	i	196
Sin is an act so free, that if we shall	ii	234
Sin is the cause of death; and sin's alone	ii	234
Sin leads the way, but as it goes, it feels	ii	195
Sinners confounded are a twofold way	ii	232
Sin never slew a soule, unlesse there went	ii	234
Sin no existence; Nature none it hath	ii	224
Sin once reacht up to God's eternall Sphere	ii	202
Sitting alone (as one forsook)	i	65
Skiñns he dined well to day; how do you think?	i	201
Skoles stinks so deadly, that his Breeches loath	ii	17
Skrew lives by shifts; yet sweares by no small oathes	i	193
Skurffe by his Nine-bones sweares, and well he may	i	234
Slouch he packs up, and goes to sev'rall Faires	ii	52
Smooth was the Sea, and seem'd to call	ii	105
Snare, ten i' th' hundred calls his wife; and why?	ii	8
Sneape has a face so brittle, that it breaks	i	159

	VOL.	PAGE
So Good-luck came, and on my roofe did light	i	128
So long (it seem'd) as *Maries* Faith was small	ii	228
So long you did not sing, or touch your Lute	i	123
So look the mornings when the Sun	ii	71
So looks *Anthea*, when in bed she lyes	i	43
Some ask'd me where the *Rubies* grew?	i	31
Some parts may perish; dye thou canst not all	i	261
Some salve to every sore, we may apply	ii	80
Some would know	i	14
Sorrowes divided amongst many, lesse	ii	34
Sorrowes our portion are: Ere hence we goe	ii	191
So smell those odours that do rise	i	186
So smooth, so sweet, so silv'ry is thy voice	i	23
So soft streams meet, so springs with gladder smiles	i	98
Sound Teeth has *Lucie*, pure as Pearl, and small	ii	17
Speak, did the Bloud of *Abel* cry	ii	231
Spend Harmless shade, thy nightly Houres	ii	100
Spenke has a strong breath, yet short Prayers saith	ii	92
Spokes, when he sees a roasted Pig, he swears	ii	120
Spring with the Larke, most comely Bride, and meet	ii	3
Spunge makes his boasts that he's the onely man	i	222
Spur jingles now, and sweares by no meane oathes	ii	154
Stand by the *Magick* of my powerfull Rhymes	ii	87
Stand forth, brave man, since fate has made thee here	ii	50
Stand with thy Graces forth, Brave man, and rise	i	234
Stately Goddesse, do thou please	i	182
Stay while ye will, or goe	i	106
Still take advice; though counsels, when they flye	ii	138
Still to our gains our chief respect is had	i	179
Store of courage to me grant	i	195
Stripes justly given yerk us (with their fall)	ii	140

	VOL.	PAGE
Strut, once a Fore-man of a Shop we knew	i	68
Studies themselves will languish and decay.	ii	136
Sudds Launders Bands in pisse; and starches them	i	125
Suffer thy legs, but not thy tongue to walk	ii	168
Suspicion, Discontent, and Strife	i	64
Sweet *Amarillis*, by a Spring's	i	60
Sweet are my *Julia's* lips and cleane	ii	84
Sweet, be not proud of those two eyes	i	78
Sweet *Bridget* blusht, & therewithall	i	264
Sweet Country life, to such unknown	ii	20
Sweet *Oenone*, doe but say	ii	66
Sweet virgin, that I do not set	i	187
Sweet Western Wind, whose luck it is	i	132
Take mine advice, and go not neere	ii	86
Tap (better known then trusted) as we heare	ii	77
Teage has told lyes so long, that when *Teage* tells	ii	90
Teares most prevaile; with teares too thou mayest move	ii	96
Teares quickly drie: griefs will in time decay	ii	104
Teares, though th'are here below the sinners brine	ii	16
Tell, if thou canst (and truly) whence doth come	i	203
Tell me rich man, for what intent	ii	240
Tell me, what needs those rich deceits	ii	90
Tell me, young man, or did the Muses bring	ii	112
Tell that Brave Man, fain thou wo'dst have access	ii	115
Tell us, thou cleere and heavenly Tongue	ii	202
Temptations hurt not, though they have accesse	ii	191
Thanksgiving for a former, doth invite	ii	178
Th'art hence removing, (like a Shepherds Tent)	i	244
Th'ast dar'd too farre; but Furie now forbeare	i	105
That *Christ* did die, the *Pagan* saith	ii	242
That flow of Gallants which approach	ii	34
That for seven *Lusters* I did never come	i	35
That Happines do's still the longest thrive	ii	66
That Houre-glasse, which there ye see	i	57
That little prettie bleeding part	ii	214

	VOL.	PAGE
That Love last long; let it thy first care be	i	240
That love 'twixt men do's ever longest last	ii	150
That Manna, which God on His people cast	ii	219
That Morne which saw me made a Bride .	i	140
That Prince must govern with a gentle hand	ii	145
That Prince takes soone enough the Victors roome	i	140
That Prince, who may doe nothing but what's just	ii	156
That Princes may possesse a surer seat . .	i	212
That there's a God, we all do know . . .	ii	240
That was the Proverb. Let my mistresse be	i	181
The Bad among the Good are here mixt ever	ii	224
The bloud of *Abel* was a thing	ii	231
The Body is the Soules poore house, or home	ii	86
The body's salt, the soule is; which when gon	ii	157
The bound (almost) now of my book I see .	ii	132
The Doctors, in the Talmud, say	ii	231
The Eggs of Pheasants wire-nosed *Tooly* sells	i	266
The factions of the great ones call . . .	ii	89
The fire of Hell this strange condition hath	ii	230
The Gods require the thighes	ii	48
The Gods to Kings the Judgement give to sway	i	140
The Hag is astride	ii	15
The *Jewes* their beds, and offices of ease .	ii	229
The Jewes, when they built Houses (I have read)	ii	225
The lesse our sorrowes here and suffrings cease	ii	209
The *Lictors* bundl'd up their rods: beside .	ii	102
The longer thred of life we spin	ii	219
The May-pole is up	ii	33
The mellow touch of musick most doth wound	i	14
The Mountains of the Scriptures are (some say)	ii	221
Then did I live when I did see	ii	132
The only comfort of my life	ii	141
The Person crowns the Place; your lot doth fall	ii	119

	VOL.	PAGE
The Power of Princes rests in the Consent.	ii	147
The readinesse of doing, doth expresse . .	ii	81
There is no evill that we do commit . . .	ii	229
The repetition of the name made known .	ii	224
There's no constraint to do amisse . . .	ii	235
The Rose was sick, and smiling di'd . . .	ii	30
The Saints-bell calls; and, *Julia*, I must read	i	272
The same, who crownes the Conquerour, will be	ii	222
The seeds of *Treason* choake up as they spring	i	11
These fresh beauties (we can prove) . . .	i	18
These Springs were Maidens once that lov'd	i	223
These *Summer-Birds* did with thy master stay	i	195
These temp'rall goods God (the most Wise) commends	ii	230
The shame of man's face is no more . . .	ii	224
The staffe is now greas'd	ii	160
The strength of *Baptisme*, that's within .	ii	243
The sup'rabundance of my store	ii	214
The teares of Saints more sweet by farre .	ii	219
The time the Bridegroom stayes from hence	ii	222
The Twi-light is no other thing (we say) .	ii	140
The *Virgin Marie* was (as I have read) . .	ii	228
The Virgin-Mother stood at distance (there)	ii	225
The work is done; now let my *Lawrell* be.	ii	245
The worke is done: young men and maidens, set	ii	161
Things are uncertain, and the more we get .	ii	136
This Axiom I have often heard	ii	26
This Day is Yours, *Great* CHARLES! and in this War	ii	74
This day my *Julia* thou must make . . .	ii	70
This Ile tell ye by the way	ii	144
This is my comfort, when she's most unkind	ii	143
This is the height of Justice, that to doe . .	i	280
This Lady's short, that Mistresse she is tall	i	212
This rule of manners I will teach my guests	ii	128
This Stone can tell the storie of my life .	ii	119
Those ends in War the best contentment bring	ii	136
Those Garments lasting evermore. . . .	ii	238
Those ills that mortall men endure . . .	i	197
Those possessions short-liv'd are	ii	37

	VOL.	PAGE
Those Saints, which God loves best . . .	ii	172
Those Tapers, which we set upon the grave	ii	226
Thou art a plant sprung up to wither never	i	126
Thou art to all lost love the best	i	136
Thou bidst me come away	ii	182
Thou bidst me come; I cannot come; for why	ii	182
Thou cam'st to cure me (Doctor) of my cold	i	125
Thou gav'st me leave to kisse	i	183
Though a wise man all pressures can sustaine	i	77
Though by well-warding many blowes w'ave past	ii	31
Though Clock	ii	42
Though Frankinsense the *Deities* require .	ii	106
Though from without no foes at all we feare	ii	104
Though good things answer many good intents	i	142
Though hourly comforts from the Gods we see	i	142
Though I cannot give thee fires	i	165
Though long it be, yeeres may repay the debt	ii	18
Though Thou beest all that *Active Love* .	ii	242
Thou had'st the wreath before, now take the Tree	i	194
Thou hast made many Houses for the Dead	ii	83
Thou hast promis'd, Lord, to be	ii	176
Thou know'st, my *Julia*, that it is thy turne	i	255
Thou mighty Lord and master of the Lyre.	ii	88
Thou sail'st with others in this *Argus* here	i	30
Thou saist thou lov'st me *Sapho*; I say no.	ii	86
Thousands each day passe by, which wee .	ii	26
Thou say'st I'm dull; if edge-lesse so I be .	ii	150
Thou sayest Love's Dart	ii	77
Thou say'st my lines are hard	i	177
Thou seest me *Lucia* this year droope . .	ii	117
Thou sent'st to me a True-love-knot; but I	i	226
Thou shalt not All die; for while Love's fire shines	i	184
Thou, thou that bear'st the sway	ii	88
Thou who wilt not love, doe this	i	97
Thou writes in Prose, how sweet all Virgins be	ii	69
Three fatall Sisters wait upon each sin . .	ii	168
Three lovely Sisters working were . . .	i	22

	VOL.	PAGE
Thrice, and above, blest (my soule's halfe) art thou	i	44
Thrice happie Roses, so much grac't, to have	ii	47
Through all the night	ii	183
Thus I	i	231
Thy Azure Robe, I did behold	i	85
Thy former coming was to cure	ii	244
Thy sooty *Godhead*, I desire	i	280
Till I shall come again, let this suffice	i	188
Time is the Bound of things, where e're we go	ii	58
Time was upon	ii	175
'Tis a known principle in War	i	152
Tis but a dog-like madnesse in bad Kings	ii	104
'Tis Ev'ning, my Sweet	i	254
'Tis hard to finde God, but to comprehend	ii	167
'Tis Heresie in others: In your face	i	234
'Tis liberty to serve one Lord; but he	ii	92
Tis much among the filthy to be clean	ii	139
'Tis never, or but seldome knowne	ii	65
Tis no discomfort in the world to fall	ii	139
Tis not a thousand Bullocks thies	i	27
'Tis not ev'ry day, that I	ii	38
'Tis not greatness they require	i	28
'Tis not the food, but the content	i	159
'Tis not the Walls, or purple, that defends.	ii	40
'Tis said, as *Cupid* danc't among	ii	36
'Tis still observ'd, that Fame ne're sings	ii	41
'Tis still observ'd, those men most valiant are	ii	125
'Tis the Chyrurgions praise, and height of Art	ii	70
'Tis worse then barbarous cruelty to show	i	259
To all our wounds, here, whatsoe're they be	ii	234
To a Love-Feast we both invited are	ii	187
To an old soare a long cure must goe on	ii	130
To Bread and Water none is poore	i	42
To cleanse his eyes, *Tom Brock* makes much adoe	i	141
To conquer'd men, some comfort 'tis to fall	i	65
To fetch me Wine my *Lucia* went	i	243
To find that Tree of Life, whose Fruits did feed	i	79
To gather Flowers *Sappha* went	ii	49
To get thine ends, lay bashfulnesse aside	i	9

	VOL.	PAGE
To him, who longs unto his CHRIST to go	ii	216
To his Book's end this last line he'd have plac't	ii	162
To house the Hag, you must doe this	ii	93
To joyn with them who here confer	ii	251
To loose the button, is no lesse	ii	37
Tom Blinks his Nose, is full of wheales, and these	ii	78
To me my *Julia* lately sent	i	16
To-morrow, *Julia*, I betimes must rise	i	131
To mortall men great loads allotted be	ii	38
Tom shifts the Trenchers; yet he never can	ii	67
To my revenge, and to her desp'rate feares	i	112
To paint the fiend, *Pink* would the Devill see	i	140
To Print our Poems, the propulsive cause	i	219
To read my Booke the Virgin shie	i	7
To safe-guard Man from wrongs, there nothing must	i	86
To seek of God more then we well can find	ii	188
To sup with thee thou didst me home invite	ii	63
To this *white Temple* of my *Heroes*, here	i	240
Touch but thy Lire (my *Harrie*) and I heare	ii	82
To work a *wonder*, God would have her shown	ii	226
Trap, of a Player turn'd a Priest now is	ii	148
Tread Sirs, as lightly as ye can	ii	15
Trigg having turn'd his sute, he struts in state	ii	35
True mirth resides not in the smiling skin	ii	168
True rev'rence is (as *Cassiodore* doth prove)	ii	219
True to your self, and sheets, you'l have me swear	i	175
Truggin a Footman was; but now, growne lame	ii	91
Trust me Ladies, I will do	ii	230
Truth by her own simplicity is known	ii	153
Truth is best found out by the time, and eyes	ii	97
Tumble me down, and I will sit	ii	28
'Twas but a single *Rose*	i	66
'Twas *Cesar's* saying: *Kings no less Conquerors are*	ii	75
'Twas not Lov's Dart	i	209
Twice has *Pudica* been a Bride, and led	i	233

	VOL.	PAGE
Twilight, no other thing is, Poets say . .	ii	84
'Twixt Kings and Subjects ther's this mighty odds	i	14
'Twixt Kings & Tyrants there's this difference known	ii	85
Twixt Truth and Errour; there's this difference known.	ii	136
Two instruments belong unto our God . .	ii	240
Two of a thousand things, are disallow'd .	i	11
Two parts of us successively command . .	i	175
Two things do make society to stand . .	ii	81
Umber was painting of a Lyon fierce. . .	i	267
Under a Lawne, then skyes more cleare .	i	32
Unto *Pastillus* ranke *Gorgonius* came . .	ii	145
Upon her cheekes she wept, and from those showers.	i	265
Up with the Quintill, that the Rout. . .	ii	122
Urles had the Gout so, that he co'd not stand.	i	270
Vrsley, she thinks those Velvet Patches grace	i	257
Vinegar is no other I define	ii	115
Virgins promis'd when I dy'd	i	57
Virgins, time-past, known were these . .	i	81
Want is a softer Wax, that takes thereon.	ii	97
Wantons we are; and though our words be such	ii	5
Wanton Wenches doe not bring	ii	154
Wash clean the Vessell, lest ye soure . .	ii	141
Wash your hands, or else the fire	ii	65
Wassaile the Trees, that they may beare .	ii	65
Water, water I desire.	i	27
Water, Water I espie	i	79
We are Coheires with *Christ;* nor shall His own	ii	242
We blame, nay, we despise her paines . .	ii	86
We credit most our sight; one eye doth please	ii	97
Weelcome! but yet no entrance, till we blesse	i	159
Weepe for the dead, for they have lost this light	ii	111
Weigh me the Fire; or canst thou find . .	ii	166

	VOL.	PAGE
Welcome, *Great Cesar*, welcome now you are	ii	113
Welcome, Maids of Honour.	i	106
Welcome, most welcome to our Vowes and us	i	32
Welcome to this my Colledge, and though late	ii	120
We merit all we suffer, and by far . . .	ii	239
We pray 'gainst Warre, yet we enjoy no Peace	ii	66
We read how *Faunus*, he the shepheards *God*	ii	122
Were I to give thee *Baptime*, I wo'd chuse	i	36
Were there not a Matter known	i	211
We Trust not to the multitude in Warre .	ii	101
We two are last in Hell: what may we feare	i	42
What are our patches, tatters, raggs, and rents	ii	117
What can I do in Poetry	i	169
What! can my *Kellam* drink his sack . .	ii	101
What Conscience, say, is it in thee . . .	i	218
Whatever comes, let's be content withall .	ii	183
Whatever men for Loyalty pretend . . .	ii	159
What Fate decreed, Time now ha's made us see	ii	53
What God gives, and what we take . . .	ii	197
What here we hope for, we shall once inherit	ii	195
What I fancy, I approve	i	13
What is a Kisse? Why this, as some approve	ii	5
What is the reason *Coone* so dully smels? .	i	174
What is't that wasts a Prince? example showes	ii	156
What made that mirth last night? the neighbours say	ii	7
What needs complaints	ii	133
What need we marry Women, when. . .	ii	110
What now we like, anon we disapprove. .	i	248
What off-spring other men have got . . .	ii	29
What others have with cheapnesse seene, and ease	ii	155
What's got by Justice is establisht sure .	ii	133
Whatsoever thing I see	ii	52
What's that we see from far? the spring of Day	i	144

	VOL.	PAGE
What sweeter musick can we bring . . .	ii	197
What though my Harp, and Violl be . .	ii	194
What though the Heaven be lowring now .	i	244
What though the sea be calme? Trust to the shore.	i	109
What times of sweetnesse this faire day foreshows.	i	57
What was't that fell but now	i	95
What will ye (my poor Orphans) do . . .	ii	6
What Wisdome, Learning, Wit, or Worth	i	62
When a Daffadill I see	i	49
When after many Lusters thou shalt be .	ii	23
When age or Chance has made me blind .	i	41
When all Birds els do of their musick faile	ii	44
When a man's Faith is frozen up, as dead .	ii	191
Whenas in silks my *Julia* goes	ii	62
When as *Leander* young was drown'd . .	i	54
When *Chub* brings in his harvest, still he cries	ii	151
Whenere I go, or what so ere befalls . .	ii	73
When ere my heart, Love's warmth, but entertaines	i	52
When feare admits no hope of safety, then	ii	159
When first I find those Numbers thou do'st write	ii	115
When flowing garments I behold	ii	129
When I a ship see on the Seas	ii	209
When I a Verse shall make	i	278
When I behold a Forrest spread	i	263
When I behold Thee, almost slain . . .	ii	249
When I consider (Dearest) thou dost stay .	i	251
When I departed am, ring thou my knell .	i	143
When I did goe from thee, I felt that smart	i	55
When I goe Hence, ye *Closet-Gods*, I feare.	ii	17
When I love, (as some have told)	i	266
When I of *Villars* doe but heare the name.	i	176
When I shall sin, pardon my trespasse here	ii	201
When I through all my many Poems look.	i	121
When I thy Parts runne o're, I can't espie.	i	11
When I thy singing next shall heare. . .	i	29
When *Jill* complaines to *Jack* for want of meate	i	241
When *Julia* blushes, she do's show . . .	i	154
When *Julia* chid, I stood as mute the while	i	74
When Lawes full power have to sway, we see	i	279

	VOL.	PAGE
When man is punisht, he is plaguèd still .	ii	207
When my date's done, and my gray age must die	i	51
When my off'ring next I make	i	204
When once the sin has fully acted been . .	ii	175
When once the Soule has lost her way . .	ii	239
When one is past, another care we have .	i	23
When others gain much by the present cast	i	186
When out of bed my Love doth spring . .	i	200
When *Pimpe's* feet sweat (as they do often use)	ii	158
When some shall say, Faire once my *Silvia* was	i	27
When that day comes, whose evening sayes I'm gone	i	17
When thou do'st play, and sweetly sing. .	i	182
When Thou wast taken, Lord, I oft have read	ii	247
When times are troubled, then forbeare; but speak	ii	147
When to a House I come, and see	ii	128
When to thy Porch I come, and (ravisht) see	ii	147
When we 'gainst Satan stoutly fight, the more	ii	208
When well we speak, & nothing do that's good	ii	244
When what is lov'd is Present, love doth spring	i	15
When Winds and Seas do rage	ii	210
When with the Virgin morning thou do'st rise	i	164
When words we want, Love teacheth to endite	ii	81
Where God is merry, there write down thy fears	ii	186
Where love begins, there dead thy first desire	ii	88
Where others love, and praise my Verses; still.	i	84
Where Pleasures rule a Kingdome, never there	ii	151
Wherever Nodes do's in the Summer come.	ii	74
Whether I was my selfe, or else did see . .	ii	149
While Fates permit us, let's be merry . .	i	223
While leanest Beasts in Pastures feed . .	i	98

	VOL.	PAGE
While, *Lydia*, I was lov'd of thee	i	89
While the milder Fates consent	i	51
While thou didst keep thy *Candor* undefil'd	i	6
White as *Zenobia's* teeth, the which the Girles	ii	49
White though ye be; yet, Lillies, know .	i	94
Whither dost thou whorry me	i	204
Whither, *Mad maiden*, wilt thou roame? .	i	5
Whither? Say, whither shall I fly . . .	i	52
Who after his transgression doth repent .	ii	70
Who begs to die for feare of humane need .	ii	83
Who formes a Godhead out of Gold or Stone	i	151
Who may do most, do's least; The bravest will	ii	143
Whom sho'd I feare to write to, if I can .	i	82
Who plants an Olive, but to eate the Oile?	ii	143
Who, railing, drives the Lazar from his door	ii	33
Who read'st this Book that I have writ .	ii	20
Whose head befringèd with be-scatterèd tresses	ii	255
Who to the North, or South, doth set . .	i	211
Who violates the Customes, hurts the Health	ii	139
Who will not honour Noble Numbers, when	ii	66
Who with a little cannot be content . . .	i	278
Who with thy leaves shall wipe (at need) .	i	7
Why doe not all fresh maids appeare . .	i	133
Why doe ye weep, sweet Babes? can Tears	i	133
Why do'st thou wound, & break my heart .	ii	152
Why I tye about thy wrist	i	164
Why, Madam, will ye longer weep . . .	i	246
Why sho'd we covet much, whenas we know	ii	125
Why so slowly do you move	ii	82
Why this Flower is now call'd so	i	17
Why walkes *Nick Flimsey* like a Male-content?	i	208
Why wore th' Egyptians Jewells in the Eare?	ii	175
Will ye heare, what I can say	i	176
Wilt thou my true Friend be?	i	267
With blamelesse carriage, I liv'd here . .	i	53
Wither'd with yeeres, and bed-rid *Mumma* lyes	i	115

	VOL.	PAGE
With golden Censers, and with Incense, here	ii	203
With paste of Almonds, *Syb* her hands doth scoure	i	264
Wo'd I see Lawn, clear as the Heaven, and thin?	i	204
Wo'd I wooe, and wo'd I winne	ii	95
Wo'd yee have fresh Cheese and Cream?	i	237
Wo'd ye oyle of Blossomes get?	ii	40
Woe, woe to them, who (by a ball of strife)	i	33
Women, although they ne're so goodly make it	ii	28
Words beget Anger; Anger brings forth blowes	ii	97
Wrinkles no more are, or no lesse	i	184
Wrongs, if neglected, vanish in short time	ii	61
Y'ave laught enough (sweet), vary now your Text	i	142
Yee pretty Huswifes, wo'd ye know	i	213
Yee silent shades, whose each tree here	i	219
Ye have been fresh and green	i	141
Ye may simper, blush, and smile	i	94
You are a Lord, an Earle, nay more, a Man	i	224
You are a *Tulip* seen to-day	i	112
You aske me what I doe, and how I live?	ii	130
You have beheld a smiling *Rose*	i	95
You may vow Ile not forgett	ii	264
Young I was, but now am old	i	21
You say I love not, 'cause I doe not play	i	18
You say, to me-wards your affection's strong	i	66
You say y'are sweet; how sho'd we know	i	144
You say y'are young; but when your Teeth are told	i	225
You say you'l kiss me, and I thanke you for it	i	274
You say, you love me; that I thus must prove	i	161
You see this gentle streame, that glides	ii	41

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